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MOMENTS OF APPERCEPTION IN THE MODERN NOVEL:
A STUDY OF HENRY JAMES, VIRGINIA
WOOLF, E.M. FORSTER AND JAMES JOYCE
RELATED TO THE PSYCHO~~LOGICAL~~^{LOGICAL} AND
PHILOSOPHIC~~AL~~ DEVELOPMENTS IN THE
LATE NINETEENTH AND EARLY TWENTIETH
CENTURIES

by

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ABSTRACT

This thesis is an examination of the moment of apperception, a special form of insight, which occurs frequently in the novels of Henry James, Virginia Woolf, E.M. Forster, and James Joyce.

Such moments are not confined to modern literature and I discuss earlier examples which derive from a variety of intellectual traditions. The marked frequency of such moments in modern literature can, I believe, be traced to the new thinking in psychology and philosophy in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, which emphasizes the role of the unconscious mind and stresses the way the individual conditions his responses.

I use the term "apperception", after Leibnitz and Kant, to indicate the way the self informs these moments. I also trace the development of this thinking for the light it throws upon the moments in the novels.

Henry James's novels offer many examples of such moments. Most occur at the level of personal and social relationships and are highly qualified by the previous experiences and preconceptions of the characters. Some suggest pathological states of mind. James employs a series of elaborate devices to present the moments.

There are a number of examples in Virginia Woolf's novels

of moments of apperception into self and other. But there are a greater number which present apparent insights into extremes of experience. The moments represent the attempts, and the needs, of the characters, to recreate experience in terms of their own personalities.

E.M. Forster's characters, at least in the first four novels, experience moments of apperception into qualities of the universe, into themselves, and into others. Often, in these early novels, the responses seem conventional and highly rhetorical in presentation. Once again, the moments seem to be the products of the perceiver's mind. In A Passage to India, however, the treatment is far more searching. Various approaches to the truth are tried but none yields a final answer.

James Joyce proceeds, from his notion of the epiphany, to present epiphanies unknown to the characters which reveal significant qualities to others and to the reader. He also presents epiphanies of which they are conscious. These are moments of apperception. The techniques of presentation are especially important in Joyce. They are not only the medium of the apperception but in a sense the apperception.

The moments of apperception as presented by the four novelists also throw light upon such apperceptions as they may themselves have experienced. Although no final objective truth may be attained, a study of these moments yields other satisfactions and suggests at least an approach to more objective ways of thinking.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

"Stand by your order", he used to say to his youthful students; and perhaps the paramount impression one gets of his life is of his loyalty to his own personal type and mission. The type was that of what he liked to call the scholar, the perceiver of pure truth; and the mission was that of the reporter in worthy form of each perception. The day is good, he said, in which we have the most perceptions. There are times when the cawing of a crow, a weed, a snowflake, or a farmer planting in his field become symbols to the intellect of truths equal to those which the most majestic phenomena can open. Let me mind my own charge, then, walk alone, consult the sky, the field and forest, sedulously waiting every morning for the news concerning the structure of the universe which the good Spirit will give me.¹

This vision, said William James, is the head spring of all Frank Waldo Emerson's outpourings. "The point of any pen can be an epitome of reality; the commonest person's act, if genuinely actuated, can lay hold on eternity."²

His father, Henry James, Senior, in a private letter to the Sage of Concord, who was also his good friend, phrased his concern about the meaning of the universe somewhat differently:

I am led, quite without any conscious wilfulness either, to seek the laws of these appearances that swim round us in God's great museum - to get hold of some central facts which may make all other facts properly circumferential, and orderly so - and you continually dishearten me by

¹William James's Address at the Emerson Centenary in Concord. Quoted in F.O. Matthiessen, The James Family, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1948, 454.

²Ibid., 458.

your apparent indifference to such law and central facts: by the dishonour you seem to cast upon our intelligence, as if it stood much in our way. Now my conviction at present is that my intelligence is the necessary digestive apparatus for my life... Is it not so in truth with you? Is not your life continually fed by knowledge, and could you have any life but brute life without it? Do you not feel the necessity of reaching after these laws all the while - some inner fact which shall link together mighty masses of the now conflicting facts; and suddenly by getting hold of such a fact, are you³ not sensibly lifted up to a far vaster freedom of life?

William James in the passage above described Emerson's passive reception and contemplation of moments of vision. Henry James, Senior, demanded in his letter a more rigorous examination of such perceptions. But the insights with which each is concerned typify one kind of "moment of apperception". Apperception, a term used first in philosophy and psychology by Leibnitz and Kant, can be simply defined as the action or fact of becoming conscious by subsequent reflection of a perception already experienced. A fuller definition is offered by The Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology. Apperception is there defined as "The process of attention in so far as it involves interaction between the presentation of the object attended to, on the one hand, and the total preceding conscious content, together with performed mental dispositions, on the other hand."⁴ The dictionary cites the uses Kant and Leibnitz originally made of this term. I shall mention these briefly here as they will be dealt with more fully in the second chapter. Leibnitz understood by the concept of apperception "the apprehension of an object as distinguished from and

³Henry James, Senior, Quoted in Matthiessen, op.cit., 41-42.

⁴The Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology, ed. J.M. Baldwin, New York, Peter Smith, 1940.

related to the self." Kant's view is very similar to that of Leibnitz. "He distinguishes transcendental and empirical apperception. Transcendental apperception is awareness of an object as involving self-consciousness. But the self of transcendental apperception is not the concrete self as constituted by a flow of specific states and processes; it is the pure subject implied in the base possibility of an object's being presented. Empirical apperception, on the other hand, is a cognition which has for its special object the concrete self with its states and processes."⁴

A later thinker, Herbart, introduced a new element to the treatment of apperception. Apperception for him is the process by which a mass of presentations (Apperceptionsmasse) assimilates relatively new elements, the whole forming a system (Apperceptionssystem). The new material assimilated may be either given in sensation or reproduced by the internal working of the psychological mechanism; and attention, in the broad sense of noticing an object, coincides in the main, but not altogether, with the apperceptive process. Relation to the self is, on this view, involved in apperception because, according to Herbart, the self is a product constituted by the mental modifications left behind by previous experience."⁵

I quote the definition at some length to point out the element of self that is involved in the process of apperception. In the passages above, the self is conceived in terms of physical and psychical

⁴The Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology, ed. J.M. Baldwin, New York, Peter Smith, 1940.

⁵Ibid.

accommodations. In this thesis, I shall argue that the element of self involved in what might otherwise be called moments of insight is very high indeed. Further, I shall argue that there is a high degree of self, both quantitatively and qualitatively, not only involved in but also projected on to these moments. The element of self involved in and projected on to the moment of apparent insight raises doubts about the moment as the expression of any objective truth.

To sum up, apperception is a special form of perception. The moment of apperception is an intense instant of finely apprehended experience which involves awareness of the part played by the self. Because of the high degree of self which is involved in these heightened moments of insight I term them moments of apperception.

Moments of apperception may take the form of apparent insights into the nature of oneself, into the nature of others, of external objects, of such qualities as the moral order, the design of the universe or the divine will. But the amount of self involved conditions the moment and qualifies its objective validity.

The presentation of such moments is not confined to modern literature; in particular, nineteenth century poetry frequently describes or expresses them. Wordsworth's poetry, for instance, provides several examples. His lines describing the joy that the sight of the daffodils first gave him, and the pleasure that they bring him, as they "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" illustrates a direct and simple heightening of

consciousness.

Tintern Abbey provides examples of three differentiated responses: there is delight and "tranquil restoration" in revisiting in memory the scene, an insight into the unconscious moral influence it has had upon him, and an expression of the mystical aspect of the experience.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: - feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all that unintelligible world,
Is lightened: - that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, -
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

In later passages, Wordsworth is more explicit about what causes these apperceptions. There are two sources and two insights: nature and the self, what is observed and the observer. He feels in nature a presence, a motion and a spirit that moves in all things.

Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth, of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear, - both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Memory sometimes plays a part in the moment of apperception. Some of the insights which Wordsworth records are recollected insights. Such is the one expressed in the poem about the daffodils. Such also are the moments of tranquil restoration. On the other hand, the mystical insight expressed in Tintern is immediate. Again, in the same passage, he refers to benefits derived from unremembered pleasures.

Proust's novels provide particularly striking examples of the part memory plays in a moment of apperception. The narrator in Swann's Way writes of the past buried in some material object:

"The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends on chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die."⁶

In such a way, a crumb of a "little madeleine", soaked in a spoonful of tea, taken by chance one day, recalls to the narrator years spent at Combray.

Here memory is spontaneous, even explosive, and as Samuel Beckett, in his short book on Proust, describes it, involuntary.

⁶ Marcel Proust, Swann's Way, Penguin, London, 1957, 55.

The former reproduces parts of past experience that were consciously and intelligently formed. Wordsworth's lines about the daffodils can be cited again. The pleasure they afforded him was consciously retained in his memory and can be summoned to the forefront of consciousness. But involuntary memory "restores, not merely the past object, but the Lazarus that it charmed or tortured, not merely Lazarus and the object, but more because less, more because it abstracts the useful, the opportune, the accidental, because in its flame it has consumed Habit and all its works, and in its brightness revealed what the mock reality of experience never can and never will reveal - the real. But involuntary memory is an unruly magician and will not be importuned. It chooses its own time and place for the performance of its miracle."⁷

Long walks formed part of the life of Combray, and Proust, in Swann's Way, through the narrator, recalls striving for a perception of what lay hidden beneath such objects as a roof, or a tree, in a gleam of sunlight reflected from a stone, or in the smell of a road:

"...and so my mind would become littered (as my room was with the flowers that I had gathered on my walks, or the odds and ends that people had given me) with a stone from the surface of which the sunlight was reflected, a roof, the sound of a bell, the smell of fallen leaves, a confused mass of different images, under which must have perished long ago the reality of which I used to have some foreboding, but which⁸ I never had the energy to discover and bring to light".

⁷Samuel Beckett, Proust, Chatto and Windus, London, 1931, 19.

⁸Proust, op.cit., 211.

Here Proust recalls his conscious attempts to recover the original insights yielded by such objects as a stone, a roof, or by the sound of a bell. But only the object remains as a sign of a reality that remains to be discovered.

Musical phrases function more successfully as a means by which to recover insights experienced in the past. Proust uses them as a Wagnerian leitmotiv, introducing them, dropping them again, reintroducing them. They illustrate once again the way involuntary memory works. Heard by chance, they evoke memories of Swann's love. But they also supply a further insight. They provide an almost mystical insight which helps to make human life more bearable:

"In that way Vinteuil's phrase, like some theme, say in Tristan, which represents to us also a certain acquisition of sentiment, had espoused our mortal state, had endued a vesture of humanity that was affecting enough. Its destiny was linked, for the future, with that of the human soul, of which it was one of the special, the most distinctive ornaments. Perhaps it is not-being that is the true state, and all our dream of life is without existence; but, if so, we feel that it must be that these phrases of music, these conceptions which exist in relation to our dream, are nothing either. We shall perish, but we have for our hostages these divine captives who shall follow and share our fate. And death in their company is something less bitter, less inglorious, perhaps even less certain."

Moments of apperception as presented in the modern novel vary considerably in character and in presentation, not only from novelist to novelist, but also within the work of one author. In this thesis, I propose to examine the different types of moment in several

⁹Proust, op.cit., 409.

categories. The first important category comprises moments of apparent insight into self. Such a moment is experienced by Mrs. Ramsay in To the Lighthouse as she sits watching the flashes of light from the lighthouse. Now she can be herself, by herself; losing "the fret, the hurry, the stir", losing personality, she shrinks to being herself, to being a wedge-shaped core of darkness invisible to others. As a core of darkness, she can go anywhere.

There was freedom, there was peace, there was, most welcome of all, a summoning together, a resting on a platform of stability. Not as oneself did one find rest ever, in her experience (she accomplished here something¹⁰ dexterous with her needles), but as a wedge of darkness.

A second category consists of moments of insight into the nature of another individual or individuals, or even into an object or objects. In Henry James's novel The Portrait of a Lady, Isabel experiences a sudden revelation into the relationship between Madame Merle and Osmond.

"Just beyond the threshold of the drawing-room she stopped short, the reason for her doing so being that she had received an impression. The impression had, in strictness, nothing unprecedented; but she felt it as something new, and the soundlessness of her step gave her time to take in the scene before she interrupted it. Madame Merle was there in her bonnet, and Gilbert Osmond was talking to her; for a minute they were unaware she had come in. Isabel had often seen that before, certainly; but what she had not seen, or at least had not noticed, was that their colloquy had for the moment converted itself into a sort of familiar silence, from which she instantly perceived that her entrance would startle them. Madame Merle was standing on the rug, a little way from the fire; Osmond was in a deep chair, leaning back and looking at her. Her head was erect, as usual, but her eyes were bent on his. What struck

¹⁰Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse, The Hogarth Press, London, 1955, 100.

Isabel first was that he was sitting while Madame Merle stood; there was an anomaly in this that arrested her. Then she perceived that they had arrived at a desultory pause in their exchange of ideas and were musing, face to face, with the freedom of old friends who sometimes exchange ideas without uttering them. There was nothing to shock in this; they were old friends in fact. But the thing made an image, lasting only a moment, like a sudden flicker of light. Their relative positions, their absorbing mutual gaze, struck her as something detected.¹¹ But it was all over by the time she had fairly seen it."

The flash of insight leads her to believe that her husband is in more direct communication with Madame Merle than she had hitherto suspected. Further reflection, in a vigil she keeps by the fire that night, confirms her deep mistrust of her husband.¹² It constitutes another moment of apperception.

A third category may be described as moments of apperception into the nature of the universe. The lines quoted above from Tintern are one example. Another occurs in E.M. Forster's A Passage to India. Mrs. Moore experiences what she conceives to be an overwhelming insight into the nature of the universe. The dull persistent echo of the Marabar Caves overthrows her previous system of values.

If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same - 'ou-boum'. If one had spoken with the tongues of angels and pleaded for all the unhappiness and misunderstanding in the world, past, present, and to come, for all the misery men must undergo whatever their opinion and position, and however much they dodge or bluff - it would amount to the same.¹³ the serpent would descend and return to the ceiling.

¹¹ Henry James, The Portrait of A Lady, vol.II, Macmillan, London, 1923, /144. All further references to James are to this edition and will be referred to simply by title.

¹² Ibid., 165-8.

¹³ E.M. Forster, A Passage to India, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 150.

Or there may be moments of apperception into the nature of destiny. They may refer either to an individual's fate, as is the case with James's heroine Isabel, or to an impersonal cosmic fate, as is partly the content of Mrs. Moore's insight in the passage cited above. In the first instance, Isabel, sitting by the fire, looks back and recognizes how the shadows have gathered about her married life; she also sees into the future:

Isabel, scanning the future with dry, fixed eyes, said that he would have the better of her there. She would give him many pretexts, she would often put herself in the wrong. There were times when she almost pitied him; for if she had not deceived him in intention she understood how completely she must have done so in fact.¹⁴

There are also moments of apperception which can best be defined as moments of communion. A striking example occurs in Virginia Woolf's The Waves. The characters gather at dinner and seem to enter into a moment of communal being. They become "a seven-sided flower, many-petalled, red, puce, purple-shaded, stiff with silver tinted leaves - a whole flower to which every eye brings its own contribution".¹⁵ The moment is made of all things. "Of Percival, of youth and beauty, and something so deep sunk within us that we shall perhaps never make this moment out of one man again," says Bernard. It gives power. "We too...I stride not into chaos, but into a world that our own force can subjugate and make part of the illumined and everlasting road."

The categories, of course, often overlap so that an examination of any one moment may involve the analysis of several differing

¹⁴James, The Portrait, II, 168.

¹⁵Woolf, The Waves, The Hogarth Press, London, 1955, 91.

apperceptions. For example, the passage cited above, in which Mrs. Ramsay watches the long steady strokes from the lighthouse is experienced not only as a moment of insight into herself but also as one of insight into the nature of the lighthouse. Part of her calm derives from her sense of identity with the long steady third stroke of the light.

She looked^{up} over her knitting and met the third stroke and it seemed to her like her own eyes meeting her own eyes, searching as she alone could search into her mind and her heart, purifying^{out} of existence that lie, any lie. She praised herself in praising the light, without vanity, for she was stern, she was searching, she was beautiful like that light. It was odd, she thought, how if one was alone, one leant to things, inanimate things, trees, streams, flowers; felt they expressed one; felt they became one; felt they knew one, in a sense were one...¹⁶

In addition to the definition of the moments in the novels being considered in terms of these categories, there are several subsidiary matters to consider. One such concerns Joyce's epiphanies. These sometimes constitute moments of apperception. Stephen, for example, experiences an intense, if partial moment of revelation into his vocation as an artist. But often, as we shall see, the epiphanies are suppressed in such a way that they are not experienced by the characters. They are apprehended by the author and presented by him for the reader. But he leaves it to the reader to recognize first what is left out, as in the story Clay in Dubliners, in which the lines ^{Marina} ~~she~~ leaves out of the song she is singing constitute her epiphany. Secondly, Joyce expects the reader to realize what this

¹⁶ Woolf, To the Lighthouse, 101.

reveals about the character in the story. Joyce also argued a theory of the epiphany. This theory will also be examined for its relevance to the moment.

The techniques, including structural modes of presentation and style, are of particular interest in the works of these novelists. Often the method of presentation reinforces the insight. Indeed, one might say that the mode of presentation and the style almost become the insight. To anticipate briefly, before dealing with these matters in later chapters, Henry James's frequent method of framing the insights, rendering first one mind registering its consciousness of another soul perceiving both itself and other, and possibly yet a third party, as occurs in The Sacred Fount and The Golden Bowl, to mention only two examples, not only shows the mind at work but represents or demonstrates how that mind actually works. Similarly Virginia Woolf's technique of "tunnelling" through successive layers of the mind which she writes of first in connection with Mrs. Dalloway,¹⁷ revealing the past by instalments, is revealing both in and by itself. Molly's long monologue, which is both epiphany and moment of apperception, as shall be argued later, is rendered in the swaying prose rhythms and sensuous images which are the essence of that woman. In this example, as in the others, it is important to analyze the apperceptive element of the moment, that is, the quantitative and qualitative amount of self that has been projected. Here style may

¹⁷Virginia Woolf, A Writer's Diary, The Hogarth Press, London, 1954, 61.

be a standard of measurement.

The moments are sometimes thrown up on a narrative base, as in Henry James, E.M.Forster, and less frequently in Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. In such cases, the moment is isolated by the narrative technique and is more readily recognizable. Often, however, the moment tends to be obscured by the stream of consciousness technique. As Virginia Woolf and James Joyce employ this technique, the moment seems to come not as a moment but as the culmination of a long process of associated insights. Again, the long ratiocinative process used by Henry James to apprehend rationally and present material which has first been grasped intuitively by many of his characters, for example, Isdel, in The Portrait of a Lady, often obscures the moment.

Moments are provoked by different circumstances in the different works under study. The highly reflective, self-conscious characters of Henry James are forever stretching out their antennae. Their leisured lives, oriented to the social occasion and more specifically devoted to the observation and exploration of the tensions produced by the diverging cultures and customs of Europe and America, tend to look for and produce such moments almost as a matter of course. Different cultures operate in E.M.Forster to produce shocks which provoke moments of apperception. But these are not so strenuously and self-consciously sought after. The characters tend rather against their will to be jolted into these insights. Their concerns are more specifically with emotional insights and moral issues. Forster

strives "to educate the heart" whereas Henry James seeks to extend both the means by which consciousness apprehends and the techniques by which it represents what it apprehends. In Virginia Woolf's novels, there is often an attempt at identification with objects or with other people. Occasionally, as in the case of Rhoda, there is a movement towards non-identity or non-identification, in fact, towards nothingness. In this artist's work, as we shall see, an irresolvable tension prevails. Two poles of experience are established. Each is separate, neither is reconcilable, yet they are mutually fulfilling. James Joyce, on the other hand, is more rooted to the concrete. He is less interested than Virginia Woolf in exploring the potentially metaphysical. Nor is he concerned with elucidating morality and a whole life as E.M. Forster. For Joyce, reality was metaphysical. He read in the world around him all the god there need be.

Images and symbols are used to convey the unconscious content of the moment. Indeed, the image may well be the medium by which the perception is arrived at and by which the whole moment is shaped. Maggie, in The Golden Bowl, for example, conceives her predicament in a series of startling images which, upon reflection, reveal the truth of her situation. The images not only shape the perception but eventually transform it so that Maggie becomes consciously aware and articulate at a level her innocence prevented her comprehending. Moreover, the images reveal something of the particular quality of Maggie's mind.

The moments of apperception serve various practical purposes in the novels. They may not only provide revelations into the characters of the novels but they also often further the narrative. Certainly they provide insights into the minds of the authors. All four novelists, as indeed all writers, were preoccupied with the problems of human character, conduct and consciousness. They happened to be writing at a time when traditional views on these subjects were being challenged by radically new thinking in psychology and philosophy. The changes in thought and the background to those changes will be examined in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II

THE INTELLECTUAL BACKGROUND

As has been noted in the previous chapter, presentation of moments of apperception is by no means confined to the novel in the late nineteenth, and early twentieth, centuries. But there are great differences between the moments of apperception expressed in Romantic poetry and those expressed in the novel. These differences are not solely due to different media of expression. Rather, they are largely due to differences in the background of ideas, religious, philosophical, and psychological.

Although I do not intend to offer an analysis of the moments expressed by the Romantic poets, it can be noted in passing that most of their moments could be explained in one or more of the following ways:

a) In terms of imaginative as opposed to rational truth. For example, Keats, in his letter to Benjamin Bailey, writes: "I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination - what the imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth - whether it existed before or not - for I have the same Idea of all our Passions as Love they are all in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty".¹

b) In terms of past experience, suddenly revived. Here, Words-

¹Keats, Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 22 Nov. 1817, The Letters of John Keats, 1814-1821, edited H.E. Rollens, Harvard University Press, 1958, vol. I, 184.

worth's The Reverie of Poor Susan may be cited, in addition to lines from Tintern Abbey which have been quoted above.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she has so often tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!²

c) In terms of the mind as creative force. Coleridge's Ode on Dejection, in which he refers to "My shaping spirit of Imagination" can be quoted here:

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth -
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!³

d) In terms of man's relation to the universe. Once again, there are several passages in Wordsworth which can be cited. Passages from Tintern Abbey quoted in the previous chapter express this relationship as Wordsworth conceived it. His poem beginning "I heard a thousand blended notes" states his thoughts on the subject explicitly:

²"The Reverie of Poor Susan", The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, ed. E. de Staincourt and Helen Darbishire, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1947, Vol. 2, 217.

³"Ode on Dejection", The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. James Dykes Campbell, Macmillan, London, 1925, 169.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran:
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:-
But the least notion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

e) In terms of visionary truth. Blake's poetry provides many examples of such moments. His work expressed both his desire and his ability

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.⁵

In the Songs of Innocence he wrote:

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,

⁴Wordsworth,
/ "Lines Written in Early Spring", Works, vol. 4, 58

⁵William Blake, "Auguries of Innocence", Complete Poetry and Prose,
Nonesuch, / 118.
London, 1956,

On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:
 "Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

And in the Songs of Experience he declared:

In futurity
 I prophetic see
 That the earth from sleep
 (Grave the sentence deep)
 Shall arise and seek
 For her maker meek;
 And the desert wild
 Become a garden mild.⁷

These approaches to the moments variously derive from a variety of intellectual traditions and theories. No watertight divisions can be made here. One moment they relate to two or even more different intellectual traditions and theories. Faculty psychology, Associationism, Kant's philosophy, early eighteenth century nature theology, and occult traditions including beliefs in spirits and ghosts contributed to the intellectual climate which influenced these approaches.

Faculty psychology, for example, which treated faculties such as imagination and reason as if they were causes, or real conditions, of the states or processes in which they are manifested, is implicit in Keats' letter to Bailey.

Hartley's Associationism, which makes mental development consist solely or mainly in the combination of certain simple and ultimate

⁶William Blake, "Songs of Innocence and Experience", op.cit., 51.

⁷Ibid., 67.

constituents of consciousness, contributed to Wordsworth's The Reverie of Poor Susan. The singing of the thrush is associated in Susan's mind with her former cottage home. It brings back memories of that more peaceful scene which briefly obliterate the actual street in Cheapside.

Kant's philosophy, especially through its influence on Coleridge, helped to change the thought of the period on such subjects as the powers and activity of the mind. Locke and Hartley had held that the mind, according to the laws of association, was wholly passive. Coleridge, however, following Kant, maintained that the mind works actively in the mere act of perception. Kant postulated that the Imagination fulfilled a universal function in the construction of experience. The imagination, he argued, mediates between the data of sense experience and the forms of understanding. The harmony achieved is essential to the aesthetic consciousness of any object. Coleridge also assigned the imagination a unifying power and he developed a distinction between fancy and imagination which was undoubtedly at least partly influenced by Kant's distinction between Verstand and Vernunft - the two powers of the higher portion of the intellect.

There are echoes of nature or physiotheology with its doctrine of "the universal benevolence" in Wordsworth's Lines Composed In Early Spring quoted above, and in parts of Tintern Abbey, to mention only two examples. Finally, the occult traditions, including cabbalism, alchemy, and beliefs in spirits and ghosts, contributed a visionary element.

But by the late nineteenth century most of these backgrounds had changed considerably. Consequently the moments were seen in a quite different religious, philosophic, and psychological content. The occult-visionary tradition, for example, is peripheral in the novel. (In poetry, however, it was powerful towards the end of the century, in such cases as Yeats, who edited Blake, and AE [George Russell]). In the novel it may be presented in several ways: Joyce uses it in comic terms in Ulysses. The passage in Ulysses in which Paddy Dignam's spirit rises up out of a dog is an amusing example of Joyce's use of such material. Dignam has been following Bloom about in the form of a dog which has incidentally passed through various dog forms, including terrier, spaniel, dachshund, and beagle. At last, when Bloom says in answer to questions of the watch that he has been at a funeral, Dignam answers in support of Bloom's story. In reply to the Second Watch's question about how that is possible, Dignam replies, "By metempsychosis. Spooks."

PADDY DIGNAM

(Earnestly) Once I was in the employ of Mr J.H. Menton, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits of 27 Bachelor's Walk. Now I am defunct, the wall of the heart hypertrophied. Hard lines! The poor wife was awfully cut up. How is she bearing it? Keep her off that bottle of sherry. (He looks around him.) A lamp. I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me.

(The portly figure of John O'Connell, caretaker, stands forth, holding a bunch of keys tied with tape. Beside him stands Father Coffey, chaplain, toadbellied, wrynecked, in a surplice and bandanna nightcap, holding sleepily a staff of twisted poppies.)

FATHER COFFEY

(Yawns, then chants with a hoarse croak.) Namine. Jacobs Vobiscuits. Amen.

JOHN O'CONNELL

(Foghorns stormily through his megaphone.) Dignam, Patrick T., deceased.

PADDY DIGNAM

(With pricked up ears, winces.) Overtones. (He wriggles forward, places an ear to the ground.) My master's voice!

JOHN O'CONNELL

Burial docket letter number U.P. Eightyfive thousand. Field seventeen. House of Keys. Plot, one hundred and one.

(Paddy Dignam listens with visible effort, thinking, his tail stiff-pointed, his ears cocked.)

PADDY DIGNAM.

Pray for the repose of his soul.

(He worms down through a coalhole, his brown habit trailing its tether over rattling pebbles. After him toddles an obese grandfather rat on fungus turtle paws under a grey carapace. Dignam's voice, muffled, is heard baying under ground: Dignam's dead and gone below. Tom Rochford, robinbedbreasted, in gap and breeches, jumps from his twocolumned machine.)⁸

In the Nighttown episode, Mananaan MacLir appears, a cold seawind blowing from his druid mantle, eels and elvers writhing about his head, and encrusted with weeds and shells, to intone these words:

(With a voice of waves.) Aun! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! White yoghin of the Gods. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos. (With a voice of whistling seawind.) Punarjanam patsypunjaub! I won't have my leg pulled. It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult of Shakti. (With a cry of stormbirds.) Shakti, Shiva! Dark hidden Father! (He smites with his bicycle pump the crayfish in his left hand. On its cooperative dial glow the twelve signs of the Zodiac. He wails with the vehemence of the ocean.) Aum! Baum! Pyjaum! I am the light of the homestead, I am the dreamery creamery butter.⁹

There are several specific references to the poetry of the occult here. Mananaan is partly a reference to the legend of Mananaan MacLir, the founder of the Manx nation, and associated with one of the magical

⁸James Joyce, Ulysses, The Bodley Head, London, 1955, 450-51.

⁹Ibid., 484.

themes in Ulysses. But in Stephen's vision here Mananaan is also combined with a memory of A.E., George Russell, editor of The Irish Homestead. The references to the bicycle pump also tie up with AE. George Russell was often seen riding about Dublin on a bicycle. Moreover, Joyce's reading on these subjects has been attested to by Stuart Gilbert.¹⁰ He specifically refers to the work of A.P. Sinnett. Sinnett was a member of Madame Blavatsky's circle in India, and her biographer. He also wrote several books on Buddhism, from which, Stuart Gilbert writes, Joyce undoubtedly derived some of his material.

Sometimes the occult-visionary stream is presented as related to madness. Septimus Smith in Mrs. Dalloway interprets the skywriting of an aeroplane as a signal to him. In his deranged state, leaves and trees are alive. Sparrows form part of a pattern.

Sounds made harmonies with premeditation; the spaces between them were as significant as the sounds. A child cried. Rightly far away a horn sounded. All¹¹ taken together meant the birth of a new religion -

Part of his delusion is that he is to transmit this vision to others.

...he, Septimus, was alone, called forth in advance of the mass of men to hear the truth, to learn the meaning, which now at last, after all the toils of civilisation - Greeks, Romans, Shakespeare, Darwin, and now himself - was to be given whole to ... "To whom?" he asked aloud, "To the Prime Minister," the voices which rustled above his head replied. The supreme secret must be told to the Cabinet: first, that trees are alive; next, there is no crime; next, love, universal love, he muttered, gasping, trembling, painfully drawing out these profound truths which needed, so deep were they, so difficult, an immense effort to speak out¹², but the world was entirely changed by them for ever.

¹⁰ Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses, Vintage Books, New York, 1960, 11

¹¹ Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Dalloway, The Hogarth Press, London, 1954, 26.

¹² Ibid., 75.

Parts of the occult-visionary tradition also survive in such unexplained material as the wasp in A Passage to India: Associated with Mrs. Moore at the beginning of the novel, the image of the wasp returns to Professor Godbole, along with his memory of the old lady, during the Hindu ceremony in the Temple in the conclusion of the novel.

Covered with grease and dust, Professor Godbole had once more developed the life of his spirit. He had, with increasing vividness, again seen Mrs. Moore, and round her faintly clinging forms of trouble. He was a Brahman, she Christian, but it made no difference, it made no difference whether she was a trick of his memory or a telepathic appeal. It was his duty, as it was his desire, to place himself in the position of the God and to love her, and to place himself in her position and to say to the God, 'Come, come, come, come.' This was all he could do. How inadequate! But each according to his own capacities, and he knew that his own were small. 'One old Englishman, and one little, little wasp,' he thought, as he stepped out of the temple into the grey of a pouring wet morning. 'It does not seem much, still it is more than I am myself.'¹³

There is a vision behind all this, but what it is, or what it signifies, is never fully explained.

Another form in which the occult-visionary tradition remains in the fiction of this period is as a ghost-story element. Such stories as The Turn of the Screw and Owen Wingrave are prime examples. But these instances are only peripheral to the main development of the novel. There is also what might be called a whimsical classicizing occultism. One of Forster's short stories, The Story of A Panic, about the tragic influence of the god Pan, is a case in point.

Although occultism is nearly always attractive to individuals such

¹³E.M. Forster, A Passage to India, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 292-3.

as Blake and Yeats, it is unlikely to influence whole literary development.

Intuitions about the universe remain, sometimes more or less unchanged in character, sometimes given a new slant. The Longest Journey and Howards End present examples of comparatively naive traditional insights into a benevolent universe. To Rickie, a dell becomes a kind of church - "a church where indeed you could do anything you liked, but where anything you did would be transfigured." He would put a sign on it, inscribed "This Way to Heaven." He also writes stories about getting into touch with nature. In these stories a girl is a tree. His half-brother Stephen has a more direct experience of nature. Contact with the earth instils in him a sense of continuity and permanence:

He was alive and had created life. By whose authority? Though he could not phrase it, he believed that he guided the future of our race, and that, century after century, his thought and his passions would triumph in England. The dead who had evoked him, the unborn whom he would evoke - he¹⁴ governed the paths between them. By whose authority?

Margaret, in Howards End, expresses the benevolence of nature in similar terms:

The peace of the country was entering into her. It has no commerce with memory, and little with hope. Least of all is it concerned with the hopes of the next five minutes. It is the peace of the present, which passes understanding. Its murmur came 'now', and 'now' once again as they trod the gravel, and 'now', as the moonlight fell upon their father's sword. They passed upstairs, kissed, and amidst the endless iterations fell asleep. The house

¹⁴E.M. Forster, The Longest Journey, Edward Arnold, London, 1942, 319-20.

had enshadowed the tree at first, but as the moon rose higher the two disentangled, and were clear for a few moments at midnight. Margaret awoke and looked into the garden. How incomprehensible that Leonard Bast should have won her this night of peace! Was he also part of Mrs. Wilcox's mind?¹⁵

These intuitions, of course, may be of a hostile rather than a necessarily benevolent universe. The "ou-boum" of the caves in A Passage to India, the light and shadows falling on the walls like a slithering serpent's tongue, the kites flying around, presage evil. So, too, in The Voyage Out, as the party of English visitors make an expedition up the river, the heat and the vegetation of the jungle are oppressive and evil. The physical details operate as a presentiment of disaster.

Mrs. Ambrose looked and listened obediently enough, but inwardly she was a prey to an uneasy mood not readily to be ascribed to any one cause. Looking on shore as Mr. Flushing bade her, she thought the country very beautiful, but also sultry and alarming. She did not like to feel herself the victim of unclassified emotions, and certainly as the launch slipped on and on, in the hot morning sun, she felt herself unreasonably moved. Whether the unfamiliarity of the forest was the cause of it, or something less definite, she could not determine. Her mind left the scene and occupied itself with anxieties for Ridley, for her children, for far-off things, such as old-age and poverty and death. Hirst, too, was depressed.¹⁶

At times, these intuitions into the nature of the universe are presented in such a way as to suggest that the author is unsure, and does not want to decide, whether they constitute real insights into reality, or whether they are the products of neurosis. Septimus

¹⁵E.M. Forster, Howards End, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 314-15.

¹⁶Virginia Woolf, The Voyage Out, The Hogarth Press, London, 1929, 340.

Smith certainly saw beauty in the movement of the trees. But he was clearly also mentally ill. Rhoda in The Waves seeks intensely for something real that she can hang on to. But she seems to find only dreams. At last she kills herself. Even Mrs. Moore in A Passage to India suffers a form of nervous disorientation during her brief visit to the caves. Her experience there seems to be significantly paralleled by Adela's breakdown.

Sometimes this interest and seeming insight into the nature of the universe is given the flavour of religious mysticism. One way in which the more traditional form of religious mysticism survived in literature may be noted in G.M.Hopkins's poetry in which he expressed what he called inscape and instress. By inscape Hopkins meant the individual essence, or 'oneness' of the natural object. Instress referred to "the energy of being by which all things are upheld, the natural but ultimately supernatural stress which determines an inscape and keeps it in being." In addition to being the unifying force in the object, it also connotes "that impulse from the 'inscape' which acts on the senses and, through them actualizes the inscape in the mind of the beholder."¹⁷ Instress is thus often the sensation of inscape - a quasi-mystical illumination, a sudden perception of that deeper pattern, order, and unity which gives meaning to external forms. Hopkins's study of Duns Scotus and that thinker's 'principle of Individuation' certainly corroborated his

¹⁷W.H. Gardner, "Introduction", Gerard Manley Hopkins. A Selection of His Poems and Prose, The Penguin Poets, London, 1963, XX, xxi.

own theories. Scotus called the final difference, or perfection, of some one or something, haecцитas or 'Thisness'. By a first act of knowledge, the mind has a direct intuition of the individual concrete object as a 'most special image' - the Haecцитas. Further, in a second act, the mind abstracts and compares eventually arriving at its knowledge of the universal.

Joyce's notions of the three qualities necessary to achieve an epiphany, integritas, consonantia, and claritas, originate, according to Stephen Dedalus, in Thomas Aquinas. Although the origins differ, it is not difficult to see similar principles operating in these varying terms for the essence of an object, haecцитas or quidditas, the instress of inscape or epiphany. Indeed it has been argued that haecцитas is a closer equivalent to the Joycean epiphany than the term quidditas, since it refers to the specific understanding of the subject. The more general implications of quidditas are suggested by the phrase in Ulysses about "the whatness of allhorse".

Modern studies in the religious mystics begin with Dean Inge's Bampton Lectures on Christian Mysticism (1899). William James's Varieties of Religious Experience (1902) provided the psychological approach to the subject. In this period, the conception of the unconscious was first used to provide an explanation and sanction for the ecstatic connection with mysticism, and an attempt was made to distinguish the accompaniments of genuine religious apprehensions from their pathological imitations. Evelyn Underhill, in the preface to the Twelfth Edition of Mysticism, writes:

"Since this book first appeared, nineteen years ago, the study of mysticism - not only in England, but also in France, Germany and Italy - has been almost completely transformed. From being regarded, whether critically or favourably, as a byway of religion, it is now more and more generally accepted by theologians, philosophers and psychologists, as representing in its intensive form the essential religious experience of man. The labours of a generation of religious psychologists - following, and to some extent superseding the pioneer work of William James - have already done much to disentangle its substance from the psycho-physical accidents which often accompany mystical apprehension. Whilst we are less eager than our predecessors to dismiss all accounts of abnormal experience as the fruit of superstition or disease, no responsible student now identifies the mystic and the ecstatic, or looks upon visionary and other "extraordinary phenomena" as either guaranteeing or discrediting the witness of the mystical saints. Even the remorseless explorations and destructive criticisms of the psycho-analytic school are now seen to have effected a useful work; throwing into relief the genuine spiritual activities of the psyche, while explaining in a naturalistic sense some of their less fortunate psycho-physical accompaniments."¹⁸

Theosophy flourished at this time. The Theosophical Society, founded in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, has, as one of its goals, the systematic investigation into the "mystic potentialities of life and matter, or what is usually termed 'occultism'." Numerous experiments in controlling and modifying consciousness were carried out. Yoga techniques and the smoking of hashish were among the methods used to further the exploration of consciousness.

This revival of interest in religious mysticism is due to a number of factors. First, since the mystics claim their insights are directly experienced, they are not subject in the same way as

¹⁸ Evelyn Underhill, Mysticism, Methuen, London, 1930, vii.

traditional religion to rational and scientific criticism. Secondly, there is the increasing psychological interest in abnormal states. On the one hand, there is hallucination and self-hypnosis; on the other, super-sensory experience. Then, the developing study of comparative religions established a strange and intriguing similarity in the accounts of mystical experiences all over the world.

But the most important developments or changes in the intellectual conception of such moments were due to philosophical and psychological theories. The psychological and philosophical theories and conceptions are of particular importance and need to be examined carefully because they expound systematically the kind of unsystematic notions about the nature of consciousness which were in the air at the time and which thus helped shape the novelists' views. Moreover, some novelists were more consciously aware of the notions of certain psychologists and philosophers and used these notions in their actions and characters and in their attitudes to religion. Not only did the psychological notions affect the concept of character and experience, but also the techniques of expression, for example, the stream of consciousness and interior monologue. Finally, many of the psychologists' theories relate to the creative artist, and may therefore have some critical relevance.

Thus, a fairly close look at the development of psychological and philosophical theories may help to explain or throw some light on such various phenomena as the archetypal action, for example, the father-son search in Ulysses, or the presentation of neurosis, as

treated by Virginia Woolf in the case of Septimus Smith in Mrs. Dalloway. Some knowledge of psychological theory may illuminate what lies beneath the surface of such stories as The Turn of the Screw. It may also explain the technique of interior monologue as used, to mention only one example, by Joyce, in Molly's soliloquy. Again, the themes of isolation and togetherness, as worked out in The Voyage Out or The Waves, may be more easily and fully understood. Or the moments of vision themselves, when Mrs. Ramsay gazes at the lighthouse beam or Mrs. Moore stands in the Marabar caves, may be more readily comprehended in the light of this psychological and philosophical understanding. Moreover, these theories may throw some speculative light on the moment as experienced by the artist, as well as those moments presented by him, and may suggest some explanations for the particular attention paid to these moments by modern novelists.

The Moments, both those apprehended and represented, by the author, are products, that is, projections, of many different traditions and it is both interesting and useful to examine the main philosophical and psychological theories.

The psychological and the philosophical are not to be distinguished too strictly since many of the philosophical developments were related to new psychological concepts. For example, G.E. Moore's emphasis on states of mind (which influenced the Bloomsbury group) was very dependent on nineteenth century developments in psychology. In

psychology, the aspect most relevant to the novelist's notion of moments of apperception was the speculation about and investigation into the nature of consciousness, more particularly, the differentiation of differing levels of consciousness, and the exploration of abnormal states.

Study of the unconscious in the modern age perhaps begins with the philosopher Leibnitz's idea of perceptions of which we are not aware. Leibnitz states that we may be totally unconscious of our obscure perceptions. At the same time, others may be clearly grasped, or apperceived. Perception he defined as an internal condition "représenting external things", and apperception is "consciousness or the reflective knowledge of this internal state."

Kant emphasized the notion (referred to above) of an active self which organizes experience with the help of the categories of space and time. Kant termed the concept the "transcendental unity of apperception".

Herbart, whose Textbook of Psychology (1816) was a milestone on the road to psychology as a separate study, posited another argument as an answer to the age-old problem of the "span of consciousness": of all the impressions, thoughts, or memories of which we are potentially aware only a few can be clearly present in our conscious mind at any single time. Further, he distinguished three degrees of consciousness: the focal ideas which are apperceived or clearly apprehended; the marginal ideas, dimly present; and those ideas which have been forced

out of consciousness altogether. He further argued that the ego is an "apperceptive mass". It operates as a selection board, resisting ideas of a nature repulsive to its conscious controls, while readily admitting congruent ones.

Another German psychologist, Wundt, developed a "three-dimensional" theory, in which feeling becomes an elementary process. In this three-dimensional theory, it is possible to distinguish six main qualities of feeling, arranged in three pairs of opposites: pleasure-unpleasure, strain-relaxation, excitement-calm. These, he postulates, are not attributes but processes. Next, he proceeds to relate this three-dimensional theory to the doctrine of apperception (self awareness). Feeling becomes "the mark of the reaction of apperception upon sensory content", or the phenomenal representation of apperception. Observation of, and experimentation on, apperception is thus simplified; observation of the feelings renders possible a study, albeit indirect, of the more elusive process of apperception itself.

Further, Wundt enunciated a second method of approach, this time from the cognitive side. Consciousness, he theorized, has roughly two levels, for within its general field there is a small region of clearer "focal" consciousness. The processes within this region are, Wundt thought, apperceived. This "attention" is also a phenomenological aspect of apperception. Attention admits of being experimented upon, and a second road to a study of the process of apperception is opened.

Abnormal, or medical psychology, led to the development and understanding of techniques for inducing abnormal states. Hypnosis and suggestion were two methods used in therapy. These studies in turn led to concepts of the split mind or split personality. During the eighties, Morton Prince expounded these theories in the United States, and William James incorporated many of them in his writings. James Joyce was also familiar with Prince's work. He used ideas derived from the case history of one of Dr. Prince's 'multiple-personality' patients, Christine L. Beauchamp, in developing his mirror-girl, Issy, in Finnegans Wake. In Britain, Braid was the chief exponent of these new researches.

These early studies are an interesting, and important, feature of the background to modern psychology. But the later developments in psychology, beginning with William James, more directly influenced the novelists. James approached psychology from studies in philosophy and physiology. Although he rather summarily dismissed the unconscious at first, James became increasingly interested in the work of the French school. Their studies in hysteria, hypnotism and dissociation, he realized, could teach something fundamental about the Janus-like structure of personality, functioning, as it did, unknown to our introspective consciousness. The data he examined indicated to James that personality is not the little circle of events upon which the light of introspection is thrown, but rather that it is composed of various platforms or levels which may be as real as the superficially

apparent. Cases of dissociation, or the splitting of personality, made it possible, he thought, to study the elements which seem to take turns in controlling the personality. He even went so far as to call the authors of these mental events outside the patient's consciousness, "secondary personalities", real selves distinct from the self which is at the time in control.

He called processes of thought "stream of consciousness": Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits. Such words as 'chain' or 'train' do not describe it fitly as it presents itself in the first instance. It is nothing jointed; it flows. A 'river' or a 'stream' are the metaphors described. In talking of it hereafter, let us call it the stream of thought, of consciousness, or of subjective life.¹⁹

No one brain-state, he argues, ever identically recurs; something like it may recur, since each brain-state is partly determined by the nature of the entire past succession.

A brief examination of his views on the "self" reveals his formulation of apperception. He answers his own question, "What is the self of all the other selves?", in traditional terms.

Probably all men would describe it in much the same way up to a certain point. They would call it the active element in all consciousness; saying that whatever qualities a man's feelings may possess, or whatever content his thought may include, there is a spiritual something in him which seems to go out to meet these qualities and contents, whilst they seem to come in to be received by it. It is what welcomes or rejects. It presides over the perception of sensations, and by giving or withholding its assent it influences the movements they tend to arouse. It is the home of interest,- not the pleasant or the painful, not even pleasure or pain, as such, but that within us to which pleasure and pain, the pleasant and the painful, speak. It is the source of effort and attention, and the place from which appear to emanate the fiats of the will.²⁰

¹⁹William James, Principles of Psychology, vol. I, Henry Holt, New York, 1890, 239.

²⁰Ibid., 297.

He sums up the feeling of the self made aware of itself.

First of all, I am aware of a constant play of furtherances and hindrances in my thinking, of checks and releases, tendencies which run with desire, and tendencies which run the other way. Among the matters I think of, some range themselves on the side of the thought's interests, whilst others play an unfriendly part thereto. The mutual inconsistencies and agreements, reinforcements and obstructions, which obtain amongst these objective matters reverberate backwards and produce what seem to be incessant reactions of my spontaneity upon them, welcoming or opposing, appropriating or disowning, striving with or against, saying yes or no. This palpitating inward life is, in me, that central nucleus which I tried to describe in terms that all men might use.²¹

In his treatment of the self, James anticipated Freud, Jung, McDougall, and other psychologists. The Egos, Super-Egos, Ego-Ideals, Personas, Personalities, and Self-Regarding Sentiments which constitute their mythology can be seen in infancy in James' "Hierarchy of the Me's" - the "material me", the "social me", and the "spiritual me". James recognized that these powers were often in rivalry and conflict with one another. But in all this activity he finds it difficult at this stage to detect any purely spiritual element: "Whenever my introspective glance succeeds in turning round quickly enough to catch one of these manifestations of spontaneity in the act, all it can ever feel distinctly is some bodily process, for the most part taking place within the head."²²

The self of selves, he maintains, does not consist entirely of these cephalic motions, but they are the portions of which he is most distinctly aware. He argues: "If the dim portions which I cannot

²¹William James, op.cit., 299.

²²Ibid., 300.

yet define should prove to be like unto these distinct portions in me, and I like other men, it would follow that our entire feeling of spiritual activity, or what commonly passes by that name, is really a feeling of bodily activities whose exact nature is by most men overlooked."²³ James defines apperception in lines similar to Wundt's comparing his own "adjustments" with Wundt's process of 'apperception'. He follows Wundt's argument that we have always a sense of movements or positions of our own body. This becomes a permanent sense and we know that we can alter it.

So we come to conceive this permanent mass of feeling as immediately or remotely subject to our will, and call it the consciousness of oneself. This self-consciousness is, at the outset, thoroughly sensational...only gradually the second-named of its characters, its subjection to our will, attains predominance. In proportion as the apperception of all our mental objects appears to us as an inward exercise of will, does our self-consciousness begin both to widen itself and to narrow itself at the same time. It widens itself in that every mental act, whatever comes to stand in relation to our will; and it narrows itself in that it concentrates itself more and more upon the inner activity of apperception, over against which our own body and all the representations connected with it appear as external objects, different from our proper self. This consciousness, contracted down to the process of apperception, we call our Ego; and the apperception of mental objects in general, may thus, after Leibnitz, be designated as the raising of them into our self-consciousness.²⁴

James also postulated that mind and world have "been evolved together, and in consequence are something of a mutual fit."²⁵ All mental life, he argued, is primarily teleological and our ways of feeling and thinking have grown to be what they are because of their utility in shaping our reactions on the outer world. Spencer's

²³William James, op.cit., 301-2.

²⁴Ibid., 303n.

²⁵William James, The Principles, and the Briefer Course, cited in Margaret Knight, William James, Penguin Books, 1954, 66.

formula that the essence of mental life and bodily life are one, namely, 'the adjustment of inner to outer relations', he finds the most serviceable in psychology. "The adjustment is to immediately present objects in lower animals and in infants. It is to objects more and more remote in time and space, and inferred by means of more and more complex and exact processes of reasoning, when the grade of mental development grows more advanced..."²⁶

Always he works towards a solution of the problem of consciousness. In his essay "Does Consciousness Exist?", James puts forward the view that the world, insofar as we can ever know it, consists simply of things that are perceived; mind is not an independent function which knows these things, but it comprises the same entities. Mental and physical events are distinguishable through the fact that the order in which events are perceived depends not simply upon the events at a given point in space but upon the life of the organism. Consciousness does not exist, but is simply a loose name for the fact that events are related not only to time and space but to the life of the experiencing organism. Nor can "consciousness of" events change their character. But usually two persons take part in different events, and in this their personal identity consists.

But James did not rest with this solution. Another answer he proffered was the transmission view of consciousness which is not dissimilar to Emerson's transcendental "over-soul". Not only does

²⁶Quoted in Knight, William James, 66.

there seem to him to be some integrating and organizing force beyond the separate experiences, which looks like personality or soul holding in cohesion and in integrated action the disparate functions of the individual, but there also may be a 'continuum of cosmic consciousness'. In his Ingersoll lecture on Human Immortality, James argued that the brain may not generate consciousness: it may merely transmit it.

Behind the material world there may be a 'continuum of cosmic consciousness', which is transmitted through material brains in a sense analogous to that in which light is transmitted through coloured glass. Differences in personality, intelligence, etc., between different individuals, will thus depend on differences in the transmitting media.²⁷

In the conclusion to The Varieties of Religious Experience, James suggested that there may be, not a single cosmic consciousness, but many.

The idea that psychic events have a genuine domain of their own, not explicable through biological concepts, appears again in his discussion of mysticism in the Varieties. The volume challenged those people who held that mental instability, so often noted in religious leaders, throws no light upon the value of the experience. He defined two religious types: "healthy-mindedness" and the religion of the "sick soul". With his Hamlet view that "Civilization is founded on the shambles", he was not very interested in the "healthy-minded" view which sees the world as a joyful place to live in, and deliberately excludes evil from its field of vision. The "sick soul", which strives

²⁷Quoted in Knight, William James, 72.

to relate good and evil in the world, seemed to him more realistic. Often the self, conceiving the powers controlling the universe in personal terms, feels that the evil within one's individual nature is a violation of one's relation with the universe. Sin, the self feels, inflicts suffering upon God Himself. A conflict ensues in which the soul finds itself torn into two parts. Satisfaction, via the "senses", fails. This leads to a crisis which necessarily involves a struggle wherein some parts of the personality are rejected. But a sudden solution is reached when the individual identifies himself with what he feels to be good. This moment of identification is also one of conversion. The self is transformed; petty aims are subordinated. Conversion thus becomes the unification of the self through absorption in one group of ideals which evoke such profound devotion that conflicting forces lose their potency.

Mysticism afforded even intenser examples of states of consciousness. In his discussion of mysticism we can see experience parallel to one kind of 'moment' we are concerned with in this thesis. James regarded mysticism as that form of experience in which we come into contact with elements in the universe which we cannot grasp through sensory or intellectual processes. To the mystic, the experience is ineffable and takes on the character of complete and absolute reality. Their experiences, regularly optimistic though the conquest of despair, reveal the universe as ultimately good and represent the world as unified. For James, one of the most significant

facts about the mystic's experience was that, notwithstanding the multitude of religious backgrounds from which mysticism arises, mystics do nevertheless seize upon something which is more than the product of time and place. There is a unanimity about their experiences and it would be odd, mystics might say, if such a unanimous type of experience should prove to be altogether wrong. Not that the experience testifies to pantheism, monism, dualism, absolute idealism, or any other special belief. "It is only relatively in favour of all these things - it passes out of common human consciousness in the direction in which they lie..."²⁸ But he maintained that it was a genuine, valid way of getting into touch with aspects of the world that one cannot otherwise apprehend, even if it could be authoritative only for those to whom the mystical experience comes directly.

In the "moment" which forms so significant a part of the religious or mystical experience, concluded James, our higher self appears to come into working relation with 'MORE' of the same quality. He relates this 'MORE' to the 'subconscious' or 'subliminal' self.

Apart from all religious considerations, there is actually and literally more life in our total soul than we are at any time aware of... Much of the content of this larger background against which our conscious being stands out in relief is insignificant. Imperfect memories, silly jingles, inhibitive timidities, 'dissolutive' phenomena of various sorts, as Myers calls them, enter into it for a large part. But in it many of the performances of genius seem also to have their origin; and in our study of conversion, of mystical experiences, and of prayer, we have seen how striking a part invasions from this region play in the religious life.²⁹

²⁸ Ibid., 213.

²⁹ James, The Varieties of Religious Experience, quoted in Knight, 224.

Nonetheless James admitted that higher powers may intervene.

If there be higher spiritual agencies that can directly touch us, the psychological condition of their doing so might be our possession of a subconscious region which alone should yield access to them. The hubbub of the waking life might close a door which in the dreamy subliminal might remain ajar or open... Let me then propose, as an hypothesis, that whichever it may be on its farther side, the 'more' with which in religious experience we feel ourselves connected is on its hither side the subconscious continuation of our conscious life...³⁰

Finally, William James posits a pluralistic universe - a world of present consciousness within worlds of consciousness. Those other worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also. This wider reality is not what James once called "anthropomorphic monarchical Theism". The only thing that James considers that religious experience testifies unequivocally to is that we can experience union with something greater than ourselves and in that union find our greatest peace. This power can be anything greater than ourselves.

Anything larger will do, if only it be large enough to trust for the next step. It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary. It might conceivably even be only a larger and more godlike self, in which the present self would then be but the mutilated expression, and the universe might conceivably be a collection of such selves, of different degrees of inclusiveness, with no absolute unity realized in it at all...³¹

This pluralistic world he defines as an aggregate or collection of higher and lower things and principles. Evil would not need to be essential but might be "an independent portion that had no rational or absolute right to live with the rest, and which we might conceivably

³⁰Ibid., 224-5.

³¹Ibid., 227.

hope to see got rid of at last..."³² And here we might remind ourselves of James's pragmatism. Although I propose to reserve an examination of Henry James's position to a later chapter, one sample, from his letters, should be mentioned to illustrate his own concern to find significance for life in the fact of consciousness itself:

I don't know why we live - the gift of life comes to us from I don't know what source or for what purpose; but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always up to a certain point) life is the most valuable thing we know anything about, and it is therefore presumptively a great mistake to surrender it while there is yet^{any} left in the cup. In other words consciousness is an illimitable power, and though at times it may seem to be all consciousness of misery, yet in the way it propagates itself from wave to wave, so that we never cease to feel, and though at moments we appear to try to, pray to, there is something that holds one in one's place, makes it a standpoint in the universe which it is probably good not to forsake. You are right in your consciousness that we are all echoes and reverberations of the same, and you are noble when your interest and pity as to everything that surrounds you, appears to have a sustaining and harmonizing power. Only don't I beseech you, generalize too much in these sympathies and tenderesses - remember that every life is a special problem which is not yours but another's, and content yourself with the terrible algebra of your own. Don't melt too much into the universe, but be as solid and dense and fixed as you can. We all live together, and those of us who love and know, live so most.³³

To the end, William James remained convinced of the reality of telepathy. He was instrumental in founding in 1884 the Society for Psychical Research in America and he was in constant (sensory) communication with the sister society in England. The work of F.W.H. Myers in particular fascinated him.

As can be seen, William James was concerned with reworking many

³²Idem.

³³Henry James, "To Miss Grace Norton", July 28th[1883], Letters of Henry James, edited by Percy Lubbock, Macmillan, London, 1920, vol. I, 100-102.

ideas which are part of the traditional approaches to 'the moment'. His accounts of the various levels of personality, and of the 'hierarchy of the Me's', provided valuable material which contributed to the understanding of, and insight into, self and others. His idea of mind and world as a mutual fit is a new statement about man's relationship with the universe as is his transmission view of consciousness and the possible plurality of consciousnesses. With his training in philosophy and physiology he is especially illuminating on the nature of religious mysticism. First, there is his description of the 'sick' and 'healthy' minded; secondly, his explanation of the relation of the moment to the 'subconscious' or 'subliminal' self.

By the time Freud appeared on the scene, psychopathology had entered the field of normal psychology. He was by no means the discoverer of the "unconscious". Rather he became acquainted with this concept in the sixth form at school, where he was taught the psychology of Herbart. He was also influenced by the writings of Edward van Hartmann and Carl Gustav Carus who stressed the unconscious. At the same time William James was popularizing the word "subconscious" in America and showing the importance of this type of motivation in mental life.

Freud stressed the idea of 'psychic determinism'. No mental happenings, he maintained, were 'accidental'. Seemingly irrational and puzzling symptoms were meaningful when seen in terms of painful memories which had been repressed into the unconscious and were

striving to find expression. The symptoms were not mysterious excursions from without but rather exaggerated expressions of processes common to everyone which revealed the specific stresses of the patient who developed them. The same reasoning was applied to the 'psychopathology of every-day life' - the mistakes, dreams, slips of the tongue, the apparent coincidences which in some individuals appeared to repeat themselves throughout a lifetime. In particular, Freud pictured the unconscious as a dynamic force, not as a trash-can collection of ideas and memories thrown out of awareness because they were relatively unimportant and lacked the energy to force their way into consciousness.

When these ideas are related to our study, the moments can be seen as part of a determined sequence of mental events, not just as phenomena occurring in isolation due to completely unrelated external influences. This notion in turn had its effect on literary techniques. The novelists develop the "stream of consciousness" technique to express the myriad sensations of experience and the countless images thronging the mind. The seeming disorder and patternlessness of the method really results from a high degree of control. Events and images are carefully selected to emphasize the mind's apparent disorder but actual obedience to the laws of the unconscious.

Four basic postulates constitute the foundation of Freudian theory: psychic determinism, the role of the unconscious, the goal-

directed nature of behaviour, and the developmental or historical approach. Civilization he saw as the result of thwarted impulses, deflected to symbolic ends by a process he termed sublimation.

Prior to 1910 Freud divided personality into three layers according to the degree of consciousness: the perceptual conscious contains present awareness, the preconscious or foreconscious that material which, although unconscious now, is capable of recall, and the unconscious that which cannot be brought into awareness because it is actively repressed. From 1920 onwards he stressed that aggression as well as sex might be an important instinct subject to repression and therefore liable to lead to neurosis.

His view of the development of personality illuminates the problem of apperception. Memories, he emphasized, play a major part in the perception of contemporary stimuli. All present perception is influenced by past perception. He wrote: "...inner perceptions of ideational and emotional processes are projected outwardly and are used to shape the outer world, whereas they ought to remain in the inner world."³⁴ Herbart had defined apperception as "The process by which new experiences are assimilated to and transformed by the residuum of past experience of any individual to form a new whole." In Freudian theory, the world as experienced here and now consists of perceptions of reality transformed by past experiences and interpreted in the light of them even though these remain unconscious.

³⁴Freud, quoted in J.A.C. Brown, Freud and the Post-Freudians, Penguin Books, 1961, 30-31.

Also, an apperception has greater effect on the behaviour in the present the earlier it has occurred in the individual's history. Good and bad sensations experienced during infancy, for example at the mother's breast, influence the way events are experienced at the next stage and so on through the course of development. The severity of the neurosis will depend on how early, how often, and how intensely, the affective experience occurred.

By their emphasis on infancy the Freudians recreate the ideal of a paradise of play in childhood which poets have always expressed. The goal of nature, and of therapy, is to find this happiness once again. Ultimate cure consists in finding real objects in external reality corresponding to the lost objects of childhood. To do this, the patient has to be freed from the nightmare of his past case-history. In Freudian terminology, there is only one loving relationship to objects in the world - "a relation of being-one-with-the-world."³⁵ The primal model for this union is the relation of the child to the mother's breast, a union with the world which is the form of incorporation, or identification. Here the mystics and the psychoanalysts agree: only when man can love the world can he have true knowledge of himself. The instinctual drive, the human libido, is narcissistic. But it seeks a world to love as it loves itself. Freud says that the human ego-feeling once embraced the whole world, and that the life-principle, Eros, drives the ego to recover that lost feeling of oneness with the world in love and pleasure. All

³⁵Norman O. Brown, Life Against Death, Modern Library, New York, 1959, 42.

this suggests the traditional mystical position: there has to be an overflow of love outward into the world. / As Blake's aphorism phrases it: "Exuberance is Beauty ... The cistern contains, the fountain overflows." Coventry Patmore, quoted by Evelyn Underhill in one edition of Mysticism, may also be cited: "The Babe sucking its mother's breast, and the Lover returning, after twenty years' separation, to his home and food in the same bosom, are the types and princes of Mystics."³⁶

There are numerous fictional examples of feelings of remote isolation and desire for union. Septimus Smith and Rhoda in Virginia Woolf's novels are two such characters. Septimus, who was terrified that he could not feel, sometimes tries to feel himself one with everything in the world, including a man who is dead. Rhoda longs for a world "immune from change".³⁷ She visualized a tree standing alone in a desert, a symbol of something to which she can cling. At night she can "let her tree grow" without having it knocked down by others.

So, too, Mr. Duffy in James Joyce's "A Painful Case" suffers feelings of intense isolation. He feels that he is "an outcast from life's feast." Although he had a chance to have a full relationship with a woman he has turned her away. The news of her death, and the memory of how he turned her away, intensifies his feelings of loneliness. "He began to doubt the reality of what memory told him.

³⁶Quoted in N.O.Brown, op.cit., 127-8.

³⁷Virginia Woolf, The Waves, Hogarth Press, London, 1955, 77.

He halted under a tree and allowed the rhythm to die away. He could not feel her near him in the darkness nor her voice touch his ear. He waited for some minutes listening. He could hear nothing: the night was perfectly silent. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he was alone."³⁸

The main point to be noted is that there is no division. In Freudian terms, object-libido and ego-libido cannot be distinguished. In philosophic language, the subject-object dualism does not interfere. The triumph over time implicit in this moment is splendidly stated by Virginia Woolf in The Waves. As Rhoda says, "there are moments when the walls of the mind grow thin, when nothing is unabsorbed, and I could fancy that we might blow so vast a bubble that the sun might set and rise in it and we might take the blue of midday and the black of midnight and be cast off and escape from here and now."³⁹ The characters have made "one life", which glazes against the yew trees before illusion returns and they go their separate ways.

Perhaps more important from the point of view of aesthetics, Freud discovered in the unconscious some of the mechanisms by which art makes its effects. He outlined such processes as condensation, displacement, plastic representation, and fixed symbolism. Freud theorized that the symbol is a means whereby forbidden wishes from the unconscious are allowed to express themselves in disguised form. Otherwise they would clash with the moral demands of the super-ego.

³⁸James Joyce, "A Painful Case", Dubliners, Grant Richards, London, 1914, 117.

³⁹Woolf, The Waves, 159.

But when the dreamer wakes his conscious recollection of the dream differs from its unconscious significance. Nonetheless, the latest content can be revealed despite the disguises set up by condensation, secondary elaboration, and so on. By condensation, Freud meant that some parts of the unconscious content are left out and elements possessing a common trait are fused together. Several people from the dreamer's reality world may be fused together in a dream.

Displacement refers to the process by which elements are made to seem emotionally significant when they are not, and vice versa.

Plastic representation is defined as 'a plastic concrete piece of imagery, originating in the sound of a word'. By fixed symbolism Freud referred to his belief that certain modes of symbolic expression in dreams have a fixed meaning which cannot be analysed further, since they are common to all humanity. Never acquired individually, these fixed symbols belong not only to dreams, but also to mythology, fairy tales, art and religion. In other words, they are part of an archaic and universal language which, Freud postulates, are 'thinly disguised representations of certain fundamental unconscious fantasies common to all mankind'. Secondary elaboration is the mental process by which the dreamer's mind, in awaking, sets about giving an order and coherence to the dream which it did not have when presented during sleep.

The example of Lily Briscoe, unconsciously solving the problem of the composition of her painting in the last section of To The

Lighthouse, can be cited here. She needs something to fill in across the steps, to alter the design of the picture. Something is "on her mind"; the house had been full of "unrelated passions" that morning; her attention wanders between Mr. Ramsay sailing to the lighthouse and the problems of the picture on the canvas in front of her. She muses about Mrs. Ramsay but this for a time seems to offer no solution. At last, however, as she casts further and further back in memory, she seems to see Mrs. Ramsay sitting ^{inside} by the window, knitting. An odd triangular-shaped shadow is thrown over the step which seems to resolve the difficulties. The artist perceives the very symbol of Mrs. Ramsay, the wedge-shaped core of darkness, which Mrs. Ramsay, watching the long steady stroke of the lighthouse, had thought was secret to herself. When at last Lily realizes that Mr. Ramsay must have reached the lighthouse, her mind is indeed freed to complete her work:

She looked at the steps; they were empty; she looked at her canvas; it was blurred. With a sudden intensity, as if she saw it clear for a second, she drew a line there, in the centre. It was done; it was finished. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision.⁴⁰

Something had been missing from the morning and the painting; Mrs. Ramsay was the element they all needed to bring them together again, as she had done in real life. Both Lily in her own way, and Mr. Ramsay and the children, find her again and solve their problems.

40. Woolf, op.cit., 320.

In Swann's Way, the little phrase of music also operates as an agent to release painful, and hitherto suppressed, recollections of Swann's love for Odette.

Art is a return to childhood, and as a return to the pleasure-principle, is essentially a play activity, Freud suggests in Wit and the Unconscious. The technique of wit is recovered when thought is allowed to sink into the unconscious. Word-play, a subdivision of art, reigned in infancy, says Freud.

Freud not only connected art with the unconscious and the infantile but he also distinguished it from them too. It differs from dreams and neurosis in that the latter are asocial; the former, along with wit, is social:

The dream is a completely asocial psychical product...it remains unintelligible to the person himself and therefore completely without interest to anyone else... Wit, on the other hand, is the most social of all pleasure-seeking psychic functions... It must therefore bind itself to the condition of intelligibility; it may utilize the distortion that is possible in the unconscious by means of condensation and displacement but not to the point that the intelligence of the third person cannot still detect the meaning.⁴¹

In general, then, the conscious element makes the difference between wit and dreams. But Freud also specifically analyzes the difference between the techniques of the two.

Wit does not make compromises as the dream does, it does not yield to the inhibition, but insists on retaining unchanged the play with words or nonsense. It limits itself, however, to a selection of situations in which this play or this nonsense may also appear permissible (the joke) or meaningful (wit), thanks to the ambiguity of words and the multiplicity of thought-relationship.

⁴¹Freud, Gesammelte Werke, VI, Der Witz, 204. Quoted and translated by N.O. Brown, op.cit., 61.

Nothing better distinguishes wit from all other psychic phenomena than this two-faced, two-tongued quality..v.⁴²

Art and the processes of the unconscious are both timeless.

"Unconscious mental processes are in themselves 'timeless'";⁴³

"In the id there is nothing corresponding to the idea of time."⁴⁴

Time becomes a psychological, not an ontological problem. As Kant puts it, it does not pertain to things in themselves out there but is a form of perception of the human mind. It is important to remember this concept of timelessness in examining the "moment of apperception".

Jung's postulates, despite their variant mythology, contribute to these central psychoanalytic concepts. Jung believes that the conscious mind is based upon, and results from, an unconscious psyche, which is prior to consciousness, and is continuous to its functioning. This unconscious psyche is no less real than the physical body, has its own structure, and is subject to its own laws. In Jung's view too it does not work according to our ideas of space and time which are creations of our consciousness.

His prime popularizer in Britain, Frieda Fordham, explains psychic reality as follows:

All that I experience is psychic. Even physical pain is a psychic event that belongs to my experience. My sense-impressions - for all that they force upon me a world of

⁴²Idem, 196-7. Quoted in N.O. Brown, op.cit., 62-3.

⁴³Freud, Beyond The Pleasure Principle, Hogarth Press, London, 1961, 22.

⁴⁴Freud, New Introductory Lectures, Hogarth Press, London, 1949, 99.

impenetrable objects occupying space - are psychic images and these alone are the immediate objects of my consciousness. My own psyche even transforms and falsifies reality, and it does this to such a degree that I must resort to artificial means to determine what things are like apart from myself. Then I discover that a tone is a vibration of the air of such and such a frequency, or that a colour is a wave-length of light of such and such a length. We are in all truth so enclosed by psychic images that we cannot penetrate to the essence of things external to ourselves. All our knowledge is conditioned by the psyche, which, because it alone is immediate, is superlatively real. Here there is reality to which the psychologist can appeal - namely psychic reality.⁴⁵

Psychic energy, called libido by Jung, is used for the normal purposes of life. But there is always a certain amount in excess of what is needed for instinctive ends which can be directed to cultural purposes. This direction of energy becomes possible by transferring it to something similar in nature to the object of instinctive interest. This transfer is achieved in a roundabout way. After maturing in the unconscious for a time, a symbol is produced which on the one hand attracts the psychic energy, while also serving as a channel to divert its natural flow. The symbol, never thought out consciously, often appearing in a dream, comes usually as a revelation or intuition. This transmutation, or 'Transcendent Function', in Jung's view, has been going on since the dawn of civilization. And though we have succeeded in developing the will to a certain extent, to aid in this civilizing process, man still needs the transmuting power of the symbol.

Jung's structuring of the psyche is illuminating. The personal unconscious is an insignificant part of it. The conscious ego is a

⁴⁵Frieda Fordham, An Introduction to Jung's Psychology, Penguin Books, 1954, 16.

mere isle rising from the sea. There is a further stretch of land, a shadow-land of subliminal perceptions, stretching between the ego and the unconscious. This is the personal unconscious, belonging to the individual, containing not only primitive processes forbidden entry to consciousness but also aspects of mental life which have been neglected in the course of development.

But it is the sea beneath which absorbs Jung's attention. The collective unconscious is a deeper stratum of the unconscious than the personal unconscious: it belongs to all mankind. This theory is especially interesting when we come to examine works of art. Virginia Woolf in Between The Acts and James Joyce in Finnegan's Wake, seem to relate their "apperceptions" to such universal roots. The Marabar caves in A Passage to India described as standing there since before time began seem another instance. In Jungian theory, it would appear that this collective or racial unconscious, belongs also to man's primate and animal ancestry.

In language reminiscent of William James, Jung posits that we apprehend and experience life in a way that has been determined by our history. He argues that the brain has been shaped and influenced by the remote experiences of mankind. There is also a suggestion that more than the brain is inherited. Jung writes in his Contributions to Analytical Psychology, "although our inheritance consists in physiological paths, still it was mental processes in our ancestors that created the paths. If these traces come to consciousness again in the individual, they can do so only in the form of mental processes;

and if these processes can become conscious only through individual experience and thus appear as individual acquisitions, they are none the less pre-existing traces, which are merely "filled out" by the individual experience. Every "impressive" experience is such an impression, in an ancient but unconscious stream bed."⁴⁶

Jung's now-famous name for this tendency to apprehend life in an historically conditioned manner is "archetypal". Archetypes are the "'pre-existent forms of apprehension' (i.e. existing before consciousness) or 'congenital conditions of intuition... Just as the instincts compel man to a conduct that is specifically human, so the archetypes...compel intuition and apprehension to forms specifically human.'"⁴⁷ We become aware of these archetypes through recurrent images. Jung, and Blake before him, followed Jacob Burckhardt and called these 'primordial images', and believed that they developed during the thousands of centuries when the human psyche was emerging from an animal state. The cyclical patterns in life, both human and natural, birth, death, dawn, sunset, the passage of the seasons, result in archetypes. They in turn are experienced both as images and as emotions. Virginia Woolf's The Waves and The Years both make use of such patterns. Myths are equally a direct expression of this collective unconscious, and they take similar forms among all people and in all ages.

Implicit in all this is, of course, the notion that innate ideas

⁴⁶Jung, quoted in Fordham, op.cit., 24.

⁴⁷Idem.

or concepts do exist. Platonic spheres, in the sense of archetypes, do exist somewhere, Jung seems to be saying. Of the archetypes he says: "Indeed not even our thought can clearly grasp them, for it never invented them."⁴⁸ He continues to associate psychological with physiological data in The Integration of the Personality:

This psychic life is the mind of our ancient ancestors, the way in which they thought and felt, the way in which they conceived of life and the world, of gods and human beings...as the body is a sort of museum of its phylogenetic history, so is the mind. There is no reason for believing that the psyche, with its peculiar structure, is the only thing in the world that has no history beyond its individual manifestation. Even the conscious mind cannot be denied a history extending over at least five thousand years. But the unconscious psyche is not only immensely old, it is also able to grow increasingly into an equally remote future.⁴⁹

Freud, in one of his later writings, Moses and Monotheism, was prepared to believe that men are born with an archaic heritage which includes not only dispositions, but also ideational contents, memory traces of the experiences of former generations. But he did not consider that this archaic heritage played any considerable part in the dynamics of the mind, and, unlike Jung, he made no use of this concept in his practice of psychotherapy.

Jung has a precise definition for "intuition" which coincides with some of our thinking on "apperception". There is an admixture of both the subjective and pattern-making qualities inherent in such phenomena.

'Intuition', says Jung, 'is a perception of realities which are not known to consciousness, and which goes via

⁴⁸Jung, Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, 82. Quoted in Fordham, op.cit., 28.

⁴⁹In J.A.C. Brown, Freud and the Post-Freudians, 105.

the unconscious'. It is more, however, than a mere perception, for it is an active creative process which seizes upon the situation and tries to alter it according to its vision. It has the capacity to inspire, and in every 'hopelessly blocked situation it works automatically towards a solution which no other function could discover.' Whenever a judgement or a diagnosis has to be made in the dark intuition comes into play. Scientists and physicians, inventors, certain classes of business men and politicians, judges and generals all must make use of this faculty at times, and of course ordinary people as well. 'Whenever strange conditions have to be dealt with, or situations met where established values and concepts do not work, then intuition must be brought into play.'⁵⁰

One can, of course, following the convenient classification system, also catalogue intuitives as introverted and extraverted. The introverted intuitive sees visions, has prophetic dreams, revelations of a religious or cosmic nature. William Blake is considered by the Jungians a good example of an introverted intuitive who was both artist and poet. In his Psychological Types Jung writes of the precise problems of ^{the} intuitive:

The peculiar nature of introverted intuition, when given the priority...produces a peculiar type of man, viz. the mystical dreamer and seer on the one hand, or the fanatical crank and artist on the other. The latter might be regarded as the normal case, since there is a general tendency of this type to confine himself to the perceptive character of intuition. As a rule, the intuitive stops at perception; perception is his principal problem, and - in the case of a productive artist - the shaping of perception. But the crank contents himself with the intuition by which he himself is shaped and determined.⁵¹

The self he regards, in almost Blakean terms, as "not only the centre, but also the circumference that encloses consciousness and the unconscious; it is the centre of this totality, as the ego is the centre of consciousness."⁵²

⁵⁰Fordham, op.cit., 43.

⁵¹Ibid., 44. My italical

⁵²Jung, The Integration of the Personality, 96. In Fordham, op.cit., 64.

The moment of apperception is explained by the Jungians in terms of their individuation "ordeal". Traditionally, such a moment of revelation comes through the forms of the living church. Dogma, creed and ritual canalize the unruly and arbitrary 'supernatural' influences. Mrs. Fordham writes:

A living church protects men from the full force of an experience which can be devastating; instead of being gripped by the collective unconscious, they can participate in a ritual which expresses it sufficiently to 'purge' by its reflection.

What this original experience may mean is vividly recorded for us in the Bible, in the stories of the prophets and the account, for instance, of the conversion of Saul. After Saul had seen the bright light that shone from heaven and heard a voice saying unto him 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' he became blind for three days and could neither eat nor drink, and, from his recovery his whole life was changed.⁵³

Jung's suggestion that people often follow this process away from the analyst, searching as they are for the goal of wholeness, 'the whole man', which necessitates the forging of a link between the conscious and unconscious aspects of the psyche, brings to mind The Waves, as does his concept of the "stages of life", which he compares to the movement of the sun through the day. Jung considers that only individuals with superior endowments, who have suffered severely, perhaps even an experience akin to the "vastations" Henry James, Senior, and William James, Jr., experienced, can "individuate". This individuation corresponds to some of the "moments" in the novels under study, when conscious and unconscious mind coalesce and achieve a peace and union beyond time.

⁵³Jung, Psychology and Religion, 57. In Fordham, op.cit., 72.

Psychology thus had a great deal to say about moments of apperception. It attempted to discover the cause of such experiences: whether they resulted from tricks of memory, occurred only in certain kinds of individuals, could be induced by drugs, suggestion, and so on. So too it attempted to discover the origins of the material of these experiences: whether the feelings and fantasies derived from the individual's unconscious, the collective unconscious, from a sort of universal transcendental consciousness, or whatever. Psychologists attempted to tabulate the nature of the experiences, to measure, describe and compare them with others. It also sought to discover what function, if any, such moments had.

Closely related to developments in psychology was the thinking of the philosophers Henry Louis Bergson (1859-1941) and G.E. Moore (1873-1958).

Time and memory were major concerns of Bergson. He contrasted time as we think about it and time as we experience it. Conceptually considered, he says, time is assimilated to space, depicted as a straight line with 'moments' as its points. Experienced time, however, is duration, not a succession of moments. It flows in an indivisible continuity. This flowing quality, according to Bergson, is characteristic of all our experience, which is not a set of 'conscious states' clearly demarcated.

Consciousness is in large part memory. It is a preservation and accumulation of the past in the present. But consciousness is also

an anticipation of the future. To remember the immediate past and to anticipate the immediate future is the most striking function of consciousness. What we call the present instance is something that hardly exists except in theory, for it has already ceased to exist when it attracts our attention.

"What we feel ourselves to be at any given moment is what we were just before and what we are just about to be: we recline on our past and incline towards our future, and that reclining and inclining seem to be the very essence of our consciousness. So that consciousness is, above all, a hyphen, a tie between past and future."⁵⁴

G.E. Moore's thinking was directed primarily to moral problems. He wrote:

By far the most valuable things which we know or can imagine, are certain states of consciousness, which may be roughly described as the pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful objects. No one, probably, who has asked himself the question, has ever doubted that personal affection and the appreciation of what is beautiful in Art or Nature, are good in themselves, nor, if we consider strictly what things are worth having purely for their own sakes, does it appear probable that anyone will think that anything else has nearly so great a value as the things which are included under these two heads...I regard it as indubitable...that [the] mere existence of what is beautiful has value, so small as to be negligible, in comparison with that which attaches to the consciousness of beauty. This simple truth may, indeed, be said to be universally recognized. What has not been recognized is that it is the ultimate and fundamental truth of Moral Philosophy. That it is only for the sake of these things - in order that as much of them as possible may at some time exist - that anyone can be justified in performing any public or private duty; that they are the raison d'etre

⁵⁴Bergson, "Life and Consciousness", in Huxley Memorial Lectures to the University of Birmingham, 1914, 105.

that it is they - these complex wholes themselves, and not any constituent or characteristic of them - that form the rational ultimate end of human action and the sole criterion of social progress: these appear to be truths which have been generally overlooked.

"Personal affections and aesthetic enjoyments" Moore concludes, "include all the greatest, and by far the greatest, goods we can imagine."⁵⁵

Good taste and correct judgment are essential to the appreciation of the highly complex organic wholes which constitute beautiful and valuable things. Moore reasoned that a painting, for example, is in itself part only of a great intrinsic good. But it is so in the highest degree only when it is contemplated by someone who both recognizes and enjoys its beautiful qualities.

The first essential of great intrinsic value is that beauty should be appreciated. Further, the nature of the Ideal (or the greatest good that we can perceive) is twofold. First, this good must be mental. It will consist of states of mind. Secondly, the material is also an indispensable part of the Ideal. To deny and exclude matter is to deny and exclude the good itself.

J.M. Keynes recalled the mood of the Bloomsbury group under Moore's influence in an autobiographical memoir:

Nothing mattered, except states of mind, our own and other people's of course, but chiefly our own. These states of mind were not associated with action or achievement or with consequences. They consisted in timeless, passionate states of contemplation and communion, largely unattached to "before" and "after". Their value depended, in accordance with the principle of organic unity, on the state of affairs as a whole which could not be usefully analysed into parts. For example, the value of the state of mind of being in love

⁵⁵G.E. Moore, Principia Ethica, cited in J.K. Johnstone, The Bloomsbury Group, Secker and Warburg, London, 1954, 23-4.

did not depend merely on the nature of one's own emotions, but also on the worth of their object and on the reciprocity and nature of the object's emotions, but it did not depend, if I remember rightly, or did not depend much, on what happened, or how one felt about it, a year later, though I myself was always an advocate of a principle of organic unity through time, which still seems to me only sensible. The appropriate subjects of passionate contemplation and communion were a beloved person, beauty and truth, and one's prime objects in life were love, the creation and enjoyment of aesthetic experience and the pursuit of knowledge. Of these love came a long way first. But in the early days under Moore's influence the public treatment of this and its associated acts was, on the whole, austere and platonic.⁵⁶

Virginia Woolf was one of the central figures in the Bloomsbury Group and E.M. Forster had close contacts, resulting from his years as a Cambridge undergraduate, with them. James Strachey, the English translator of Freud, whom the Woolfs, at the Hogarth Press, first published in England was also included as were Roger Fry, Clive Bell, and Lytton Strachey. There was also Karin Stephen, Virginia Woolf's sister-in-law, who published a study of Bergson, The Misuse of Mind, in 1922. Mrs. Stephen practised^{as} a psycho-analyst and she wrote a study, Psycho-Analysis and Medicine, on this subject too.

A number of new theories thus formed the background to new notions of the moment in the minds of the novelists. William James was primarily responsible for new approaches to religious mysticism, the problem of evil, increased analysis of the self, the idea of consciousness as a stream, the possible dissociation or splitting of the personality, and the "hierarchy of the Me's". Freud stressed the concept of the unconscious as a dynamic force and all mental

⁵⁶J.M. Keynes, "My Early Beliefs", Two Memoirs, 83. Cited in Johnstone op.cit., 30-31.

happenings occurring as a result of psychical laws peculiar to the individual. He formulated theories about the three differing levels of consciousness, expressed in new terms human beings desires for communion, pointed out how symbols express forbidden or concealed desires, and stressed similarities between the methods of art and the processes of the unconscious. Both art and the unconscious, he argued, were realms in which time did not function. Jung followed him in many of these theories and developed on his own ideas about individuation and the nature of the collective unconscious. Bergson contributed to theories of time as duration and to the role memory plays in consciousness. Moore's notions of mental states in which the beautiful and the good are apprehended were an important feature of the background of Bloomsbury.

His brother Henry was perhaps most influenced by William's account of the nature of consciousness and the possibility of a plurality of consciousnesses. Virginia Woolf was certainly familiar with the idea of the splitting of personality. E.M. Forster shared William James's concern with the nature of the universe, man's role in it, and the problem (or nature) of evil. James Joyce and Virginia Woolf show the most evidence of familiarity with the thinking of Freud and Jung. To a certain extent their fictional techniques also seemed to be influenced by these theories. Proust and Virginia Woolf reflect Bergson's notions on time and memory while Virginia Woolf and E.M. Forster echoed G.E. Moore's values. The precise nature of the influence

and the degree to which the novelist's thinking was affected by these thinkers, will be dealt with more fully in later chapters.

CHAPTER III

HENRY JAMES

In an essay which was originally part of a collection by famous writers of their thoughts on the after-life, Henry James wrote:

Living, or feeling one's exquisite curiosity about the universe fed and fed, rewarded and rewarded - though I of course don't say definitely answered and answered - becomes thus the highest good I can conceive of... For the artist the sense of our luxurious "waste" of postulation and supposition is of the strongest; of him is it superlatively true that he knows the aggression as of infinite numbers of modes of being. His case, as I see it, is easily such as to make him declare that if he were not constantly, in his commonest processes, carrying the field of consciousness farther and further, making it lose itself in the ineffable, he shouldn't in the least feel himself an artist. As more or less of one myself, for instance, I deal with being, I invoke and evoke, I figure and represent, I seize and fix, as many phases and aspects and conceptions of it as my infirm hand allows me strength for; and in so doing I find myself - I can't express it otherwise - in communication with sources, sources to which I owe the apprehension of far more and far other combinations than observation and experience,¹ in their ordinary sense, have given me the pattern of.

For James, the summum bonum was the extension of the means of both representing and apprehending reality. The consciousness induced both by apprehending and representing could be of joy or pain, of good or evil. The important thing was that "one's exquisite curiosity" be "rewarded". The psychological disturbances experienced

¹Henry James, "Is There A Life After Death?", quoted in Matthiessen, The James Family, Knopf, New York, 1948.

by members of his own family made him well aware of the potential pathological element in the mind. Both his father and brother suffered moments of extreme despair, tantamount to breakdowns. After these experiences, they felt powerless to live. Henry James, Senior, describes his feelings. He had enjoyed a good dinner, "when suddenly - in a lightning-flash as it were - fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake - the thing had not lasted ten seconds before I felt myself a wreck; that is, reduced from a state of firm, vigorous, joyful manhood to one of helpless infancy."² This condition persisted for two years, and James came to call it, after Swedenborg, a "vastation", or one of the stages of the regenerative process.

William James experienced a particularly horrifying fantasy. He writes:

Whilst in this state of philosophic pessimism and general depression of spirits about my prospects, I went one evening into a dressing-room in the twilight to procure some article that was there; when suddenly it fell upon me without any warning, just aa if it came out of the darkness, a horrible fear of my own existence. Simultaneously there arose in my mind the image of an epileptic patient whom I had seen in the asylum, a black-haired youth with greenish skin, entirely idiotic, who used to sit all day on one of the benches, or rather shelves against the wall, with his knees drawn up against his chin, and the coarse grey undershirt, which was his only garment, drawn over them enclosing his entire figure. He sat there like a sort of sculptured Egyptian cat or Peruvian mummy, moving nothing but his black eyes, and looking absolutely non-human. The image and my fear entered into a species of combination with each other. That shape am I, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me against that fate, if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him. There was such a horror of him, and such a perception of my own merely momentary discrepancy from

²Matthiessen, op.cit., 161.

him, that it was as if something hitherto solid within my breast gave way entirely, and I became a mass of quivering fear. After this the universe was changed for me altogether. I awoke morning after morning with a horrible dread at the pit of my stomach, and with a sense of the insecurity of life that I never knew before, and that I have never felt since. It was like a revelation; and although the immediate feelings passed away, the experience has made me wmpathetic with the morbid feelings of others ever since. It gradually faded, but for months I was unable to go out into the dark alone.

In general I dreaded to be left alone. I remember wondering how other people could live, how I myself had ever lived, so unconscious of the pit of insecurity beneath the surface of life.³

Alice James was crippled by neurotic illness for a good part of her life. She describes the horror of having to apply restraints to herself:

As I used to sit immovable, reading in the library, with waves of violent inclination suddenly invading my muscles, taking some one of their varied forms, such as throwing myself out of the window or knocking off the head of the benignant Pater, as he sat, with his silver locks, writing at his table, it used to seem to me that the only difference between me and the insane was that I had only (sic) all the horrors and suffering of insanity but the duties of doctor, nurse, and strait-jacket imposed upon me too. Conceive of never being without the sense that if you let yourself go for a moment, your mechanism will fall into pie, and that at some given moment you must abandon it all, let the dykes break and the flood sweep in, acknowledging yourself abjectly before the immutable laws.⁴

The experience which Henry James recorded as the most "formative, fertilising...intellectual experience our youth was to know," was of quite a different order. It arose from his first visit to the "great rooms of the Louvre". His entrance into the Galerie d'Apollon came to symbolize for him his first conscious crossing of "that bridge on

³Ibid., 217.

⁴Ibid., 276.

to Style" whereupon he inhaled "a general sense of glory."

The beginning in short was with Gericault and David, but it went on and on and slowly spread; so that one's stretched, one's even strained, perceptions, one's discoveries and extensions piece by piece, came back, on the great premises, almost as so many explorations of the house of life, so many circlings and hoverings round the image of the world. I have dim reminiscences of permitted independent visits, uncorrectly juvenile though I might still be, during which the house of life and the palace of art became so mixed and interchangeable - the house being, under a general description, the most peopled of all scenes not less than the most hushed of all peoples that an excursion to look at pictures would have but half expressed my afternoon.⁵

Despite his awareness of the traumatic material which may be buried beneath consciousness, his own characters, as has often been said, tend to "live off the tops of their minds." James does, of course, suggest that his characters may be motivated by forces of which they are unconscious. Olive Chancellor in The Bostonians, Isabel, before she married Gilbert Osmond, and Newman/a change of heart at the end of The American, are examples which spring to mind. With a few exceptions, such as The Jolly Corner, Henry James does not present eruptions from the unconscious. His characters' hyperorganized intelligences do not suffer disintegration. As a result, the interest in studying the moment of apperception in James's novels lies more in his methods of presenting the moment and the use to which he puts it than in the types he uses. With few exceptions the insights occur at the social level. One character "sees into" another, or gains understanding of himself, in what is

⁵Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, Autobiography, edited by Frederick W. Dupee, W.A. Allen, London, 1956, 198-9.

usually a complicated situation.

As a novelist mainly interested in relations between human beings, Henry James tends to concentrate chiefly on apperceptions of the self, of the self in relation to another or others, and of relations between others. But these insights do not necessarily carry any guarantee of truth - the perceiver may depend on wrong information, or draw false conclusions. This means that in James's novels the apperception, however important at first, may be shown to be partially or totally wrong. This is an important qualification of the moments of apperception in James since they may be ironic preparation for new and true apperceptions. They may also indicate blind-spots, prejudices, or even pathological states in the perceiver and they may be a means of indicating development in a character by showing how intuitions develop in the direction of truth. Then, they may be more revealing of the apperceiver than of the apperceived.

The moments, however, are not exclusively personal or social. To mention only a few here, before turning to a full treatment of them later, they may be social-political on a much larger scale, such as those experienced by Hyacinth in The Princess Casamassima, who sees into the misery of the people and also into all the splendours and successes of the world, or they may be akin to a mystical response to life. Milly, in The Wings of the Dove, experiences several such moments. One occurs after her visit to Sir Luke Sprett. Alone in the square she feels borne up for an^{hour} Sometimes the moments may resemble the vestations experienced by members of James's family.

Spencer Brydon in The Jolly Corner suffers just such an overwhelming revelation of the horror of life and evil in himself. The Spoils of Poynton provides examples of moments which constitute a response to art. Some, such as those of Fleda and Mrs. Gereth to Poynton, are a response to beauty. Other insights such as the two women's attitude to the ugliness of Waterbath, function as insight into the souls of the owners of Waterbath. Fleda sees that "Poynton was the record of a life. It was written in great syllables of colour and form, the tongues of other countries and the hands of rare artists. It was all France and Italy with their ages composed to rest. For England you looked out of old windows - it was England that was the wide embrace... What struck Fleda most in it was the high pride of her friend's taste, a fine arrogance, a sense of style which, however amused and amusing, never compromised nor stooped."⁶ Stransom's moments in The Altar of the Dead, especially in the scene in which he dedicated himself to his candles, can best be described as semi-religious in character.

All these need to be examined in some detail. I propose to consider the moments under various categories or headings. There is considerable overlapping, of course, among categories; analysis of one moment often develops into discussion of several types.

Sudden insight into self, especially into one's moral nature,

⁶ Henry James, The Spoils of Poynton, Macmillan, London, 1923, 20. All further references to James's novels are to this edition, unless otherwise indicated in the footnote.

is the first category I propose to examine. The American offers several interesting examples. The interest is increased by a curious parallelism between two moments in the story and one which Henry James recounts in his preface. Here, James writes:

It had come to me, this happy, halting view of an interesting case, abruptly enough, some years before: I recall sharply the felicity of the first glimpse, though I forget the accident of thought that produced it. I recall that I was seated in an American "horse-car" when I found myself, of a sudden, considering with enthusiasm, as the theme of a "story", the situation, in another country and an aristocratic society, of some robust but insidiously beguiled and betrayed, some cruelly wronged, compatriot: the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilisation and to be of an order in every way superior to his own. What would he "do" in that predicament, how would he right himself, or how, failing a remedy, would he conduct himself under his wrong? This would be the question involved, and I remember well how, having entered the "horse-car" without a dream of it, I was presently to leave that vehicle in full possession of my answer.⁷

His resolution of the problem can be partly seen in Newman's account of a moment which comprised a major insight into his real moral nature. Newman recounts how he had the chance to get in ahead of a rival on a very important business deal. In so doing, he would in part be taking his revenge on some one who had behaved very meanly towards him. But, while travelling in a hack, about his business, he experiences a sudden conversion:

"It's possible I took a nap; I had been travelling all night and, though I was excited with my errand, I felt the want of sleep. At all events I woke up suddenly, from a sleep or from a kind of reverie, with the most extraordinary change of heart - a mortal disgust for

⁷The American, vii.

the whole proposition. It came upon me like that!" - and he snapped his fingers - "as abruptly as an old wound that begins to ache. I couldn't tell the meaning of it; I only realised I had turned against myself worse than against the man I wanted to smash. The idea of not coming by that half million in that particular way, of letting it utterly slide and scuttle and never hearing of it again, became the one thing to save my life from a sudden danger. And all this took place quite independently of my will, and I sat watching it as if it were a play at the theatre. I could feel it going on inside me. You may depend upon it that there are things going on inside us that we understand mighty little about."⁸

The incident contains the important key to Newman's character. It is an integral part of his motivation in travelling to Europe, where he seeks riches other than the purely monetary. Further, it is the clue to his future behaviour. Later, in his relations with the Bellegardes, he once again has an opportunity to take revenge. More interesting still, perhaps, is Newman's sense of things going on inside him that he does not quite comprehend. He emphasizes the suddenness of the experience, that it seems to have been born from some part of him released during sleep, and that it functions independently of his will. There is a sense of a second self here, a dominant one, coming to the fore in moments of crisis and dictating conduct.

This same self determines his conduct later in the novel when he comes into possession of a secret which could ruin the Bellegardes. In so doing, he could also avenge his broken engagement with Madame de Cintre. Newman returns from America, seemingly prepared to use this information against the Bellegardes. After standing for some

⁸The American, 27-8.

time outside the House of the Carmelites in the rue d'Enfer where Claire de Cintre has incarcerated herself, he enters Notre Dame, where he sits and thinks for a long time.

The most unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him had reached its formal conclusion; he had learnt his lesson - not indeed that he the least understood it - and could put away the book. He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up he felt he was himself again. Somewhere in his soul a tight constriction had loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan as he remembered what he had meant to do; he was annoyed, and yet partly incredulous, at his having meant to do it: the bottom suddenly had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or mere human weakness of will - what it was, in the background of his spirit - I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go. If he had spoken it aloud he would have said he didn't want to hurt them. He was ashamed of having wanted to hurt them. He had quite failed of a sudden, to recognise the fact of his having cultivated any such link with them. It was a link for themselves perhaps, their having so hurt him but that side of it was now not his affair. At last he got up and came out of the darkening church; not with the elastic step of a man who has won a victory or taken a resolve - rather to the quiet measure of a discreet escape, of a retreat with appearance removed.⁹

The conversion parallels exactly his earlier renunciation of ruthless tactics. But the change of heart in this instance is the climax to the whole story. Once again, the suddenness of the experience, and the seemingly inexplicable action of some unconscious force, is a marked feature of the moment. However, the way to it, as has been seen, has been carefully prepared.

⁹The American, 468-9.

This story of the American abroad does not seem to provide an example of growth in moral stature. Newman remains true to his best inner self and behaves as generously, at the beginning of the story in New York, and with as much insight into his behaviour, as at the end in Paris. There is considerable ambiguity about the nature of Newman's insight. Does Newman really have a change of heart each time or does he have a revelation into his own moral nature? Although many readers might interpret Newman's actions as representative of a victory over himself, James emphasizes that it is not in fact a victory but a retreat. In other words, Newman's behaviour might well be interpreted as weakness of will. He is protecting himself in not carrying out his impulses to revenge whereas another man might well have seen them through. In not acting, in both cases, he is in fact failing to commit himself. He is almost refusing to admit to himself that he has been wronged and he is certainly failing to let it be seen publicly. In such a way, he retreats "with appearances removed." A strong criticism of social morality is also implied. Newman has come from the new to an older world which is a supposedly superior civilization. Further, he has, as James points out in the passage from the preface quoted earlier, been wronged by an aristocratic family who supposedly represent the highest order of that society. James does, of course, both perceive and represent the richness of that old civilization. There is perhaps an element of this failure of the New World to measure up to the Old purely in terms of social expertise and interest dictating

Newman's "discreet escape", his "retreat with all appearances removed".

This story can be contrasted with that of another American, Strether, in The Ambassadors. The moments of apperception he experiences register his growth in self-knowledge and moral understanding. Early in the novel, for example, we find him prepared to think "the worst", in quite conventional terms, of Chad's life in Paris. His original assumption has been that Chad is having an affair with someone, and that this liaison keeps him in Paris. His suspicions focus on Madame de Vionnet. But he also comes, mistakenly, to reject his belief that she and Chad are lovers. Miss Barrace's remarks following dinner at Chad's seem to fix conclusively the notion of the innocence of the association in Strether's mind. Strether asks Miss Barrace if the attachment is an innocent one. At first she interprets this question as if it referred to her friendship with Waymarsh. He makes the point again.

Mystified by his abrupt declaration, she had glanced over at Gloriani as at the unnamed subject of his allusion, but the next moment she had understood; though indeed not before Strether had noticed her momentary mistake and wondered what might possibly be behind that too. He already knew that the sculptor admired Madame de Vionnet; but did this admiration also represent an attachment of which the innocence was discussable? He was moving verily in a strange air and on ground not of the firmest. He looked hard for an instant at Miss Barrace, but she had already gone on. "All right with Mr. Newsome? Why of course she is!" - and she got gaily back to the question of her own good friend.¹⁰

¹⁰The Ambassadors, I, 234.

The passage contributes to a moment of mistaken insight. The mistake is in part determined by Strether's wish to think things other than they are. His further impressions of Madame de Vionnet, after the evening at Chad's, seem to confirm his apparent insight into the nature of the relationship. Strether's chance meeting with Madame de Vionnet, in Notre Dame, for example, marks a profound change of attitude. The subtlety of Strether's perceptions should be noted.

He confessed the extent of his feeling, though she left the object vague; and he was struck with the tact, the taste of her vagueness, which simply took for granted in him a sense of beautiful things. He was conscious of how much it was affected, this sense, by something subdued and discreet in the way she had arranged herself for her special object and her morning walk - he believed her to have come on foot; the way her slightly thicker veil was drawn - a mere touch, but everything; the composed gravity of her dress, in which, here and there, a dull wine-colour seemed to gleam faintly through black; the charming discretion of her small compact hand; the quiet note, as she sat, of her folded, grey-gloved hands. It was, to Strether's mind, as if she sat on her own ground, the light honours of which at an open gate, she thus easily did him, while all the vastness and mystery of the domain stretched off behind. When people were so completely in possession they could be extraordinarily civil; and our friend had indeed at this hour a kind of revelation of her heritage. She was romantic for him far beyond what she could have guessed, and again he found his small comfort in the conviction that, subtle though she was, his impression must remain a secret from her. The thing that, once more, made him uneasy for secrets in general was this particular patience she could have with his own want of colour; albeit that on the other hand his uneasiness pretty well dropped after he had been for ten minutes as colourless as possible and at the same time as responsive.¹¹

¹¹The Ambassadors, II, 8-9.

The moment represents an accurate insight into Madame de Vionnet's beauty and subtlety. It amounts, for Strether, to a "kind of revelation" into her and her heritage. It also brings with it^a self awareness. Strether realises that he remains a puzzle to her. What he does not as yet realize is that the lady can be all these qualities he so much admires and be in fact Chad's mistress too.

But Strether's view of the entire situation is completely shaken by meeting Chad and Madame de Vionnet boating. This is the major moment in the novel. He realizes that the pair are having an affair, as he had originally thought. More importantly, he realizes how much his own attitude has changed to these matters. Strether, in the country for the day, notes a boat approaching and, idly at first, watches its progress on the river. He muses about its occupants, coming to the conclusion that

...they were expert, familiar, frequent - that this wouldn't at all events be the first time. They knew how to do it, he vaguely felt - and it made them but the more idyllic, though at the very moment of the impression, as happened, their boat seemed to have begun to drift wide, the oarsman letting it go. It had by this time none the less come much nearer - near enough for Strether to dream the lady in the stern had for some reason taken account of his being there to watch them. She had remarked on it sharply, yet her companion hadn't turned round; it was in fact almost as if our friend had felt her bid him keep still. She had taken in something as a result of which their course had wavered, and it continued to waver while they just stood off. This little effect was sudden and rapid, so rapid that Strether's sense of it was separate only for an instant from a sharp start of his own. He too had within the minute taken in something, taken in that he knew the lady whose parasol, shifting as if to hide her face, made so fine a

pink point on the shining scene. It was too prodigious a chance in a million, but, if he knew the lady, the gentleman, who still presented his back and kept off, the gentleman, the coatless hero of the idyll, who had responded to her start, was, to match the marvel, none other than Chad.¹²

James sketches in the general scene first; the pavilion, the river, the peace and contentment of the hour are stressed. Then he comes to focus on the couple in the boat. Finally he centres on Strether himself. His reflections show how far he had progressed emotionally. After the couple land, they join Strether and all three lunch together. Then they proceed to Paris by train. Throughout the trip, Strether is able to reflect that Madame de Vionnet has done a wonderful, spontaneous performance, without having been able to communicate with Chad. He further notes that her clothes have not been appropriate simply for a day's outing. Later in the evening, alone in his lodgings, he faces the ultimate truths about the relationship, and his own efforts at glossing it all over, quietly:

There was the element of the awkward all round, but Chad and Madame de Vionnet had at least the comfort that they could talk it over together. With whom could he talk of such things? - unless indeed always, at almost any stage, with Maria? He foresaw that Miss Gostrey would come again into requisition on the morrow; though it wasn't to be denied that he was already a little afraid of her "What on earth - that's what I want to know now - had you then supposed?" He recognized at last that he had really been trying all along to suppose nothing. Verily, verily, his labour had been lost. He found himself innumerable and wonderful things.¹³

His earlier apperceptions are now shown to have been mistaken.

¹²The Ambassadors, II, 229-30.

¹³Ibid., II, 238.

The growth in understanding Strether has fancied himself experiencing, and the consequent enlarging of his sense of life, as well as his feelings of increased sophistication, have all been based on false premises. Nonetheless, a moral revolution has taken place. When he is faced with the true facts of the situation, he is able to accept them, to understand, and to appreciate, the situation, in a way that would have been impossible for him before. Strether's views about the whole situation undergo various changes. At first his facts are correct, though restricted, but his grasp of the situation is hamstrung by his acceptance of a crude and simplifying moral code. However, he realizes the insufficiency of his earlier view; he modifies the facts so that he can both retain the moral code and also approve of what his experience tells him is good. Then, when he is forced to face the facts he realizes that his moral assumptions are wrong. Finally, he has to accept the consequences of all this: he comes to realize that the moral imperative demands not that Chad should leave his mistress but that he should stick by her, even unwillingly.

The insight is primarily into his own moral nature. It has been provoked by an insight into relationships between others.

There may, of course, be insights into self which do not involve specifically ethical considerations, and which do not result from insights into relationships between others. A subsidiary category

of insight into self may well be described as insight into some private 'discomfort'. In Confidence, for example, Bernard Longueville's sudden realization that he is in love with Angela constitutes one such apperception. This moment occurs after Bernard's third meeting with Angela Vivien.

The ocean was rumbling just beneath; it made a ruder but richer moment; then he went down the steps to the beach. The tide was rather low; he walked slowly down to the line of the breaking waves. The sea looked huge and black and simple; everything was vague in the unassisted darkness. Bernard stood there some time; There was nothing but the sound and the sharp fresh smell. Suddenly he put his hand to his heart; it was beating very fast. An immense conviction had come over him - abruptly, then and there - and for a moment he held his breath. It was like a word spoken in the darkness; he held his breath to listen. He was in love with Angela Vivien, and his love was a throbbing passion! He sat down on the stones where he stood - it filled him with a kind of awe.¹⁴

Besides providing a flash of insight into Bernard, not only into his love for Angela but also into his previous blindness, this moment is, from the point of view of plot, the eye of the needle through which the thread passes before streaming out again. The novel is shaped differently from this point. We watch Bernard with far greater interest. Bernard has been in the dark, both mentally and physically. But light begins to break.

This early insight is capped by the presentation of a parallel moment. This second moment not only provides insight into self and into another person but it also triggers off the action which leads to Bernard's marriage.

¹⁴Confidence, 169-70.

It is all the more singular, therefore, that one evening, after he had been at Blanquais for a fortnight a train of thought should suddenly have been set in motion in his mind. It was kindled by no outward occurrence, but by some wandering spark of fancy or of memory, and the immediate effect of it was to startle our hero very much as he had been startled on the evening I have described. The circumstances were the same; he had wandered down to the beach alone, very late, and he stood looking at the duskiy-tumbling sea. Suddenly, the same voice that had spoken before murmured another phrase in the darkness, and it rang upon his ear, for the rest of the night. It startled him, as I have said, at first; then, the next morning, it led him to take his departure for Paris. During the journey it lingered in his ear; he sat in the corner of the railway carriage, with his eyes closed, abstracted, on purpose to prolong the reverberation. If it were not true, it was at least, as the Italians have it, ben trovato, and it was wonderful how well it bore thinking of. It bears telling less well, but I can at least give a hint of it. The theory that Angela hated him had evaporated in her presence, and another, of a very different sort, had sprung into being.¹⁵

Confidence provides an example, early in James's writing career, of a moment of insight into self, which resolves some private and personal problem, and helps to determine the outcome of the plot. Bernard's moments seem inexplicable to him. They are examples of unconscious forces at work in the mind of the character. However, although Bernard may not have been aware of what has been happening to him, James has been carefully preparing the attentive reader. The awkwardness of the conversation between the two of them when they meet unexpectedly, his own gyration of mind, coming to tell her he was going away yet after five minutes asking leave to come and see her, complaining to himself that she expressed no interest

¹⁵Confidence, 179.

at all in him - all these facts are hints for the reader. So too Angela's smile and her eyes pleading gently with him not to insist increase the reader's suspicion that there is something between the two. Indeed, James's preparations for the moments form a very important part of the moment of apperception. In Strether's case we have seen all this happening too. The method shows how aware James is of the contents of the mind and demonstrates how skilfully he can make the attentive reader aware before he explodes the moment on the character.

The Beast in the Jungle is a splendid example of a moment of apperception from the later period. Here, the approach to the moment, and that revelation itself, are worked dramatically, with all the gradations of intensity carefully controlled and explored. Furthermore, the moment is the raison d'etre for the story. First, there is Marcher's unconscious anticipation of what he is to suffer raised to the level of conscious articulation. His friend asks:

"It's to be something you're merely to suffer?"

"Well, say to wait for - to have to meet, to face, to see suddenly break out in my life; possibly destroying all further consciousness, possibly annihilating me; possibly, on the other hand, only altering everything, striking at the root of all my world and leaving me to the consequences, however they shape themselves."¹⁶

Marcher is able to be even more explicit about the fantasy which haunts him.

¹⁶The Beast in the Jungle, 64.

Something or other lay in wait for him, amid the twists and the turns of the months and the years, like a crouching beast in the jungle. It signified little whether the crouching beast were destined to slay him or to be slain. The definite point was the inevitable spring of the creature; and the definite lesson from that was that a man of feeling didn't cause himself to be accompanied by a lady on a tiger-hunt. Such was the image under which he had ended by figuring his life.¹⁷

An interplay of careful questions and answers is attempted, in the hope that he will come to see his fate.

"Then tell me if I shall consciously suffer." She promptly shook her head. "Never!" It confirmed the authority he imputed to her, and it produced in him an extraordinary effect. "Well, what is better than that? Do you call that the worst?"

"You think nothing is better?" she asked.

She seemed to mean something so special that he again sharply wondered, though still with the dawn of a prospect of relief. "Why not, if one doesn't know?" After which, as their eyes, over his question, met in a silence, the dawn deepened and some thing to his own purpose came prodigiously out of her very face. His own, as he took it in, suddenly flushed to the forehead, and he gasped with the force of a perception to which, on the instant, everything fitted. The sound of his gasp filled the air; then he became articulate. "I see - if I don't suffer!"

In her own look, however, was doubt. "You see what?"

"Why what you mean - what you've always meant."

She again shook her head. "What I mean isn't what I've always meant. It's different."

"It's something new?"

She hung back from it a little. "Something new. It's not what you think. I see what you think."

His divination drew breath then; only her correction might be wrong. "It isn't that I am a block-head?" he asked between faintness and grimness. "It isn't that it's all a mistake?"¹⁸

But he has to wait until he sees the face of a middle-aged man

¹⁷The Beast in the Jungle, 71-2.

¹⁸Ibid., 93-4.

at a cemetery. The face is the image of "scarred passion". Marcher realizes that this man has had something in life that he has missed. The ending increases in intensity. Phrases lengthen, subordinate clauses accumulate, the central question concerning Marcher's life is asked, and answered. Had he loved her, "then, then, he would have lived." The Beast had sprung one day when he didn't even notice it. Ill, she had risen from her chair and offered him the answer constituted by her love for him. She had prayed that he might never know. But the Beast springs again.

This horror of waking - this was knowledge, knowledge under the breath of which the very tears in his eyes seemed to freeze. Through them, none the less, he tried to fix it and hold it; he kept it there before him so that he might feel the pain. That, at least, belated and bitter, had something of the taste of life. But the bitterness suddenly sickened him, and it was as if, horribly, he saw, in the truth, in the cruelty of his image, what had been appointed and done. He saw the jungle of his life and saw the lurking Beast; then, while he looked, perceived it, as by a stir of the air, rise, huge and hideous, for the leap that was to settle him. His eyes darkened - it was close; and, instinctively turning, in his hallucination, to avoid it, he flung himself, face down, on the tomb.¹⁹

Marcher has always reckoned that something extraordinary lies in wait for him. He spends his life thinking that some day the creature will spring. He takes this knowledge as a lesson not to become involved with a woman. The lady with whom he might have become involved suggests to him that the beast is really the

¹⁹The Beast in the Jungle, 113-114.

fact that nothing will happen to him. He will not suffer an extraordinary fate; he will not in fact suffer. Marcher comes to realize that indeed nothing has happened to him. This realisation brings him suffering and pain. There are thus several versions of the Beast and an interesting ambiguity is sustained as to which Beast is the one that Marcher has to face.

The story uses in its presentation of the moment several major techniques which can be seen in the novels: unconscious anticipation, interview, fantasy increasing to the intensity of hallucination and dramatic construction. The symbolic image of the beast looms through the work increasing what James in the preface hopes will be "the clearness and charm with which the subject just noted expresses itself."²⁰ The beast stands as an excellent choice of symbols embodying all the unnamed and unnamable mystery and violence, the incalculability, and the forceful leap of the extraordinary fate Marcher awaits.

From moments of insight into self we may move to moments of apperceptions into others. As we have seen above, Bernard's second insight in Confidence was into Angela as well as himself. Conversely Isabel's insight into the relationship between her husband and Madame Merle in A Portrait of a Lady provides an ancillary insight into self. Isabel walks unannounced into a room in her home and surprises Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond deep in conversation.²¹

²⁰The Beast in the Jungle, xii.

²¹See passage quoted above, pp. 13-14 of this thesis.

James makes use of his best dramatic and pictorial skills to present this moment. As in the boating incident in The Ambassadors, when Strether comes upon another pair of lovers, the novelist first works at the scene from a distance. Isabel passes through the room, attention gathered upon her. But this attention is soon directed to the figures of Madame Merle and Gilbert deep within the room. Physical details such as costume and stance are employed to provoke the flash of intuition. But unlike Strether in the boating scene Isabel does not immediately recognize or put words to what she senses. Strether realized immediately the true facts about the relationship between Chad and Madame de Vionnet. Isabel only senses something. She perceives at the level of the subconscious. The scene she has just witnessed returns to her mind and haunts her during an all-night vigil she keeps by the fire. The scene, in fact, inspires that fireside meditation. As James describes it in his preface, "She sits up, by her dying fire, far into the night, under the spell of recognition on which she finds the last sharpness suddenly wait." In her search for "the last sharpness", Isabel works through the whole history of her relationship with Osmond. As she does so, she is beset by terrors "What had suddenly set them into motion she hardly knew, unless it were the strange impression she had received in the afternoon of her husband's being in more direct communication with Madame Merle than she suspected."²²

²²Portrait, II, 165.

The long vigil comprises a moment of comprehension for Isabel ~~in~~^{of} herself and her destiny. Her mind moves from an unconscious apprehension of the situation to a rational awareness and conscious articulation of her present relationship with Osmond and her future destiny. By the long meditation, James demonstrates the richness of content in the apperceptive moment. All the significance is apprehended at a glance. But it is a single, integrated, if inexplicit experience and has to be analyzed at length before it is rationally comprehended. In her analysis of the deep mistrust between her husband and herself, she hits upon a number of striking images which demonstrate how accurately her unconscious mind grasps the situation. For example, she has "suddenly found the infinite vista of a multiplied life to be a dark, narrow alley with a dead wall at the end. Instead of leading to the high places of happiness, from which the world would seem to be below one, so that one could look down with a sense of exaltation and advantage and judge, and choose, and pity, it led rather downward and earthward, into realms of restriction and depression where the sound of other lives, easier and freer, was heard as from above, and where it served to deepen the feeling of failure. It was her deep distrust of her husband - this was what darkened the world."²³

At first all had seemed well in their marriage. But Isabel, in retrospect, recognizes how the shadows had come, one by one.

²³Portrait, II, 166.

She works towards a rational understanding of what she instinctively perceived when she came upon her husband and Madame Merle.

It had come gradually - it was not till the first year of their life together, so admirably intimate at first, had closed that she had taken the alarm. When the shadows had begun to gather; it was as if Osmond deliberately almost malignantly, had put the lights out one by one. The dusk at first was vague and thin, and she could still see her way in it. But it steadily deepened, and if now and again it had occasionally lifted there were certain corners of her prospect that were impenetrably black. These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind; she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth. They were a part, they were a kind of creation and consequence, of her husband's very presence. They were not his misdeeds, his turpitudes; she accused him of nothing - that is, but of one thing, which was not a crime. She knew of no wrong he had done; he was not violent, as he was not cruel: she simply believed he hated her.²⁴

The final knowledge, the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's, is accomplished by an interview. James uses Isabel's conversation with the Countess Gemini as support for the earlier apperception. The accuracy of Isabel's flash of understanding is confirmed by the Countess who in turn is unprepared for Isabel's "apparent witlessness". The Countess "seemed to have seen her revelation fall below its possibilities of effect. She had expected to kindle some responsive blaze, but had barely extracted a spark. Isabel showed as scarce more impressed than she might have been, as a young woman of approved imagination, with some fine sinister passage of public history."²⁵

The interview is important not only as a verification of the

²⁴Portrait, II, 166-7.

²⁵Ibid., II, 320.

apperception but also in that it shows that the moment is so revealing intuitively that nothing the Countess has to tell Isabel of the details impresses or surprises her. The apperception itself has perhaps less affect upon Isabel's character than upon that of Strether. Isabel sees that her marriage has gone sour. She also perceives the reasons for the failure. But there is in this moment no moral change. However, there has been a marked change in Strether's moral outlook. The moment records a major ethical realignment. This moral growth has been gradual. But it takes the moment to reveal the extent of the development. It should also be noted how James supports the accuracy of Isabel's interpretation of her intuitions. She is not projecting from her own mind the evil and hatred she sees in her husband. This is, then, an accurate insight and is in marked contrast with other moments of false or mistaken insight, one of which we have seen in Strether's appraisal of the relationship between Chad and Madame de Vionnet, others of which we shall examine later.

Many of these apperceptions into self are generated by observations of, and reflections upon, other people. Strether's insight into his own moral nature has coincided with his insight into the relationship between Chad and Madame de Vionnet. Sometimes, however, the insights are less complicated in their origin: they are more directly into a single other person, into his or her mood or intention. In The Spoils of Poynton, Owen experiences an

overwhelming insight into Fleda's love for him.

He clasped her, and she gave herself - she poured out her tears on his breast. Something prisoned and pent throbbed and gushed; something deep and sweet surged up - something that came from far within and far off, that had begun with the sight of him in his indifference and had never had rest since then. The surrender was short, but the relief was long: she felt his warm lips on her face and his arms tighten with full divination. What she did, what she had done, she scarcely knew: she only was aware, as she broke from him again, of what had taken place on his own amazed part. What had taken place was that, with the click of a spring, he saw. He had cleared the high wall at a bound; they were together without a veil. She had not a shred of a secret left; it was as if a whirlwind had come and gone, laying low the great false front she had built up stone by stone. The strangest thing of all was the momentary sense of desolation.

"Ah, all the while you cared?" Owen read the truth with a wonder so great that it was visibly almost a sadness, a terror caused by his sudden perception of where the impossibility was not. That treacherously placed it perhaps elsewhere.²⁶

The moment is equally one of insight for Fleda. James places a frame around both insights; each is registered by Fleda. Although James briefly records Owen's recognition of the dilemma facing him, this is preceded by a phrase showing Fleda's mind acting as mirror. There is, moreover, the intense operation of the unconscious in Fleda's moment. Seemingly irrational forces have cleared her mind. "It was as if a whirlwind had come and gone," James writes. The great false front she had built up stone by stone had been laid low.

Another example of a moment of insight into some one else's mood, achieved from the point of view of the observer, occurs in The Portrait of A Lady. Isabel has learned by this time not only

²⁶The Spoils of Poynton, 165-6.

that Madame Merle and Osmond were lovers, but also that Madame Merle has, in fact, engineered her marriage to Osmond. Madame Merle has not as yet realized that Isabel is aware of her past and the role she has played. However, in the following passage, she perceives that Isabel knows her secret.

So Madame Merle went on, with much of the brilliancy of a woman who had long been a mistress of the art of conversation. But there were phases and gradations in her speech, not one of which was lost upon Isabel's ear, though her eyes were absent from her companion's face. She had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden break in her voice, a lapse in her continuity, which was in itself a complete drama. This subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery - the perception of an entirely new attitude on the part of her listener. Madame Merle had guessed in the space of an instant that everything was at an end between them, and in the space of another instant she had guessed the reason why. The person who stood there was not the same one she had seen hitherto, but was a very different person - a person who knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and from the moment she made it the most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only for that moment. Then the conscious stream of her perfect manner gathered itself again and flowed on as smoothly as might be to the end. But it was only because she had the end in view that she was able to proceed. She had been touched with a point that made her quiver, and she needed all the alertness of her will to repress her agitation. Her only safety was in her not betraying herself. She resisted this, but the startled quality of her voice refused to improve - she couldn't help it - while she heard herself say she hardly knew what. The tide of her confidence ebbed, and she was^{able} only just to glide into port, faintly grazing the bottom.²⁷

Both the preceding illustrations are examples of an interesting sub-class which may be termed mutual insights. Fleda perceives that

²⁷Portrait, II, 330-1.

Owen perceives that she loves him. Isabel perceives that Madame Merle perceives that she knows the secret of her friendship with Osmond. This kind of insight seems an important sub-class. These moments are not merely combined insight into self and others. They can be effectively contrasted with Maggie's insight into the Prince in The Golden Bowl. Once again, mood is "read" from the outside. That interpretation constitutes a moment of apperception in the observer. But the insight is one-way, and not, as in the case of the preceding examples, a mutual insight.

He struck her as caged; the man who couldn't now without an instant effect on her sensibility give an instinctive push to the door she hadn't completely closed behind her. He had been turning twenty ways, for impatiences all his own, and when she was once shut in with him it was yet again as if she had come to him in his ^{more than} ~~monastic~~ cell to offer him light or food. There was a difference none the less between his captivity and Charlotte's - the difference as it might be, of his lurking there by his own act and his own choice; the admission of which had indeed virtually *been* in his starting at her entrance as if even this were in its degree an interference. That was what betrayed for her practically his fear of her fifty ideas, and what had begun after a minute to make her wish to repudiate or explain. It was more wonderful than she could have told; it was for all the world as if she was succeeding with him beyond her intention. She had for these instants the sense that he exaggerated, that the imputation of purpose had fairly risen too high in him. She had begun, a year ago, by asking herself how she could make him think more of her; but what was it after all he was thinking now?²⁸

Maggie has moved, like Isabel, by a series of small insights into herself and the complicated set of relationships around her,

²⁸The Golden Bowl, II, 298-9.

to this major insight. Like that earlier heroine, her mind unconsciously throws up images which express the emotional truth of important situations. First she feels herself to be something like a spaniel, scrambling out of a pond, and rattling the water from his ears. On the one hand, this moment is, of course, an insight into self. But the knowledge it provides about herself is in turn dependent upon her insight into others. Thus, the following moment is an important example of an insight into a complicated relationship. But the revelation is really still registered at the level of the unconscious mind.

Her
 .../shake of the head, again and again, as she went, was much of that order, and she had the resource to which, save for the rude equivalent of his generalising bark, the spaniel would have been a stranger, of humming to herself hard as a sign that nothing had happened to her. She hadn't, so to speak, fallen in; she had had no accident nor got wet; this at any rate was her pretension until after she began a little to wonder if she mightn't, with or without exposure, have taken cold. She couldn't at all events remember no time at which she had felt so excited, and certainly none - which was another special point - that so brought with it as well the necessity for concealing excitement.²⁹

Maggie's growth in knowledge and wisdom comes to be expressed in even more unflattering, disturbing terms. As in The Portrait of a Lady, James places his heroine in front of a fire, and allows her thoughts to wander. Her reflections provide a moment of apperception. Unconsciously, she hits upon both the problem and its solution. She imagines that she sees the family coach pass and notes that

²⁹The Golden Bowl, II, 6.

...somehow Amerigo and Charlotte were pulling it while she and her father were not so much as pushing. They were seated inside together, dandling the Principino and holding him up to the windows to see and be seen, like an infant positively royal; so that the exertion was all with the others. Maggie found in this image a repeated challenge; again and yet again she paused before the fire: after which, each time, in the manner of one for whom a strong light has suddenly broken, she gave herself to livelier movement. She had seen herself at last, in the picture she was studying, suddenly jump from the coach; whereupon, frankly, with the wonder of the sight, her eyes opened wider and her heart stood still for a moment. She looked at the person so acting as if this person were somebody else, waiting with intensity to see what would follow. The person had taken a decision - which was evidently because an impulse long gathering had at last felt a sharpest pressure. Only how was the decision to be applied? - what in particular would the person in the picture do? She looked about her, from the middle of the room, under the force of this question, as if there exactly were the field of action involved. Then as the door opened again she recognised, whatever the action, the form, at any rate, of a first opportunity. Her husband had reappeared - he stood before her refreshed, almost radiant, quite reassuring. Dressed, anointed, fragrant, ready above all for his dinner, he smiled at her over the end of their delay. It was as if her opportunity had depended on his look - and now she saw that it was good. There was still for the instant something in suspense, but it passed more quickly than on his previous entrance. He was already holding out his arms.³⁰

This is a highly complicated moment which fits into several categories. It constitutes an intuitive insight into the nature of the complicated set of relationships involving Maggie, her husband, her father, and her stepmother. But this insight is first of all dependent upon an insight into herself and the nature of the role she is playing, or rather not playing, in her marriage.

³⁰The Golden Bowl, II, 21-22.

The moment also operates as an important pivotal point in the plot. Maggie's plans crystallize at this point. She begins to play a careful game. It is also an instance of James's use of the imagination, or image-making faculty, as an instrument capable of perceptions of which the reason is incapable. But before examining this faculty in detail, let us look at some other examples of it in operation. Maggie has several more such insights which are perceived by the imagination.

She has to make an even more shattering discovery. She has to come to see that yet another game is being played. This second moment, following quickly upon the other, extends her understanding of the earlier revelation. This time the fantasy in which she sees herself takes the form of a bath of benevolence. She imagines that the Prince and Charlotte have placed her in one of these chambers. It distresses her, and she protests to herself, that she has not in the least requested such treatment. That she has been dealt with in such a fashion, she reasons, must be a matter of their own policy.

They had got her into the bath and, for consistency with themselves - which was with each other - must keep her there. In that condition she wouldn't interfere with the policy, which was established, which was arranged. Her thought over this arrived at a great intensity - had indeed its pauses and timidities, but always to take afterwards a further and lighter spring. The ground was well-nigh covered by the time she had made out her husband and his colleague as directly interested in

preventing her freedom of movement. Policy or no policy, it was they themselves who were arranged. She must be kept in position so as not to disarrange them. It fitted immensely together, the whole thing, as soon as she could give them a motive; for, strangely as it had by this time begun to appear to herself, she hadn't hitherto imagined them sustained by an ideal distinguishably different from her own. Of course they were arranged - all four arranged; but what had the basis of their life been precisely but that they were arranged together? Ah! Amerigo and Charlotte were arranged together, but she - to confine the matter only to herself - was arranged apart. It rushed over her, the full sense of all this, with quite another rush from that of the breaking wave of ten days before; and as her father himself seemed not to meet the vaguely-clutching hand with which, during the first chock of complete perception, she had tried to steady herself, so she felt very much alone.³¹

The moment is ostensibly one of insight into a complicated set of relationships. But it is equally clear that it also constitutes a moment of insight into self. The operation of forces from the unconscious is explicit. There is, in both moments cited immediately above, a rush as from a breaking wave. However, it is quite another rush from the one she has felt earlier. Here, Maggie feels herself to be very much alone. Along with the increase in understanding of the situation in which she finds herself comes a marked heightening of self-awareness. Indeed, the element of self should be noted in all these moments. It is perhaps the single constant in them all. Even though there has been an enlarging, a deepening understanding, of the perceived object, the final point of reference is always the perceiving subject, the ego, which also increases in understanding.

³¹The Golden Bowl, II, 39-40.

The importance of the image in Maggie's insights, noted above, can be seen operating again. She has seen herself as a spaniel, as a passenger with her father in the family coach which Charlotte and the Prince have been pulling, and as a patient in a bath of benevolence. Although James often uses an image as the medium of the insight, he does so with particular consistency in the treatment of Maggie. The method seems particularly useful in her case because as an 'innocent', who knows and understands little of the world, it is her imagination, not her reason (conscious or unconscious) which enables her to penetrate into situations that are beyond her experience. Isabel has been treated in the same way. She also finds herself in very deep marital waters. As we saw earlier, her mind hit upon a number of striking images the night she sat up by the fire. The images included those of a dark narrow alley with a high wall at the end and a murky bog. It is once again the imagination of the innocent which when brought up against cynical experience, penetrates the situation. Isabel's images suggest barriers deliberately set up whereas Maggie's indicate humiliatingly awkward situations.

Sometimes these moments of apperception into another person or other persons, indicate a moment of communion. Such a moment occurs when moods or intentions are the same. James, referring to one such moment in the history of the relationship between Charlotte and the Prince, calls it an "identity of impulse". Once

again, James employs costume to communicate a state of mind.

The Prince has paused below Charlotte's room at Matcham. Suddenly, Charlotte appears at the window.

He had been immediately struck with her wearing a hat and a jacket - which conduced to her appearance of readiness not so much to join him, with a beautiful uncovered head and a parasol, where he stood, as to take with him some larger step altogether. The larger step had been since the evening before intensely in his own mind, though he hadn't fully thought out even yet the slightly difficult detail of it; but he had had no chance, such as he needed, to speak the definite word to her, and the face she now showed affected him thereby as a notice that she had wonderfully guessed it for herself. They had these identities of impulse - they had had them repeatedly before; and if such unarranged but unerring encounters gave the measure of the degree in which people were, in the common phrase, meant for each other, no union in the world had ever been more sweetened with rightness. What in fact most often happened was that her rightness went, as who should say, even further than his own; they were conscious of the same necessity at the same moment, only it was she who as a general thing most clearly saw her way to it. Something in her long look at him now out of the old grey window, something in the very poise of her hat, the colour of her necktie, the prolonged stilness of her smile, touched with sudden light for him all the wealth of the fact that he could count on her. He had his hand there, to pluck it, on the open bloom of the day; but what did the bright minutes mean but that her answering hand was already intelligently out? So therefore while the minute lasted it passed between them that their cup was full; which cup their very eyes, holding it fast, carried and steadied and began, as they tasted it, to praise. He broke however after a moment the silence.³²

The insight is based upon the Prince's interpretation of both himself and Charlotte. He reads their relationship, and the

³²The Golden Bowl, 319-20.

sympathy they have for each other correctly but inadequately. Nonetheless, there is in the very mention of the cup, associated as it is with the golden bowl, a hint that the Prince's and Charlotte's cup of joy and communion is flawed. When the golden bowl was first introduced into the story, the Prince immediately realized that it was cracked. He walked out of the shop leaving Charlotte to deal with the shop-keeper. As the two set off for their outing at Matcham, Charlotte reminds the Prince of the gilded crystal bowl. The Prince says that he hopes Charlotte does not mean that the occasion, like the bowl, is cracked. Charlotte responds that she risks the cracks. The Prince reminds her, "I go, as you know, by my superstitions. And that's why I know where we are. They're every one today on our side."³³ All the Prince's fears and superstitions are aroused later, justifiably, when Fanny Assingham smashes the cup. Maggie, coming upon it by chance and learning the curious part it has played in her husband's friendship with Charlotte, indeed learning the extent of their liaison, places it in her room as evidence and stakes her marital future on it. Fanny Assingham, however, intervenes. She seizes upon the notion that the bowl has a crack, as Maggie's ideas have a crack. Further, she points out that Maggie's husband has never been half so interested in her as now. Finally, she smashes the bowl. The Prince enters just in time to see and hear the last of this scene.

³³The Golden Bowl, 322-3.

Fanny leaves, saying that Maggie will let him know what it means. Maggie's explanation is rather superficial, allowing the Prince the chance to help himself by helping him to help her. From their long scene together springs the chance of their reconciliation.

Given the subsequent narrative, the scene at Matcham with the Prince's mention of the cup seems another example of the imagination foraging ahead and grasping some truth before it has been presented in fact. This instance may be compared with Maggie's similar mental propensity. In the earlier example her mind seizes upon the central emotional truth about their relationships. The difference between Maggie's imaginative insights and those of the Prince lies in the difference between their characters. Maggie is really very innocent of the world but she does see clearly. The Prince on the other hand is worldly-wise; he calls his premonitions superstitions. They would also seem to be the product of a guilty mind. In this example, the central symbol of the novel is used. The golden bowl is central to the composition of the novel, helping to pull it all together. It also, of course, works various ways in its different suggestions of cracks and flaws and crystal-hard perfection.

Another example of this minor moment of insight into others, which can also be called the "semaphoric" or telegraphic moment, occurs in Confidence. On this occasion, a lightning-like communication seems to pass between people.

Then Angela turned her eyes upon him, and the expression of those fine organs was agreeably striking. It had, moreover, the merit of being easily interpreted; it said very plainly, "Please don't insist, but leave me alone." And it said it not at all sharply - very gently and pleadingly. Bernard found himself understanding it so well that he literally blushed with intelligence.³⁴

The words are sentimental, even banal, but the Jamesian sensibility is at work noting and conveying the transmission of intelligences. In itself this probably represents the intimacy of a love-relation. In The Wings of the Dove, for example, James writes of Kate and Densher, chancing to meet on the Underground.

...her consciousness had gone to him as straight as if they had come together in some bright stretch of a desert. They had on neither part a second's hesitation; they looked across the choked compartment exactly as if she had known he would be there and he had expected her to come in; so that, though in the conditions they could only exchange the greeting of movements, smiles, abstentions, it would have been quite in the key of these passages that they should have alighted for ease at the very next station.³⁵

We have already examined Strether's insights into the relationship between Chad and Madame de Vionnet: the conclusions drawn from them were at first mistaken; later the correct conclusions also reflected Strether's growth in spiritual stature. And we compared this moment of insight into the relations between others with Isabel's apperception of the relationship between Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond. But some such moments seem to be based entirely on false or mistaken insights.

³⁴Confidence, 168.

³⁵The Wings of the Dove, 49.

These false or questionable insights require examination. The insight may be false or limited for many reasons. In The Sacred Fount, for example, apparent moves of understanding are undermined by our distrust of the narrator. He himself introduced doubts about the accuracy of his impressions, unsure of how much he is projecting on to the scene. This mistrust is established early: Mrs. Server appears to him, at close of day, as he walks in the grounds of the country-house. His "odd consciousness" that evening has been of roaming in the grounds of some "castle of enchantment", and he remembers his childish imaginings about the impossible. The strange "coming true", he muses, is proof of the enchantment.

This was the light in which Mrs. Server, walking alone now, apparently, in the grey wood and pausing at sight of me, showed herself in her clear dress at the end of a vista. It was exactly as if she had been there by the operation of my intelligence or even by that - in a happier way - of my feeling.³⁶

The mistrust is fortified by the way the narrator builds upon his later perceptions. He is, moreover, all too aware how much pleasure these visions give him. Later, for example, he sees Gilbert Long alone in the darkness. Here is the record of what this vision does for him.

And while he went his way to the smoking-room, I proceeded without more delay to assure myself, performing in the opposite sense the journey I had

³⁶The Sacred Fount, 101-2.

made ten minutes before. It was extraordinary what the sight of Long alone in the outer darkness had done for me: my expression of it would have been that it had put me "on" again at the moment of my decidedly feeling myself off. I believed that if I hadn't seen him I could now have gone to bed without seeing Mrs. Briss; but my renewed impression had suddenly made the difference. If that was the way he struck me, how might not, if I could get at her, she? And she might, after all, in the privacy at last offered us by empty rooms, be waiting for me.³⁷

Later, he amplifies the description of his joy in his perceptions.

I laid my hand on his arm and held him a moment with a grip that betrayed, I dare say, the effort in me to keep my thoughts together and lose not a thread. It betrayed at once, doubtless, the danger of that failure and the sharp foretaste of success. I remember that with it, absolutely, I struck myself as knowing again the joy of the intellectual mastery of things unamenable, that joy of determining, almost of creating results, which I have already mentioned as an exhilaration attached to some of my plunges of insight.³⁸

The directness of these descriptions of the feelings experienced by the narrator, the "joy of determining, almost of creating results", thus undermines the narrative when it comes to what is actually happening. But there is a further obliquity of presentation of moments of insight. The following moment illustrates this curious sideways method. The moment is set within several frames. The narrator watches Gilbert Long and Mrs. Briss on a sofa. Lady John also watches the pair. Thus we have the narrator, as observer, watching and analyzing another observer, the observed pair, and himself.

³⁷The Sacred Fount, 161.

³⁸Ibid., 168.

Her (Lady John's) eye had been caught by the sight of Gilbert Long within range of us, and then had been just visibly held by the fact that the person seated with him on one of the small sofas that almost of necessity made conversation intimate was the person whose name, just uttered between us, was, in default of the name she was in search of, still in the air. Gilbert Long and Mrs. Briss were in familiar colloquy - although I was aware, at the first flush, of nothing in this that should have made my interlocutress stare. That is I was aware of nothing but that I had simultaneously myself been moved to some increase of sharpness. What could I have known that should have caused me to wonder at the momentary existence of this particular conjunction of minds unless it were simply the fact that I hadn't seen it occur amid the many conjunctions I had already noticed - plus the fact that I had a few minutes before, in the interest of the full roundness of my theory, actually been missing it? These two persons had met in my presence at Paddington and had travelled together under my eyes; I had talked of Mrs. Briss with Long and of Long with Mrs. Briss; but the vivid picture that their social union forthwith presented stirred within me, though so strangely late in the day, it might have seemed, for such an emotion, more than enough freshness of impression. Yet - now that I did have it there - why should it be vivid, why stirring, without a picture at all? Was any temporary collocation, in a house so encouraging to sociability, out of the range of nature? Intensely prompt, I need scarcely say, were both my freshness and my perceived objections to it. The happiest objection, could I have taken time to phrase it, would doubtless have been that the particular effect of this juxtaposition - to my eyes at least - was a thing not to have been foreseen. The parties to it looked, certainly, as I felt that I hadn't prefigured them; though even this, for my reason, was not a description of their aspect. Much less was it a description for the intelligence of Lady John - to whom, however, after all, some formulation of what she dimly saw would not be so indispensable.³⁹

The moment seems to be one of insight into the connection

³⁹The Sacred Fount, 141-2.

between Gilbert Long and Mrs. Briss. But the doubts the narrator has created earlier, as well as the introduction of Lady John as another observer, and possibly as a party with her own interests to look after, prevents the reader from drawing any conclusion.

The following passage can also be read in two ways. It can be interpreted as evidence in support of the narrator's speculations that Gilbert Long and Mrs. Briss are involved. Or, especially in the light of the ending, it can be seen as a clue, correctly planted, to the true interest which Lady John takes in Gilbert Long's tete-a-tete with Mrs. Briss.

She read all things, Lady John, heaven knows, in the light of the universal possibility of a "relation"; but most of the relations that she had up her sleeve could thrust themselves into my theory only to find themselves, the next minute, eliminated. They were of alien substance - insoluble in the whole. Gilbert Long had for her no connexion, in my deeper sense, with Mrs. Server, nor Mrs. Server with Gilbert Long, nor the husband with the wife, nor the wife with the husband, nor I with either member of either pair, nor anyone with anything, nor anything with anyone. She was thus exactly where I wanted her to be, for, frankly, I became conscious, at this climax of my conclusion, that I a little wanted her to be where she had distinctly ended by betraying to me that her proper inspiration had placed her. If I have just said that my apprehensions, of various kinds, had finally and completely subsided, a more exact statement would perhaps have been that from the moment our eyes met over the show of our couple on the sofa, the question of any other calculable thing than that hint of a relation had simply known itself superseded. Reduced to its plainest terms, this sketch of an improved acquaintance between our comrades was designed to make Lady John think. It was designed to make me do no less, but we thought, inevitably, on different lines.⁴⁰

⁴⁰The Sacred Fount, 146.

The narrator's repeated claims to insight hardly convince. He has, after all, been very explicit about his joy in "creating results". The eagerness with which he pursues these intuitions, and the intensity of his delight in experiencing them, also suggests an element of the pathological. This is particularly true when compared with Isabel's insight into the relationship between Gilbert Osmond and Madame Merle. This insight has not been sought after; indeed it was to a certain extent resisted. James offers further proof, of course, later in The Portrait. Countess Gemini confirms Isabel's suspicions by recounting the love affair. Moreover, even as Isabel reflects on her suspicions, James states: "These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind: she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth. They were a part, they were a kind of creation and consequence, of her husband's very presence."

But the various moments which appear in The Sacred Fount all have an uncertain quality. Not only insight into others but also moments of group communion/^{similar to these} which occur in the novels of Virginia Woolf, can also be read several ways. Here, as in To The Lighthouse, and The Waves, the occasion is a dinner-party. The significance of the scene is different, but the sense of its importance is similar. The language, couched in terms of a series of rose-coloured circles, is suggestive of the passage in The Waves in which the characters feel that they make 'one life'.

James works like a painter here: he paints a shimmering background, then arranges the whole composition around the figure of May Server.

We thought, accordingly - we continued to think, and I felt that, by the law of the occasion, there had as yet been for every one no such sovereign warrant for an interest in the private affairs of every one else. As a result of this influence, all that at dinner had begun to fade away from me came back with a rush and hovered there with a vividness. I followed many trains and put together many pieces; but perhaps what I most did was to render a fresh justice to the marvel of our civilised state. The perfection of that, enjoyed as we enjoyed it, all made a margin, a series of concentric circles of rose-colour (shimmering away into the pleasant vague of everything else that didn't matter), for the so salient little figure of Mrs. Server, still the controlling image for me, the real principle of composition, in this affluence of fine things. What, for my part, while I listened, I most made out was the beauty and the terror of conditions so highly organized that under their rule her small lonely fight with disintegration could go on without the betrayal of a gasp or a shriek, and with no worse tell-tale contortion of lip or brow than the vibration, on its golden stem, of that constantly renewed flower of amenity which my observation had so often and so mercilessly detached only to find again in its place. This flower nodded perceptibly enough in our deeply stirred air, but there was a peace, none the less, in feeling the spirit of the wearer to be temporarily at rest. There was for the time no gentleman on whom she need pounce, no lapse against which she need guard, no presumption she need create, nor any suspicion she need destroy. In this pause in her career it came over me that I should have liked to leave her; it would have prepared for me the pleasant afterness that I had seen her pass, as I might say, in music out of sight.⁴¹

In The Sacred Fount there never seem to be any true insights. The false insights exist in themselves and doubts about them are never resolved. There may be one or more reasons for James's use

⁴¹The Sacred Fount, 131-2.

of the false insight here. It may be simply that The Sacred Fount is so slight as a story that Henry James has just spun it out as long and as far as he can by this means. By manipulating many mirrors, playing one reflection against another, he can sustain the reader's interest in and expectation of arriving at the central truth of the situation. Again, James may, as Leon Edel suggests in his introduction to the Grove Press edition of the novel, be attempting to treat the problem of the tension between appearance and reality and to demonstrate by the means of multiple focus, first, how much the eye of the observer may distort what is perceived; secondly, how the eye of the audience must discriminate between credibility and truth. Edel quotes from an unpublished letter written by James to Mrs. Humphrey Ward. James at first dismisses the book as "the merest of jeux d'esprit." He adds nevertheless: "Let me say for it, however, that it has, I assure you, and applied quite rigorously and constructively, I believe, its own little law of composition." And he adds "As I give but the phantasmagoric I have, for clearness, to make it evidential..."⁴² Edel comments further that "the compositional method reminds one of those experimental films in which the camera eye is ours, but is also the eye of the person in the film. This process of self-revelation, exercised by an omniscient narrator, leaves us with

⁴²Henry James, The Sacred Fount, Introductory Essay by Leon Edel, Grove Press, New York, 1953, xxx-xxxi.

two levels of reading: the narrative itself, and the evidence in it which we must appraise in order to evaluate the credibility of the narrator."⁴³

James does, however, use false or limited moments of apperception, as ironic preparation for new and true insights. There are several examples in What Maisie Knew. Here the central and recording intelligence is that of a child. The insights are thus necessarily limited. In his Preface, James examines the situation in these words:

Small children have many more perceptions than they have terms to translate them; their vision is at any moment much richer, their apprehension ever constantly stronger than their prompt, their at all producible, vocabulary. Amusing, therefore, as it might at the first blush have seemed to restrict myself in this case to the terms as well as to the experience, it became at once plain that such an attempt would fail. Maisie's terms, accordingly play their part - since her ^{simpler} conclusions quite depend on them; but our own commonsense constantly attends and amplifies. This it is that on occasion, doubtless, seems to represent us as going so 'behind' the facts of her spectacle as to exaggerate the activity of her relation to them. The difference here is but of a shade: it is her relation; her activity of spirit, that determines all our own concern - we simply take advantage of these things better than she herself. Only even though it is her interest that mainly makes matters interesting for us, we inevitably note this in figures that are not yet at her command and that are nevertheless required whenever those aspects about her and those parts of her experience that she understands darken off into others that she rather tormentedly misses. All of which gave me a high firm logic to observe; supplied the force for which the straightener of almost any tangle is grateful while he labours, the sense of pulling at threads ~~p~~ intrinsically worth it - strong enough and fine enough and entire enough.⁴⁴

⁴³Edel, op.cit., xxxii.

⁴⁴What Maisie Knew, xi-xii.

Maisie is thus an ironic centre. The moments of insight, real and important as they are for her, are very limited. They are limited by her innocence and her vocabulary. The reader is left to fill in what he wants.

An example of the qualified or limited insight can be seen in the following passage. Here Maisie begins a long puzzling out of the very complicated situation in which she finds herself. The occasion sows the seeds of secrecy in her. Her parents think her stupid; in fact, Maisie has simply decided not to be employed as a messenger of insult and hatred any longer. James writes: "The theory of her stupidity, eventually embraced by her parents, corresponded with a great date in her small still life: the complete vision, private but final, of the strange office she filled. It was literally a moral revolution and accomplished in the depths of her nature."⁴⁵ The "momentous occasion" on which Miss Overmore sowed these seeds of secrecy took place as follows:

"Am I to tell him?" the child went on. It was then that her companion addressed her in the unmistakable language of a pair of eyes of deep dark grey. "I can't say No," they replied, as distinctly as possible; "I can't say No, because I'm afraid of your mamma, don't you see? Yet how can I say Yes after your papa has been so kind to me, talking to me so long the other day, smiling and flashing his beautiful teeth at me the time we met him in the Park, the time when, rejoicing at the sight of us, he left the gentleman he was with and walked with us, stayed with us for half an hour?" Somehow in the light of Miss Overmore's lovely eyes that incident came back to Maisie with a charm it hadn't had at the time, and this in spite of the fact that after it was over her governess had never but once

⁴⁵What Maisie Knew, 15.

alluded to it. On their way home, when papa had quitted them, she had expressed the hope that the child wouldn't mention it to mamma. Maisie liked her so, and had so the charmed sense of being liked by her, that she accepted this remark as settling the matter and wonderingly conformed to it.⁴⁶

The reader is much more aware of Miss Overmore's potential relationship with Beale Farange than is the child. In limiting the child's knowledge, James is able to suggest much more to the reader. He does this in several ways. First, he is explicit about what Miss Overmore's eyes say. Then, there is the simplicity and apparent casualness of the request not to say anything to Mamma about the meeting. The tacit understanding between the two is framed by the child's question at the beginning of the passage and her wondering acceptance of the remark to keep silent. Because the attraction and the potential relationship between Miss Overmore and Beale Farange is never stated, only suggested, the reader can infer as fully, as freely, as horribly, as he likes. The moment is one of insight, albeit limited, in that Maisie experiences her first glimpse of the way in which the rather nasty, self-seeking adults in her world are going to use her. It helps the child to decide to follow a path of secrecy and concealment from now on where her parents are concerned. As yet Maisie does not understand just why her parents should wish to use her, nor the nature of their enmity for one another. Nor does she realize the danger represented by Miss Overmore.

⁴⁶What Maisie Knew, 17-18.

The mystery surrounding her parents' relationships is only part of Maisie's mental growth. Another part is her moral sense. Mrs. Wix, in particular, attempts to cultivate that. The bonds between Maisie and Mrs. Wix are deep. In a moment which they share together on the beach, Maisie communicates, in a phrase, her appreciation of what Mrs. Wix means to her. Mrs. Wix has provoked their feelings of communion by her declaration that she adores Sir Claude.

Maisie took it well in; so well that in a moment more she would have answered profoundly: "So do I." But before that moment passed something took place that brought other words to her lips; nothing more, very possibly, than the closer consciousness in her hand of the significance of Mrs. Wix's. Their hands remained linked in unutterable sign of their union, and what Maisie at last said was simply, and serenely, "Oh, I know!"

Their hands were so linked and their union was so confirmed that it took the far deep note of a bell, borne to them on the summer air, to call them back to a sense of hours and proprieties. They had touched bottom and melted together, but they gave a start at last: the bell was the voice of the inn and the inn was the image of luncheon.⁴⁷

The moment is one of union. It helps Maisie later to see her way clearly through the tangled world of the adults. She goes on to challenge Sir Claude, asking him if he will stay on with her and Mrs. Wix without Mrs. Beale. But Sir Claude is incapable of giving up his mistress. Maisie realizes the weakness of the man. Her loss deepens her understanding of herself and of her values. In a novel which turns on the question of what

⁴⁷What Maisie Knew, 255-6.

Maisie knows, there is a point when Maisie does "know". She has at last a full, as opposed to her earlier limited, moment of insight. At this point in the novel, the reader's and Maisie's insights are aligned. Mrs. Wix questions Maisie:

"I'm going, but I must first understand. Have you lost it again?"

Maisie surveyed - for the idea of a describable loss - the immensity of space. Then she replied lamely enough: "I feel as if I had lost everything."

Mrs. Wix looked dark. "Do you mean to say you have lost what we found together with so much difficulty two days ago?" As her pupil failed of response she continued: "Do you mean to say you've already forgotten what we found together?"

Maisie dimly remembered. "My moral sense?"

"Your moral sense. Haven't I, after all, brought it out?" She spoke as she had never spoken even in the schoolroom and with the book in her hand.

It brought back to the child's recollection how she sometimes couldn't repeat on Friday the sentence that had been glib on Wednesday, and she dealt all feebly and ruefully with the present tough passage. Sir Claude and Mrs. Beale stood there like visitors at an 'exam.'. She had indeed an instant a whiff of the faint flower that Mrs. Wix pretended to have plucked and now with such a peremptory hand thrust at her nose. Then it left her, and, as if she were sinking with a slip from a foothold, her arms made a short jerk. What this jerk represented was the spasm within her of something still deeper than a moral sense. She looked at her examiner; she looked at the visitors; she felt the rising of the tears she had kept down at the station. They had nothing - no, distinctly nothing - to do with her moral sense. The only thing was the old flat shameful schoolroom plea. "I don't know - I don't know."⁴⁸

Although she says she does not know, she in fact does know.

She has found what is to her a central emotional truth. This truth strengthens her and enables her to challenge her elders again.

⁴⁸What Maisie Knew, 313.

But the pair cannot be unselfish. Mrs. Wix is indeed the only person who disinterestedly and constantly cares for Maisie. This is the kernel of knowledge she has gleaned.⁴⁹

There are sometimes moments of insight into the nature of a group or society. Such insights inevitably occur most frequently in James's two more public and political novels, The Bostonians and The Princess Casamassima. In the former, James demonstrates how the private emotional life of an individual encroaches on the public and vice versa. As a result, the moment of insight is often at two levels, the personal and the political. The following passage, for example, is a moment of insight for Olive Chancellor. It is also, given an understanding of the character of Olive, the militant feminist at her narrowest and most neurotic, an insight into a social phenomenon. The moment of vision Olive Chancellor experiences expresses a great deal of truth about her, some truth about the feminist movement in which she figures so prominently, and an indication of the real position of women.

The barren, gas-lighted room grew richer and richer to her earnest eyes; it seemed to expand, to open itself to the great life of humanity. The serious, tired people, in their bonnets and overcoats, began to glow like a company of heroes. Yes, she would do something, Olive Chancellor said to herself; she would do something to brighten the darkness of that dreadful image that was always before her, and against which it seemed to her at times that she had been born to lead a crusade - the image of the unhappiness of women. The unhappiness of women! The voice of their silent suffering was always in her ears, the ocean of tears

⁴⁹What Maisie Knew, 315-321.

that they had shed from the beginning of time seemed to pour through her own eyes. Ages of oppression had rolled over them; uncounted millions had lived only to be tortured, to be crucified. They were her sisters, they were her own, and the day of their delivery had dawned. This was the only sacred cause; this was the great, the just revolution. It must triumph, it must sweep everything before it; it must exact from the other, the brutal, blood-stained ravening race, the last particle of expiation! It would be the greatest change the world had seen; it would be a new era for the human family, and the names of those who had helped to show the way and lead the squadrons would be the brightest in the tables of fame. They would be names of women weak, insulted, persecuted, but devoted in every pulse of their being to the cause, and asking no better fate than to die for it. It was not clear to this interesting girl in what manner such a sacrifice (as this last) would be required of her, but she saw the matter through a kind of sunrise ⁵⁰ mist of emotion which made danger as rosy as success.

Inflated, to a certain extent sentimental, the words express the personality of the woman. Although such language undermines the image of the feminist movement and society, it nonetheless affords an insight into it. And the passage represents, to Olive at least, a genuine movement from which she draws inspiration.

The moments of political insight in The Princess Casamassima are more straightforward. Hyacinth, the central character, is uniquely placed to experience them. He is the illegitimate son of an English nobleman and a poor French seamstress. The Princess puts him "before himself as vividly as if the words were a little portrait. 'Fancy the strange, the bitter fate: to be constituted as you're constituted, to be conscious of the capacity you must

⁵⁰The Bostonians, 37-38.

feel, and yet to look at the good things of life only through the glass of the pastry-cook's window!" Because he is so constituted, the insights Hyacinth experiences into "the good things of life" are particularly intense. Visiting the Princess in the country home she has rented for a few months, the lawns there seem, to his cockney vision, "fantastically green". He has never in his life been in the real country, and realizes that "There was a whole world to be revealed to him: it lay waiting with the dew on it under his windows, and he must go down and take of it such possession as he might." His rich, luxurious surroundings provoke a moment of insight into himself as he imagines others see him.

He looked at himself in one of the long glasses, and in a place where everything was on such a scale it seemed to him more than ever that Mademoiselle Vivier's son, lacking all the social dimensions, was scarce a perceptible person at all. As he came downstairs he encountered house-maids with dusters and brooms, or perceived them through open doors on their knees before fireplaces; and it was his belief that they regarded him more boldly than if he had been a guest of the usual kind.

Once out of doors he finds that

His whole walk was peopled with recognitions; he had been dreaming all his life of just such a place and such objects, such a morning and such a chance. It was the last of April and everything was fresh and vivid.... There was something in the way the grey walls rose from the green lawn that brought tears to his eyes; the spectacle of long duration unassociated with some sordid infirmity or poverty was new to him; he had lived with people among whom old age meant for the most part a grudging and degraded survival. In the favoured resistance of Medley was a serenity of success, an accumulation of dignity and honour.⁵¹

⁵¹The Princess Casamassima, II, 6-7.

Thus the insights are not solely into self. They provide revelations into the unfair social system in which human beings of ordinary birth find themselves, and against which extraordinary natures such as Hyacinth's struggle. Talking to Paul Muniment Hyacinth expresses very eloquently his insight into the misery of the world.

"Yes, I see that too," said Hyacinth, with the same dolefulness that had marked his tone a moment before - a dolefulness begotten of the rather helpless sense that, whatever he saw, he saw - and this was always the case - so many other things besides. He saw the immeasurable misery of the people, and yet he saw all that had been, as it were, rescued and redeemed from it: the treasures, the felicities, the splendours, the successes of the world. This quantity took the form sometimes, to his imagination, of a vast, vague, dazzling presence, an irradiation of light from objects undefined, mixed with the atmosphere of Paris and of Venice. He presently added that a hundred things Muniment had told him about the foul horrors of the worst districts of London, pictures of incredible shame and suffering that he had put before him, came back to him now with the memory of the passion they had kindled at the time.⁵²

Hyacinth is able to see with equal intensity his own place in the scheme of things.

At the same time there was joy and exultation in the thought of surrendering one's self to the wash of the wave, of being carried higher on the sun-touched crests of wild billows than one could ever be by a dry lonely effort of one's own. That vision could deepen to ecstasy; make it indifferent if one's ultimate fate, in such a heaving sea, were not almost certainly to be submerged in bottomless depths or dashed to pieces on immovable rocks. Hyacinth felt that, whether his personal sympathy should rest finally with the victors or the vanquished, the victorious force was potentially infinite and would require no testimony from the irresolute.⁵³

⁵²The Princess Casamassima, II, 193-4.

⁵³Ibid., II, 236.

But later, his vision is expressed in larger, more powerful, even vicious, terms. One such moment occurs as he walks from the Princess's home in Paddington. He thinks how her beauty is always set off by its surroundings, no matter what those surroundings may be.

Her beauty always appeared in truth to have the setting that best became it; her fairness made the element in which she lived and, among the meanest accessories, constituted a kind of splendour. Nature has emphasised the difficult, the deterrent, for her establishing properties in common with the horrible populace of London. Hyacinth used to smile at this pretension in his nightwalks to Paddington or homeward; the populace of London were scattered upon his path, and he asked himself by what wizardry they could ever be raised to high participations. There were nights when every one he met appeared to reek with gin and filth and he found himself elbowed by figures as foul as lepers. Some of the women and girls in particular were appalling - saturated with alcohol and vice, brutal, bedraggled, obscene. "What remedy but another deluge, what alchemy but annihilation?" he asked himself as he went his way; and he wondered what fate there could be in the great scheme of things for a planet overgrown with such vermin, what redemption but to be hurled against a ball of consuming fire.⁵⁴

These moments are at two levels. They provide insights into Hyacinth as much as into the state of the world around him. It is important to remember that they are insights into social conditions as Hyacinth sees them through his particular pair of psychical glasses. And Hyacinth is fated to see life, as the Princess put it, "only through the glass of the pastry-cook's window".

But these political insights are uncommon in James's work.

⁵⁴The Princess Casamassima, II, 240.

Far more frequent are presentations of apperceptions of evil.

The Turn of the Screw provides a number of striking examples.

However, James works so obliquely in this novel that the moments might well be categorized as false or questionable. Nonetheless, there is one certainty about these moments: their presentation of evil. The exact location and nature of that evil is never stated. What it may be and where it is are never made explicit. It may be a projection from the mind of the governess, it may be an influence left over from her predecessors, it may emanate from her young charges, or it may exist in the objective order of the universe.

The first apperception of evil occurs not long after the young governess's arrival at Bly. During one of her customary walks in the early evening, after the children have gone to bed, she fancies, as usual, that some one might appear on the path. This indeed seems to occur; some one appears. But it is not the face she longed for, nor does it appear in the place she expected. Rather, she sees a man standing high on a tower. She has two distinct gasps of emotion; as she puts it, "the shock of my first and that of my second surprise. My second was a violent perception of the mistake of my first: the man who met my eyes was not the person I had precipitately supposed." But she also experiences other, less easily defined sensations.

The place, moreover, in the strangest way in the world, had on the instant and by the very fact of its appearance become a solitude. To me at least, making my statement here with a deliberation with which I have never made it,

the whole feeling of the moment returns. It was as if, while I took in what I did take in, all the rest of the scene had been stricken with death. I can hear again, as I write, the intense hush in which the sounds of evening dropped. The rooks stopped cawing in the golden sky and the friendly hour lost for the unspeakable minute all its voice. But there was no other change in nature, unless indeed it were a change that I saw with a stranger sharpness. The gold was still in the sky, the clearness in the air, and the man who looked at me over the battlements was as definite as a picture in a frame.⁵⁵

At this point the vision prompts her to no course of action. She keeps silent. But a return visit from the male stranger produces a change in her. She has, on this second occasion, another flash of revelation. She notices that the man looks as intently at other things as at herself.

On the spot there came to me the added shock of a certitude that it was not for me he had come. He had come for some one else.

The flash of this knowledge - for it was knowledge in the midst of dread - produced in me the most extraordinary effect, starting, as I stood there, a sudden vibration of duty and courage.⁵⁶

These two examples demonstrate how James establishes the mood of mystery and suggests an atmosphere of evil. Details of the natural world in the first passage suggest the intervention of a supernatural agency. There is the feeling of solitude, the rest of the scene seemingly stricken with death, the silence dropping over the evening. At the same time, any certainty there may be that this is a true perception is invalidated by the governess's own doubt. She recalls that there was no other change in nature,

⁵⁵The Turn of the Screw, 154-5.

⁵⁶Ibid., 162.

unless "it were a change that I saw with a stranger sharpness." In the second passage, there is an added revelation. Not only does she experience feelings of dread this time, but she also had the additional knowledge that this man has come for some one other than herself.

The governess seems to experience a similar apperception of evil in a later passage. Here she tries to find out from Miles what has happened earlier. She appeals to the child in strongly emotional terms:

"I just want you to help me to save you!" But I knew in a moment after this that I had gone too far. The answer to my appeal was instantaneous, but it came in the form of an extraordinary blast and chill, a gust of frozen air and a shake of the room as great as if, in the wild wind, the casement had crashed in. The boy gave a loud, high shriek which, lost in the rest of the shock of sound, might have seemed, indistinctly, though I was so close to him, a note either of jubilation or of terror. I jumped to my feet again and was conscious of darkness. So for a moment we remained, while I stared about me and saw the drawn curtains unstirred and the window tight. "Why, the candle's out!" I then cried. "It was I who blew it, dear!" said Miles.⁵⁷

Once again, Henry James uses physical detail to build up the apperception of evil. Then, as in the earlier passage quoted above, he dashes any certain reading of these feelings of the supernatural. In this instance, he does so by having Miles cry out. The moment is complicated by the intense awareness of the governess. She is highly conscious of what is happening to her as well as what is happening around her.

⁵⁷The Turn of the Screw, 238.

The visions or visitations themselves constitute apperceptions of evil for the governess. Whether anyone else ever sees the visiting pair is never established. This is particularly true in the scene by the lake in which Mrs. Grose and the governess, searching for Flora, at last find her in a small clearing on a farther shore. The present governess is convinced that her predecessor is standing on the opposite bank. "She rose ereft on the spot my friend and I had lately quitted, and there wasn't in all the long reach of her desire an inch of her evil that fell short." But Mrs. Grose and the child both deny that anyone else is present. These are limited apperceptions of evil. They are limited in two ways. First, they are experienced by the governess alone. Second, they are limited by the way Henry James has undermined our confidence in the governess as an accurate observer. Equally limited is her final confrontation with Peter Quint and Miles. Here, attempting to elicit from Miles what he did at school to cause his expulsion, and using the letter to the guardian as a trap, she conceives herself to be fighting for a human soul. Peter Quint, she narrates, has been standing watch outside the window. But Miles admits that he took and opened the letter.

My eyes were now, as I held him off a little again, on Miles's own face, in which the collapse of mockery showed me how complete was the ravage of uneasiness. What was prodigious was that at last, by my success, his sense was sealed and his communication stopped; he knew that he was in presence, but knew not of what, and knew still less that I also was and that I did know. And what did this strain of trouble matter when my eyes went back to

the window only to see that the air was clear again and - by my personal triumph - the influence quenched? There was nothing there. I felt that the cause was mine and that I should surely get all. 'And you found nothing!' - I let my elation out.⁵⁸

Here the apperception is not of evil but of the absence of it.

The governess feels that she has triumphed over Quint and quenched his influence.

In The Turn of the Screw there is at least a possibility that supernatural powers are at work though the tale may, of course, be the dramatic working-out of psychological forces. There is no such room for doubt in The Jolly Corner where Spencer Brydon's apperception is of the evil in human nature. More specifically, it is an insight into the beast that lurks in his own nature. Returning to his native New York, after thirty-three years in Europe, he is compelled to ask himself what he would have become, how different he might have been, had he never left that city. He is convinced that his alter ego waits for him in the large, old, now deserted house once occupied by his family. Stalking this stranger, his other self, he turns the tables and becomes himself, "in the apparitional world, an incalculable terror." One night, making his solitary search through the dark house, he at last seems to find himself in the "most immediate presence of some inconceivable occult activity." A door he had left open has been closed while he passed through other rooms; one previously closed now stands open. Finally, after a long period of waiting, another presence looms in front

⁵⁸The Turn of the Screw, 272-3.

of him. The figure is dressed in evening clothes, wearing pince-nez; his hands cover his face. One hand has lost two fingers.

At last the hands drop, leaving the face uncovered.

Horror, with the sight, had leaped into Brydon's throat, gasping there in a sound he couldn't utter; for the bared identity was too hideous as his, and his glare was the passion of his protest. The face, that face, Spencer Brydon's? - he searched it still, but looking away from it in dismay and denial, falling straight from his height of sublimity. It was unknown, inconceivable, awful, disconnected from any possibility! - He had been 'sold', he inwardly moaned, stalking such game as this: the presence before him was a presence, the horror within him a horror, but the waste of his nights had been only grotesque and the success of his adventure an irony. Such an identity fitted his at no point, made its alternative monstrous. A thousand times yes, as it came upon him nearer now - the face was the face of a stranger. It came upon him nearer now, quite as one of those expanding fantastic images projected by the magic lantern of childhood; for the stranger, whoever he might be, evil, odious, blatant, vulgar, had advanced as for aggression, and he knew himself give ground. Then harder pressed still, sick with the force of his shock, and falling back as under the hot breath and the roused passion of a life larger than his own, a rage of personality before which his own collapsed, he felt the whole vision turn to darkness and his very feet give way. His head went round; he was going; he had gone.⁵⁹

The experience resembles the one recorded by William James, referred to above, in which William recounts how he was overwhelmed by a terrible fantasy that an epileptic greenish-skinned youth was potentially himself.⁶⁰ The moment is also, as in The Beast in the Jungle, the raison d'être of the story.

The terror in life, usually unseen but often felt, is expressed

⁵⁹The Jolly Corner, 421-2.

⁶⁰See pp. 72/3 above.

in quite personal terms in The Portrait of a Lady. Isabel experiences an apperception of the evil which exists in her husband Osmond. Early in their relationship, after Osmond's declaration of love to her, Isabel has experienced a moment which can best be categorized as premonitory of evil.

The working of this young lady's spirit was strange, and I can only give it to you as I see it, not hoping to make it seem altogether natural. Her imagination, as I say, now hung back: there was a last vague space it couldn't cross - a dusky, uncertain tract which looked ambiguous and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight. But she was to cross it yet.⁶¹

The image seems to come unexpectedly and inexplicably from some region of the mind deeper and more far-seeing than the conscious imagination. That imagination, as James calls it, can't "cross a last vague space." The descriptive phrases - "a dusky, uncertain tract which looked ambiguous and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight" - are striking and apt. These strongly oppressive physical images convey her unconscious sensing of evil. Isabel is indeed to cross that moorland. As we have seen, she is made quite conscious of what it is that is disturbing her relationship with her husband. The scene in which she discovers Madame Merle and Osmond together pulls together many strands of thought. And her fireside vigil, late that night, echoes the earlier apprehension of evil. In that passage James writes again in terms of shadows falling over her life, so that she hardly seems to be able to pick her way through the dusk.⁶²

⁶¹The Portrait of a Lady, II, 19.

⁶²See pp. 92 - 95 and p.112 above.

Another passage in which evil is apperceived occurs in The Wings of the Dove. Densher, turned away from Milly's door, discovers by chance that Lord Mark is in Venice. His troubled mind finds in Lord Mark's presence the reason for his being himself refused admission to Milly's home. But his guilty mind goes further than this and projects on to the scene evil which really exists in his own nature. He is unlike Isabel in this, but like Brydon. The evil is transferred from his inner soul to the outside world.

It was a great thing for Densher to get this answer. He held it close, he hugged it, quite leaned on it as he continued to circulate. It kept him going and going - it made him no less restless. But it explained - and that was much, for with explanations he might somehow deal. The vice in the air, otherwise, was too much like the breath of fate. The weather had changed, the rain was ugly, the wind wicked, the sea impossible, because of Lord Mark. It was because of him, a fortiori, that the palace was closed. Densher went round again twice; he found the visitor each time as he had found him first. Once, that is, he was staring before him; the next time he was looking over his Figaro, which he had opened out. Densher didn't again stop, but left him apparently unconscious of his passage - on another repetition of which Lord Mark had disappeared. He had spent but the day; he would be off that night; he had now gone to his hotel for arrangements. These things were as plain to Densher as if he had had them in words. The obscure had cleared for him - if cleared it was; there was something he didn't see, the great thing; but he saw so/round it and so close to it that this was almost as good. He had been looking at a man who had done what he had come for, and for whom, as done, it temporarily sufficed. The man had come again to see Milly, and Milly had received him. His visit would have taken place just before or just after luncheon, and it was the reason why he himself had found her door shut.⁶³

⁶³The Wings of the Dove, II, 235-6.

Densher had been plagued by anxieties for three weeks, while he hangs about Venice, keeping up the appearance of a friendly relationship with Milly. He finds himself suddenly turned away from her door one day; the weather also breaks that morning, all Venice seems cold and evil. Densher interprets these events as punishment. Seeing Lord Mark only confirms his feelings of guilt, which have unconsciously needed the release of punishment. He correctly but inadequately attributes all his misfortune to that gentleman's return to Venice. As we follow the story, we discover that Lord Mark has indeed been the cause of Milly's refusal to see Densher, but that his intervention had been rather different ^{from what} ~~than~~ Densher had expected.

If Henry James was aware of the evil and terror that lay beneath the surface appearance of life and of individuals, he also had an equally keen awareness of the goodness that was to be found. There are several important apperceptions in James's novels of the goodness of life or of a person. In The Wings of the Dove, Milly Theale experiences directly an apperception of the goodness of life. Her doctor has sent her off with the words, "My dear young lady...isn't to 'live' exactly what I'm trying to persuade you to take the trouble to do?" The next chapter is an examination of her sense of the increase of life. The language is exalted, in keeping with her heightened perceptions.

She had gone out with these last words so in her ears that when once she was well away - back this time in the great square alone - it was as if some instant application of them had opened out there before her. It was positively, that effect, an excitement that carried her on; she went forward into space under the sense of an impulse received - an impulse simple and direct, easy above all to act upon. She was borne up for the hour, and now she knew why she had wanted to come by herself. No one in the world could have sufficiently entered into her state; no tie would have been close enough to enable a companion to walk beside her without some disparity. She literally felt, in this first flush, that her only company must be the human race at large, present all round her, but inspiringly impersonal, and that her only field must be, then and there, the grey immensity of London. Grey immensity had somehow of a sudden become her element; grey immensity was what her distinguished friend had, for the moment, furnished her world with and what the question of 'living', as he put it to her, living by option, by volition, inevitably took on for its immediate face. She went straight before her, without weakness, altogether with strength.... The beauty of the bloom had gone from the small old sense of safety - that was distinct: she had left it behind her there for ever. But the beauty of the idea of a great adventure, a big dim experiment or struggle in which she might more responsibly than ever take a hand, had been offered her instead.⁶⁴

Here Milly's moment is treated as her own direct experience. It is one of the few which James allows his heroine to experience. For the most part, he keeps her at a greater distance.

Another apperception of the goodness of life is experienced, but the moment is rendered altogether differently, again in The Wings of the Dove, in a passage in which an observer experiences the apperception. James employs here his "burnished reflector" technique. He makes use of a consciousness other than that of

⁶⁴The Wings of the Dove, 218-9.

the central character to record the moment of apperception. Susan Shepherd Stringham is employed in this way in the following scene. Here, Milly sits high on a mountain top, contemplating the view below. Mrs. Stringham at first fears that the girl is contemplating a leap. But then she realizes that

...if the girl was deeply and recklessly meditating there she wasn't meditating a jump; she was on the contrary, as she sat, much more in a state of uplifted and unlimited possession that had nothing to gain from violence. She was looking down on the kingdoms of the earth, and though indeed that of itself might well go to the brain, it wouldn't be with a view of renouncing them. Was she choosing among them or did she want them all? This question, before Mrs. Stringham had decided what to do, made others vain; in accordance with which she saw, or believed she did, that if it might be dangerous to call out, to sound in any way a surprise, it would probably be safe enough to withdraw as she had come. She watched a while longer, she held her breath, and she never knew afterwards what time had elapsed.⁶⁵

After Mrs. Stringer has withdrawn, James expands her apperception of the fullness and goodness of Milly's life, suggesting further here Milly's special destiny.

For she now saw that the great thing she had brought away was precisely a conviction that the future wasn't to exist for her princess in the form of any sharp or simple release from the human predicament. It wouldn't be for her a question of a flying leap and thereby of a quick escape. It would be a question of taking full in the face the whole assault of life, to the general muster of which indeed her face might have been directly presented as she sat there on her rock. Mrs. Stringham was thus able to say to herself during still another wait of some length that if her young friend still continued absent it wouldn't be because - whatever the opportunity - she had cut short the thread. She wouldn't have committed suicide; she knew herself unmistakably

⁶⁵The Wings of the Dove, I, 111-2.

reserved for some more complicated passage; this was the very vision in which she had, with no little awe, been discovered. The image that thus remained with the elder lady kept the character of a revelation. During the breathless minutes of her watch she had seen her companion afresh; the latter's type, aspect, marks, her history, her state, her beauty, her mystery, all betrayed themselves to the Alpine air, and all had been gathered in again to feed Mrs. Stringham's flame. They are things that will more distinctly appear for us, and they are meanwhile briefly represented by the enthusiasm that was stronger on our friend's part than any doubt. ~~It was a consciousness~~. It was a consciousness she was scarce^{yet} used to carrying, but she had as beneath her feet a mine of something precious. She seemed to herself to stand near the mouth, not^{yet} quite cleared. The mine but needed working and would certainly yield a treasure. She wasn't thinking, either, of Milly's gold.⁶⁶

The apperception is a dual one. It is, in the first instance, a moment directly experienced by Susan Shepherd Stringham and amounts, for her, to a moment of high insight into the very special character and destiny of another human being. It is more literally apperceptive in that this vision of the largeness of Milly's life is carried back to Mrs. Stringham. She finds that her own doubts give way to enthusiasm. Finally, it is implicitly a moment of apperception for Milly although it has been presented indirectly. In terms of the novel's construction, the passage is important. It not only opens up all sorts of further questions about the course the novel is to take - what special destiny is in store for Milly? - but also plants clues to her character which will in part determine that future course.

James finds it invaluable to present Milly's apperception

⁶⁶The Wings of the Dove, I, 112-3.

of the goodness of life through Mrs. Stringham, who is, in his own words, "a supplementary reflector, that of the lucid even though so quivering spirit of her dedicated friend."⁶⁷ There is a gain in that James can make a direct appeal to the reader for Milly through Mrs. Stringham. This lady registers the transaction "of that play of the portentous which I cherish so as a 'value' and am accordingly for ever setting in motion".⁶⁸ By presenting her indirectly, James also gains relief from the method of straight exhibition. He approaches her kindly, from all around. This also allows him to "deal with her at second hand, as an unspotted princess is ever dealt with; the pressure all round kept easy for her, the sounds, the movements regulated; the forms and ambiguities made charming. All of which proceeds, obviously, from her painter's tenderness of imagination about her, which reduces him to watching her, as it were, through the successive windows of other people's interest in her."⁶⁹ In such a way, of course, princesses gain in mystery and mystical interest. In such a way, James plays upon the reader's senses, building up the charms and ambiguities and mysteries of his central subject.

The other apperceptions of goodness in this novel are into the goodness of a person. More specifically, they are into Milly's goodness. That goodness is conceived of in terms of a dove. Milly does have her own apperceptions into her dove-like quality. She

⁶⁷The Wings of the Dove, xxiv.

⁶⁸Idem.

⁶⁹Ibid., xxv.

is moreover capable of analyzing them, and their best use. The meditation in the following passage opens up Milly's character, revealing depths of calculation hitherto unseen. This, in turn, propels the plot. New situations, new solutions, are possible. Even more questions as to the outcome of the relationships being started throng the air.

It was in the tone of the fondest indulgence - almost, really, that of dove cooing to dove - that Mrs. Lowder expressed the hope that it had all gone beautifully. Her 'all' had an ample benevolence; it soothed and simplified; she spoke as if it were the two young women, not she and her comrade, who had been facing the town together. But Milly's answer had prepared itself while Aunt Maud was on the stair; she had felt in a rush all the reasons that would make it the most dove-like; and she gave it, while she was about it, as earnest, as candid, "I don't think, dear lady, he's here."

It gave her straightway the measure of the success she could have as a dove: that was recorded in the long look of deep criticism, a look without a word, presently, bettered it still. "Oh you exquisite thing!" the luscious innuendo of it, almost startling, lingered in the room, after the visitors had gone, like an over-sweet fragrance. But left alone with Mrs. Stringham Milly continued to breathe it: she studied again the dove-like and so set her companion to mere rich reporting that she averted all inquiry into her own case.

That, with the new day, was once more her law - though she saw before her, of course, as something of a complication, her need, each time, to decide.⁷⁰ She would have to be clear as to how a dove would act.

The moment is one of insight into self. But Milly's view of herself as a calculating dove is balanced by Denner's insight into her in the same role. He, too, notices the double qualities a dove may possess. Once again James uses clothing to communicate character.

⁷⁰The Wings of the Dove, I, 249-50.

Milly, on the occasion of which Kate and Densher speak, had been dressed all in white.

"She's a dove," Kate went on, "and one somehow doesn't think of doves as bejewelled. Yet they suit her down to the ground."

"Yes - down to the ground is the word." Densher saw now how they suited her, but was perhaps still more aware of something intense in his companion's feeling about them. Milly was indeed a dove, this was the figure, though it most applied to her spirit. Yet he knew in a moment that Kate was just now, for reasons hidden from him, exceptionally under the impression of that element of wealth in her which was a power, which was a great power, and which was dove-like only so far as one remembered that doves have wings and wondrous flights, have them as well as tender tints and soft sounds. It even came to him dimly that such wings could in a given case - had, truly, in the case with which he was concerned - spread themselves for protection. Hadn't they, for that matter, lately taken an inordinate reach, and weren't Kate and Mrs. Lowder, weren't Susan Shepherd and he, wasn't he in particular, nestling under them to a great increase of immediate ease? All this was a brighter blur in the general light, out of which he heard Kate presently going on.⁷¹

The closing pages of the novel of course supply the final insight into Milly's goodness. In this case, her goodness is again expressed in terms of a dove. It is a moment of ironic insight for Kate and Densher. As they take leave of one another, they see that Milly has indeed stretched out wings over them. And these wings cover the two of them in such a way as to make earlier plans for their life together, which has been the original point of their plot, impossible.

The Ambassadors also contains a major apperception into the

⁷¹The Wings of the Dove, II, 196.

goodness of life. Here, it takes the form of an invocation, addressed by Strether to little Bilham, urging him to live. The speech is as much an insight into Strether as it is into the goodness of life. This latter insight, limited, mistaken, ironical as it turns out to be, especially in the light of all that Strether has come to learn, is limited because Strether's experience is limited. The speech reveals that he feels it is too late for him now; not only has he missed the train which had waited at the station but also he hadn't the gumption to know it was there. He urges little Bilham not to lose the memory of the illusion of freedom. The right time, he says to the young man, is now his.

"The right time is any time that one is still so lucky as to have. You've plenty; that's the great thing; you're, as I say, damn you, so happily and hatefully young. Don't at any rate miss things out of stupidity. Of course I don't take you for a fool, or I shouldn't be addressing you thus awfully. Do what you like so long as you don't make my mistake. For ~~it~~ was a mistake. Live!"⁷²

This speech has been anticipated, and prepared for, by earlier apperceptions into the goodness of life. James makes use of these to demonstrate how limited Strether's apperception into the goodness of life really is. The sight of a young man on Chad's balcony, for example, operates as insight into youth, familiarity, friendship and ease - all that Strether feels that he is missing, particularly in these early days of his stay in Paris.

Strether had conceived Chad as patched, but not beyond recognition. He was in presence, he felt,

⁷²The Ambassadors, I, 191.

of amendments enough as they stood; it was a sufficient amendment that the gentleman up there should be Chad's friend. He was young too then, the gentleman up there - he was very young; young enough apparently to be amused at an elderly watcher, to be curious even to see what the elderly watcher would do on finding himself watched. There was youth in that, there was youth in the surrender to the balcony. There was youth for Strether at this moment in everything but his own business; and Chad's thus pronounced association with youth had given the next instant an extraordinary quick lift to the issue. The balcony, the distinguished front, testified suddenly, for Strether's fancy, to something that was up and up; they placed the whole case materially, and as by an admirable image, on a level that he found himself at the end of another moment rejoicing to think he might reach. The young man looked at him still, he looked at the young man; and the issue, by a rapid process, was that this knowledge of a perched privacy appeared to him the last of luxuries. To him too the perched privacy was open, and he saw it now, but in one light - that of the only domicile, the only fireside, in the great ironic city, on which he had the shadow of a claim. Miss Gostrey had a fireside; she had told him of it, and it was something that doubtless awaited him; but Miss Gostrey hadn't yet arrived - she mightn't arrive for days; and the sole alternation of his excluded state was his vision of the small, the admittedly secondary hotel in the bye-street from the Rue de la Paix, in which her solicitude for his purse had placed him, which affected him somehow as all indoor chill, glass-roofed court and slippery staircase, and which, by the same token, expressed the presence of Waymarsh even at times when Waymarsh might have been certain to be round at the bank. It came to pass before he moved that Waymarsh, and Waymarsh alone, Waymarsh not only undiluted but positively strengthened, struck him as the present alternative to the young man in the balcony. When he did move it was fairly to escape that alternative. Taking his way over the street at last and passing through the porte-cochere of the house was like consciously leaving Waymarsh out. However, he could tell him about it.⁷³

Waymarsh also functions as a foil to demonstrate what Strether feels to be the poverty of his life. Waymarsh, who is Strether's

⁷³The Ambassadors, I, 86-7.

contemporary, and not, like Chad, his junior, appears flushed with delight at the success of a visit he has made to the Marché aux Fleurs. The scene operates, by contrast, for Strether, as a moment of apperception into the riches of life.

[Strether really knew in this vision of him a joy that was akin to envy; so reversed as he stood there did their old positions seem; so comparatively doleful now showed, by the sharp turn of the wheel, the posture of the pilgrim from Woollett.... It came to him in the current of thought, as things so oddly did come, that he had never risen with the lark to attend a brilliant woman to the Marché aux Fleurs; this would be fastened on him in connexion neither with Miss Gostrey nor with Madame de Viomet; the practice of getting up early for adventures could indeed in no manner be fastened on him. It came to him in fact that just here was his usual case: he was ^{for} ever missing things through his general genius for missing them, while others were for ever picking them up through a contrary bent. And it was others who looked abstemious and he who looked greedy; it was he somehow ⁷⁴ who finally paid, and it was others who mainly partook.

There is a good deal of false perception here. Strether, for the moment, seems to think that Waymarsh leads a much fuller life than he. The truth is really the opposite. Strether, as has been demonstrated to the reader throughout the novel, is capable of fine perceptions; through these he grows towards a wiser, maturer, and more flexible moral position. Waymarsh, on the other hand, remains a rather rigid, dyspeptic, joyless figure estranged from his wife and, one suspects, secretly enjoying the abusive letters she writes to him. Europe is really too much for Waymarsh. He does not profit by it. Strether, in fact, does not miss things; he is forever picking them up. The passage reveals to the reader more about Strether's humility than it reveals objective truth to Strether himself.

⁷⁴The Ambassadors, II, 164-5.

One final category remains to be examined. On occasion, James presents moments of aesthetic apperception. Some of these raise questions of taste, as can be seen in this first passage, taken from The Tragic Muse.

Unfinished, simplified and in some portions merely suggested, it was strong, vivid and assured, it had already the look of life and the promise of power. Peter felt all this and was startled, was strangely affected - he had no idea Nick moved with that stride. Miriam, seated, was represented in three-quarters, almost to her feet. She leaned forward with one of her legs crossed over the other, her arms extended and foreshortened, her hands locked together round her knee. Her beautiful head was bent a little, broodingly, and her splendid face seemed to look down at life. She had a grand appearance of being raised aloft, with a wide regard, a survey from a height of intelligence, for the great field of the artist, all the figures and passions he may represent. Peter asked himself where his kinsman had learned to paint like that. He almost gasped at the composition of the thing and at the drawing of the difficult arms.⁷⁵

At first glance the passage is an apperception of the aesthetic values of both the painter and his audience. There seems to be no question of the skill and power of the painting. What seems more dubious is the suggested status of the artist. Art and the artist seem to amount almost to a cult or a religion.

Nick Dormer, however, has great insight into the deep differences in the artistic life. Miriam is already in a blaze of glory, while he works on, slowly and at times wearily, in his lonely flat. He feels that it is "to the thing in itself he was attached. This was Miriam's case too, but the sharp contrast, which she showed him she

⁷⁵The Tragic Muse, II, 99.

also felt, was in the number of other things she got with the thing in itself."⁷⁶ Here we see the "religious" and the "secular" sides to the artistic life.

But Nick has hours "when this last mystic value struck him as requiring for its full operation no adjunct whatever - as being in its own splendour a summary of all adjuncts and apologies."⁷⁷ These hours constitute an apperception into the value and permanence of art. At these times, the great portraits of the past strike him as

...the things the most inspiring, in the sense that while generations, while worlds had come and gone, they seemed far most to prevail and survive and testify. As he stood before them the perfection of their survival often struck him as the supreme eloquence, the virtue that included all others thanks to the language of art, the richest and most universal. Empires and systems and conquests had rolled over the globe and every kind of greatness had risen and passed away, but the beauty of the great pictures had known nothing of death or change, and the tragic centuries had only sweetened their freshness. The same faces, the same figures looked out at different worlds, knowing so many secrets the particular world didn't, and when they joined hands they made the indestructible thread on which the pearls of history were strung.⁷⁸

The other examples of aesthetic apperceptions are taken from The Spoils of Poynton. These moments display the same intense, almost religious, sense of worship. In this instance, the spoils are the object of adoration. Fleda is the one character in the novel who registers appreciation.

⁷⁶The Tragic Muse, II, 339.

⁷⁷Ibid., II, 340.

⁷⁸Ibid., II, 341.

The part of her loss that she could think of was the reconstituted splendour of Poynton. It was the beauty she was most touched by that, in tons, she had lost - the beauty that, charged upon big wagons, had safely crept to its home. But the loss was a gain to memory and love; it was to her too at last that, in condonation of her treachery, the spoils had crept back. She greeted them with open arms; she thought of them hour after hour; they made a company with which solitude was warm and a picture, that, at this crisis, overlaid poor Maggie's scant mahogany. It was really her obliterated passion that had revived, and with it an immense assent to Mrs. Gereth's early judgment of her. She equally, she felt, was of the religion, and like any other of the passionately pious she could worship now even in the desert. Yes, it was all for her; far round as she had gone she had been strong enough: her love had gathered them in. She wanted indeed no catalogue to count them over; the array of them, miles away, was complete; each piece, in its turn, was perfect to her; she could have drawn up a catalogue from memory. Thus again she lived with them, and she thought of them without a question of any personal right. That they might have been, that they still might be hers, that they were perhaps already another's, were ideas that had too little to say to her. They were nobody's at all - too proud, unlike base animals and humans, to be reducible to anything so narrow. It was Poynton that was theirs; they had simply recovered their own. The joy of that for them was the source of the strange peace that had descended like a charm.⁷⁹

The Spoils of Poynton suggests another use of art for the purposes of insight. At the beginning of the novel, the decoration and appointments of Waterbath are for Mrs. Gereth and Fleda a revelation of the souls of the inhabitants. The ugliness of the place in fact brings the two together. "Isn't it too dreadful?", Fleda had said to Mrs. Gereth when the two chanced to meet in the grounds Sunday morning.

It was an ugliness fundamental and systematic, the result of the abnormal nature of the Brigstocks, from

⁷⁹The Spoils of Poynton, 207-8.

whose composition the principle of taste had been extravagantly omitted. In the arrangement of their home some other principle, remarkably active, but uncanny and obscure, had operated instead, with consequences depressing to behold, consequences that took the form of a universal futility.⁸⁰

The dreadfulness of the house hardens Mrs. Gereth's resistance to the idea of her son marrying Mona. Conversely, it quickens Fleda's sense of her desire to possess fine things. It awakens her interest in Owen who happens to own just such a perfect house.

A last moment of apperception, which does not fit into any of the above categories but which is semi-religious in intensity as well as content, occurs in The Altar of the Dead. George Stransom practises the religion of the Dead. His fiancée, Mary Antrim, had died just before their marriage and he has remained faithful to her memory. But he seems to seek a more material, formal way in which to remember her. The moment in which his religion of the Dead takes specific form constitutes an aesthetic, and semi-religious, moment of apperception. The setting for this moment is a church. Stransom has noticed a woman in mourning, worshipping at a shrine. But then he loses himself, "floating away on the sea of light". Each candle comes to represent one of his Dead.

They made together a brightness vast and intense, a brightness in which the mere chapel of his thoughts grew so dim that as it faded away he asked himself if he shouldn't find his real comfort in some material act, some outward worship.

This idea took possession of him while, at a distance, the black-robed lady continued prostrate; he was quietly

⁸⁰The Spoils of Poynton, 6.

thrilled with his conception, which at last brought him to his feet in the sudden excitement of a plan. He wandered softly through the aisles, pausing in the different chapels, all save one applied to a special devotion. It was in this clear recess, lampless and unapplied, that he stood longest - the length of time it took him fully to grasp the conception of gilding it with his bounty. He should snatch it from no other rites and associate it with nothing profane; he would simply take it as it should be given up to him and make it a masterpiece of splendour and a mountain of fire. Tended sacredly all the year, with the sanctifying church around it, it would always be ready for his offices. There would be difficulties, but from the first they presented themselves only as difficulties surmounted. Even for a person so little affiliated the thing would be a matter of arrangement.⁸¹

The terms of the next moment of apperception are quite different. This moment occurs after Stransom's meeting with, and growing attachment to, the woman in mourning he had noticed in the church, and who seems to be as frequent a visitor as himself. After their relationship has developed, and after she has been worshipping for some time at the altar of the Dead which Stransom has erected, he discovers that she mourns for one person, a former friend of his who had done him an unforgettable wrong. Stransom has not had a candle for Acton Hague, and feels that he cannot consecrate one to his memory. She feels it wrong for her to use all his candles for her one purpose. They both feel that their friendship is altered and that they can no longer meet as they used to do. However, after a separation of some months, during which Stransom suffers a debilitating illness, he comes again to the church. At this point, a major apperception occurs. He is gazing fixedly at the lights of the candles.

⁸¹The Altar of the Dead, 14.

They looked unusually, strangely splendid, but the one that always drew him most had an unprecedented lustre. It was the central voice of the choir, the glowing heart of the brightness, and on this occasion it seemed to expand, to spread great wings of flame. The whole altar flared - dazzling and blinding; but the source of the vast radiance burned clearer than the rest, gathering itself into form, and the form was human beauty and human charity, was the far-off face of Mary Antrim. She smiled at him from the glory of heaven - she brought the glory down with her to take him. He bowed his head in submission and at the same moment another wave rolled over him. Was it the quickening of joy to pain? In the midst of his joy at any rate he felt his buried face grow hot as with some communicated knowledge that had the force of a reproach. It suddenly made him contrast that very rapture with the bliss he had refused to another. This breath of the passion immortal was all that other has asked; the descent of Mary Antrim opened his spirit with a ^{great} compunctious throb ~~with~~ the descent of Acton Hague. It was as if Stransom had read what her eyes said to him.⁸²

The moment of apperception amounts to one of emotional conversion. Stransom recognizes the emotional poverty of his life and the cruelty in his rejection of his new friend. At the same time, he is unable to make up for this in any active way. His friend, he discovers, as he rises and turns in the church, is sitting several rows behind him. She, too, has had a moment of vision. She reports that "by a miracle, the sweetest of miracles, the sense of our difference left me." She also tells Stransom that she could come now, to the altar, for his Dead, not for her own. Stransom in turn is able to tell her that the candles burn for her that evening, that they offer the very thing she asked of him. He also declares that the candles have one final message for him. They want "Just one more." Weakened by illness, stunned by emotional shock, he collapses. In this way,

⁸²The Altar of the Dead, 48-9.

he falls a sacrifice both to her and to his religion. The final moment of apperception consists of his realization of the last claim his religion has upon him. His altar of the Dead will not be complete until he himself has joined his dead.

Throughout his novels James has used the moment to focus on the apprehension of life at an extraordinary number of levels. For the most part, he has presented characters in social situations which involve increasingly complex moral and cultural issues. Love and marriage generally provide the complicated emotional backdrop against which the insights are revealed. But the civilizations of the Old and the New World with their own built-in values provide additional decor and stimulus. As we have seen in The American and The Ambassadors to mention only two examples, some of the shocks which provoke moments of apperception result from the collision of cultural values and emotional truths. Again, there may be more public and political provocations such as the fight of the feminist movement in The Bostonians.

Characters as young as Maisie, as innocent as Maggie, as cynical as Osmond or as middle-aged and inhibited as Strether, sometimes emotionally crippled like Olive Chancellor, sometimes in the grip of some mental obsession like Stransom, characters from such varying social strata as Hyacinth and Prince Amerigo, experience the insights. Often their apperceptions derive from their puzzling through and grasping the truth of the social or emotional situation in which

they find themselves. This happens particularly in the case of James's heroines, Isabel and Maggie and Milly, who see a situation first in terms of a striking image, then proceed to analyze their circumstances in these terms and come up with a central truth about themselves and their companions.

Sometimes the apperceptions derive from sharp contrast of experiences. In The Princess Casamassima, for example, the contrast between the poverty-stricken life of Hyacinth and the Princess's luxurious surroundings is used to provoke a number of insights. Hallucination, and/or the apparitional, as in The Beast in the Jungle, The Jolly Corner, The Turn of the Screw, are another source of startling revelations. The particular style in which a house is furnished, as in The Spoils of Poynton, or the force of a work of art as in The Tragic Muse, may also trigger insights.

James is consistent in preparing the reader for these moments. A series of questions and answers such as occurs in The Beast in the Jungle leads both Marcher and the attentive reader along a tortuous path to several important insights. The images of the moorland, the coach and the dove, as has been seen above in the case of Isabel, Maggie, and Milly, also prepare the reader. Or there may be the planting of hints such as occurs in Confidence. The awkward conversation between Bernard and Angela, her strange smile and pleading eyes anticipate Bernard's moment of realization that he is in love with the girl.

Sometimes the images used are given deeper levels of meaning and are built in such a way that they become symbols central not only to the shaping of the apperception and to revealing the contents of the moment but also to the working-out of the whole novel. The golden bowl and the dove in the novels of those titles are two such instances.

Other variations of the techniques of presentation include the simple presentation of the moment by straight third person narrative. Newman's change of heart at the end of The American or Isabel's long meditation by the fire in A Portrait are examples. Or the moment may be presented in terms of first person narrative. Newman tells the story of his own early change of heart about a business deal he had once considered. Sometimes, as in The Sacred Fount, James presents the insights through the frame of another narrator. Here there may be a multiple focus: narrator observing observed, who in turn may be presenting yet another insight; all the while the reader's eye is upon the scene. A character may experience a true moment of apperception directly, as Milly in The Wings of the Dove, when she apprehends the goodness of life. Again, she may be seen to be experiencing one. Mrs. Stringham observes Milly on the mountain-top, acting as burnished reflector here for Milly's apperception into the potentials of life. Then, there are the small telegraphic moments which flash between such characters as Kate and Densher or Angela and Bernard, accomplished by the smallest

fleeting phrase. Sometimes, as in the boating-scene in The Ambassadors, James sketches a scene pictorially, both provoking and presenting the moment of apperception almost as a painter would accomplish it.

Costume, style, symbol, all reinforce the moments of apperception. The style, long winding sentences, cumulative clauses, twists and turns through the mental machinations of the characters and renders all the gradations of apprehension. A short sharp word or phrase may suddenly jerk the mind to an abrupt halt. Mrs. Wix, for example, sharply asks Maisie if she hasn't brought out Maisie's moral sense.⁸³ Maisie senses a spasm within her of something deeper than a moral sense. From the short sharp stop which Mrs. Wix achieved emerges a central moment of apperception for Maisie.

There may be moments of apperception accomplished through rhetoric too. Strether's speech to little Bilham to live is a fine example. Strether's speech employs all the striking metaphors and similes, making use of question, answer and exclamation in exhorting little Bilham not to make his mistake. Ironical and partially false though this speech may be as a representation of Strether's true nature, by its very manner it reveals a great deal about Strether.

Throughout the novels, it can be seen how the moments involve the self. Any apparent insight has had to be both distinguished from and related to the perceiving ego. A striking example, as

⁸³ See p. 119 in the text above.

we have seen, occurs as Strether projects the values of Woollett, Mass., on to the friendship of Chad and Madame de Vionnet. In so doing, he conditions the moment of apperception and reveals a great deal about himself.

Moreover, the assimilation of new material alters the character experiencing the insight. Strether is again a notable case in point. But Maisie, Isabel, Maggie, Newman, indeed, a host of other characters could be named. The narrator in The Sacred Fount is a major example of a character's ability to determine and to create results. The Turn of the Screw also revolves on the many possible interpretations based on doubts about the evidence offered by the narrator.

Finally, we have seen that the images used to express the insight are often characteristic of the person experiencing them. Maggie perceives in striking visual terms. Maisie sees as the child she is, and so on. In this way also, the perceiving ego shapes the moment of apperception.

Interestingly, James maintains an ambiguity of tone and moral neutrality. His interest has been, as he wrote in the essay quoted at the beginning of this chapter, to extend the field of consciousness, and to represent the reality apprehended by "as many phases and aspects and conceptions of it as my infirm hand allows me strength for." In so apprehending, in so invoking and evoking, figuring and representing, seizing and fixing, to borrow again

from that essay, James pushes himself, his characters and, by extension, the reader, to innumerably rich and original apprehensions of experience. Because he has been dedicated to rewarding his "exquisite curiosity" and because the moment of apperception is the highest and most intense point at which curiosity may be rewarded, the moment is absolutely central to his whole achievement.

In a letter to Grace Norton, Henry James wrote:

I don't know why we live - the gift of life comes to us from I don't know what source or for what purpose; but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always of course up to a certain point) life is the most valuable thing we know anything about, and it is therefore presumptively a great mistake to surrender it while there is any yet left in the cup. 84
In other words consciousness is an illimitable power...

The quality and quantity of consciousness presentⁱⁿ his works, rendered especially luminous in the moment of apperception, seems abundant evidence that Henry James, at least in his writing life, did not waste a drop in the cup.

⁸⁴Henry James, Letters, ed. Percy Lubbock, Macmillan, London, 1920, vol. I, 100-101.

CHAPTER IV

VIRGINIA WOOLF

In Virginia Woolf's novels the moments can be understood only in the light of her preoccupation with certain fundamental themes. These themes are expressed in terms of polarities. Isolation and communion form one such pair of opposites. Time and the timeless constitute a second, flux and stability or permanence a third. The most characteristic and important moments of insight are related to these themes. Moments of insight into self or others may be provoked by considerations of the loneliness of the individual in the immensity of the universe. Such an insight is often accompanied by another seeming insight into the nature of the universe, or into the nature of mankind's destiny in that universe. Moments of insight involving a sense of communion with other people may also result from an intense awareness of loneliness and isolation in the face of time and the flux.

There are, of course, moments which are not directly related to the themes of isolation and communion, time and the timeless, flux and stability. Examples occur of personal insight into the characters of others, or into relationships with others, as well as into self. Furthermore, the moments may be qualified by other aspects of Virginia Woolf's vision.

Neurosis, hallucination, and the delirium of a more purely physical illness often colour the moments. The dependence of a single individual upon another, as in marriage, or the interdependence of a group, sometimes alter the experience of insight too. Art often plays an important role. Virginia Woolf sees it sometimes reconciling opposites; sometimes, fixing the moment timelessly.

By far the greatest number of moments express feelings of apparent harmony with or penetration into the universe. Feelings of union with the universe are perceived variously and at various times. However, the opposite feelings of isolation are equally intense. These are often provoked, or at least accompanied, by thoughts of death, time and the flux. The moment, however, always seems to be highly conditioned and qualified by the minds of the characters experiencing them. There are diverse and often diametrically opposed views of the universe. Thus it must be supposed that these insights are not in any real sense insights into the universe but rather projections of the self on to the universe. The following passage from Mrs. Woolf's first novel The Voyage Out provides a brief example of two differing ideas about the universe. Rachel and Terence have quite contrasting views.

"Does it ever seem to you, Terence, that the world is composed entirely of vast blocks of matter, and that we're nothing but patches of light --" she looked at the soft spots of sun wavering over the carpet and up the wall -- "like that?"

"No", said Terence, "I feel solid;
immensely solid; the legs of my chair
might be rooted in the bowels of the
earth".¹

In this moment of ~~aperception~~ perception, as in so many others in Virginia Woolf's novels, the insight is not in any real sense an insight into the universe, but is a reflection or recreation of the universe in terms of the self. It is symptomatic even of the character's need to order the universe in his or her own terms, to assert the self's dominion over what has been experienced as external reality. This of course raises a number of doubts about the validity of these moments as experiences of objective or universal truth. More truth is expressed about the characters than about the universe. Perhaps Virginia Woolf is suggesting that every mind creates its own reality and that this is the only sense in which one can talk of the opposed insights of, say, Mrs. Dalloway and Septimus. Also, despite the fact that they are all abnormal (that is, different from what is normally assented to) the insights, insofar as that term may be used, of Rhoda, Septimus and Rachel are also different from each other. The real problem behind any of these moments, then, is the old problem of what is reality. The moment is created by the personalities, the problems, and limited experience of the two young people. Terence is secure, solid; he conceives the world in these terms.

1. Woolf, The Voyage Out, The Hogarth Press, London, 1929, 358.

Rachel has not as yet found herself. She is constantly baffled by her own nature and all too easily astonished by the behaviour of others. Her feelings about the insubstantiality of the universe are undoubtedly a projection of her own doubts about herself. Such feelings are amply demonstrated in the next paragraph. Rachel sits reading.

The morning was hot, and the exercise of reading left her mind contracting and expanding like the mainspring of a clock. The sounds in the garden outside joined with the clock, and the small noises of midday, which one can ascribe to no definite cause, in a regular rhythm. It was all very real, very big, very impersonal, and after a moment or two she began to raise her first finger and to let it fall on the arm of her chair so as to bring back to herself some consciousness of her own existence. She was next overcome by the unspeakable queerness of the fact that she should be sitting in an armchair, in the morning, in the middle of the world. Who were the people moving in the house -- moving things from one place to another? And life, what was that? It was only a light passing over the surface and vanishing, as in time she would vanish, though the furniture in the room would remain. Her dissolution became so complete that she could not raise her finger any more, and sat perfectly still, listening and looking always at the same spot. It became stranger and stranger. She was overcome with awe that things should exist at all She forgot that she had any fingers to raise The things that existed were so immense, so desolate She continued to be conscious of these vast masses of substance for a long stretch of time, the clock still ticking in the midst of a universal silence.

"Come in", she said mechanically, for a string in her brain seemed to be pulled by a persistent knocking at the door.²

Isolation, loneliness, the ephemerality of all human life, are thus firmly established. The moments cited above fix very

2. The Voyage Out, 144-5.

clearly the idea of this one extreme in human experience. But communion and with it feelings of permanence and stability are at the other extreme and equally present. Rachel and Terence seem to glimpse a more durable universe as they fall in love.

With every word the mist which had enveloped them, making them seem unreal to each other, since the previous afternoon melted a little further, and their contact became more and more natural. Up through the sultry southern landscape they saw the world they knew appear clearer and more vividly than it had ever appeared before.³

Once again there seem to be several "ultimate realities". The moment experienced here seems to express simply another creation of the self, more specifically, a creation of two selves, growing stronger as they draw closer to one another. One is reminded of Coleridge's concept of the primary and secondary imagination: "The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the kind of its agency, and differing only in degree and in the mode of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events, it struggles to idealise and to unify"⁴

The lovers had "drawn so close together", that there seemed
no division

3. The Voyage Out, 344.

4. S.T. Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, Rest Fenner, London, 1817, 295-6.

between them. But intense as these feelings of communion may be, they too are transient. The lovers have less secure moments, when the outer world hangs heavily upon them. Their reflections in a looking-glass chill them: "instead of being vast and indivisible they were really very small and separate, the size of the glass leaving a large space for the reflection of other things".⁵ Once again the world around is glimpsed in terms of their own feelings.

One of the most intense moments of insight into the universe occurs during Rachel's illness. Rachel, in her delirium, is aware that another veil has slipped between her and life.

For six days indeed she had been oblivious of the world outside, because it needed all her attention to follow the hot, red, quick sights which passed incessantly before her eyes. She knew that it was of enormous importance that she should attend to these sights and grasp their meaning, but she was always being just too late to hear or see something which would explain it all. For this reason, the faces, -- Helen's face, the nurse's, Terence's, the doctor's, -- which occasionally forced themselves very close to her, were worrying because they distracted her attention and she might miss the clue. However, on the fourth afternoon she was suddenly unable to keep Helen's face distinct from the sights themselves; her lips widened as she bent down over the bed, and she began to gabble unintelligibly like the rest. The sights were all concerned in some plot, some adventure, some escape. The nature of what they were doing changed incessantly, although there was always a reason behind it, which she must endeavour to grasp. Now they were among trees and savages, now they were on the sea, now they were on the tops of high towers; now they jumped; now they flew. But just as the crisis was about to happen, something invariably slipped in her

5. The Voyage Out, 371.

brain, so that the whole effort had to begin over again. The heat was suffocating. At last the faces went further away; she fell into a deep pool of sticky water, which eventually closed over her head. She saw nothing and heard nothing but a faint booming sound, which was the sound of the sea rolling over her head. While all her tormentors thought that she was dead, she was not dead, but curled up at the bottom of the sea. There she lay, sometimes seeing darkness, sometimes light, while every now and then some one turned her over at the bottom of the sea.⁶

This moment is obviously highly qualified by the delirium. Is Virginia Woolf simply presenting the ramblings of a delirious mind? Or is she showing how, freed from ordinary life, the individual approaches another kind of reality? Or does Mrs. Woolf not oppose the two? Does she see delirium and hallucination as some kind of vision of reality, a reality dominated by persecution and torment? These questions recur throughout the study of Virginia Woolf's novels. It seems that illness breaks through veils, revealing a reality dominated by persecution and torment, similar to the reality apprehended earlier ^{in the} moments. Rachel's insights are of a similar order. She feels threatened whether healthy or ill. Her mind unconsciously orders her perceptions of the world in terms of images expressing the ephemerality and insubstantiality she feels even when healthy, during her delirium. The images are rather more intense and are expressed in terms of capture and torment.

Two characters in later novels, Septimus and Rhoda, endure

6. The Voyage Out, 415-6.

not merely moments but prolonged periods of extreme disorientation from normal experience. Septimus, for example, watches with dangerous excitement, elm trees, rising and falling, driving him almost mad with their proud beauty, their superb motion. Leaves and trees are alive to him. He speaks with their movements. Sparrows form part of the pattern, as does the crying of a child, the sounding of a horn. All taken together, they mean for Septimus the birth of a new religion.

Assuming the archetypal form of a risen god, of a Lord come to renew society, the scapegoat, the eternal sufferer, Septimus tries to utter the message he feels he must communicate to the world.

Men must not cut down trees. There is a God.
(He noted such revelations on the back of
envelopes.) Change the world. No one kills
from hatred. Make it known (he wrote it down).⁷

He is sure of his message. After all, he has communicated with dead Evans. Communication is the most important thing. The supreme secret must be told. In these times of his vision, "his body was macerated until only the nerve fibres were left"⁸ The flesh seems melted off the world. He lies, like a drowned sailor on a rock, looking down into the watery sea, regarding the flux, the superficial coming and going, of life. But now nature signifies to him her meaning. "Fear no more, says the heart in the body, fear no more".⁹ Fear no more, there is no death.

7. Mrs.Dalloway, The Hogarth Press, London, 1954, 28.

8. Mrs.Dalloway, 76.

9. Mrs.Dalloway, 154.

Secure in this knowledge he is able to return, slowly, gradually, by fixing his eye upon one object and then another, to the world in which Rezia sits sewing. Now it seems nothing can hurt him. But this peace lasts only until human nature, with nail and claw, comes down upon him once more. Holmes arrives to take him away.

Septimus does not want to die. But more than that, he does not want to live with men like Holmes, who make life intolerable. Life is too precious for that. And Septimus knows he can go to a life which none such as Holmes and Bradshaw can destroy. And so he flings away the human life which is so precious to them because they cannot see. "It was their idea of tragedy, not his".¹⁰

Septimus's experiences, as Rhoda's in The Waves, raise the problem again: what is reality? The answer here seems that Septimus's vision is not more real or more unreal than that of other men. It is, however, different because it has been created by a mind which has been made abnormal. Any truth in Septimus's insights reveal the special subjective truths of a deranged mind rather than any truth about an ultimate reality. This theory also makes it easier to see the reason for the similarity between certain insights and delirium or hallucination.

Rhoda is also endowed with a hyper-sensitivity. She lives

10. Mrs.Dalloway, 164.

at two levels at once, perceiving both the ordinary objects of everyday life and behind those objects another world which she feels torments her. But she also experiences moments of great peace when she seems to break through her disgust and fear of everyday existence, through the persecuting, tormenting world she sees behind everyday existence, through to a world where all is stillness and softness and beauty. The following passage illustrates these levels in her life. Rhoda is meeting with her friends for dinner at Hampton Court. She reflects how she made her way from the station, and recalls how she perceived the reality by which the others were both surrounded and supported.

"There were lamp-posts", said Rhoda, "and trees that had not yet shed their leaves on the way from the station. The leaves might have hidden me still. But I did not hide behind them. I walked straight up to you instead of circling round to avoid the shock of sensation as I used. But it is only that I have taught my body to do a certain trick. Inwardly I am not taught; I fear, I hate, I love, I envy and despise you, but I never join you happily. Coming up from the station, refusing to accept the shadow of the trees and the pillar-boxes, I perceived, from your coats and umbrellas, even at a distance, how you stand embedded in a substance made of repeated moments run together; are committed, have an attitude, with children, authority, fame, love, society; where I have nothing. I have no face."¹¹

At dinner the complex and confusing qualities of what Rhoda perceives as reality are very vivid. When Susan calls for bread, Rhoda sees "the side of a cup like a mountain and only parts of

11. The Waves, The Hogarth Press, London, 1955, 157-8.

antlers, / and the brightness on the side of the jug like a crack in darkness with wonder and terror". Voices sound like "trees creaking in a forest". To a certain extent, she is comforted by this view of the world. But she does not lose sight of what lies behind it.

"But since these rolls of bread and wine bottles are needed by me, and your faces with their hollows and prominences are beautiful, and the table-cloth and its yellow stains, far from being allowed to spread in wider and wider circles of understanding that may at last (so I dream, falling off the edge of the earth at night when my bed floats suspended) embrace the entire world, I must go through the antics of the individual. I must start when you pluck at me with your children, your poems, your chilblains or whatever it is that you do and suffer. But I am not deluded. After all these callings hither and thither, these pluckings and searchings, I shall fall alone through this thin sheet into gulfs of fire. And you will not help me. More cruel than the old torturers, you will let me fall, and will tear me to pieces when I am fallen. Yet there are moments when the walls of the mind grow thin; when nothing is unabsorbed, and I could fancy that we might blow so vast a bubble that the sun might set and rise in it and we might take the blue of midday and the black of midnight and be cast off and escape from here and now!"¹²

There seem~~s~~ to be several kinds of moment involved in this passage. Rhoda has an insight into the mechanics of living -- bread, wine, professions, children, illness -- as well as into her own isolation, uninvolved as she is in all of these pursuits, and into what is for her a menacing universe behind it all. What constitutes her precise fear is never stated. But it seems to involve a fear of both people and of nature. It certainly comprises a terror of time and change. Rhoda finds comfort in

12. The Waves, 158-9.

things which are fixed and solid. She forever seeks some column in the desert. But there is also a major moment of apperception into yet another aspect of Rhoda's universe. Rhoda experiences a moment of complete harmony. At that point, neither time nor change threaten her. She loses her feelings of separateness ("there are moments when the walls of the mind grow thin") and no longer goes through "the antics of the individual". Rhoda's vision seems to be characterised by a loss of the sense of individuality and identity. It is almost as though she were drowned in a universal nothingness. Certainly "the antics of the individual" are painful and unnatural to her. But her escape from them hardly expresses any feelings of harmony with the universe, as often seems to occur in the visions of the mystics, or as indeed is expressed by the music of the pageant in Between the Acts.

Moment is perhaps not the most accurate term to describe these protracted periods of intense vision suffered by Rhoda and Septimus. Yet such periods of sustained vision obviously incorporate insights. In the cases of Rhoda and Septimus the suffering is prolonged. More than a moment is involved. Indeed what would be a momentary insight for another person is with these people a state of mind. Septimus and Rhoda seem to illustrate T.S.Eliot's lines in Burnt Norton: "human kind/ Cannot bear very much reality".¹³ Once again there is the suggestion of experience reordered, in terms of the painful

13. T.S.Eliot, Burnt Norton, London, Faber and Faber, 1941, 13.

human predicament. As Septimus reflects: "But real things -- real things were too exciting. He must be cautious. He would not go mad".¹⁴ Intense suffering seems to be the payment exacted for revelations into an unusual and highly subjective reality. In clinical terms, the mental states probably amount to neurosis and at times to hallucination. The vastations suffered by members of the James family seem similar to the visions of Septimus and Rhoda although once again the sufferings of the former were of shorter duration. Both Henry James, Senior and William James came to terms with these oppressive fantasies and were able to live productive lives.

The states of mind endured by Rhoda and Septimus can be profitably contrasted with the moments experienced by such characters as Mrs.Dalloway and Mrs.Ramsay. These two women experience unusual moments of a highly personal character. But they are only temporary. Septimus Smith through his death indirectly provides Mrs.Dalloway with a moment of apperception. At first the news of a stranger's death, reported to her by Sir William Bradshaw, seems to blunder into her party, spoiling it. But gradually she sees a meaning that this death has for her. She realises the young man has triumphed over life, over the terror she feels behind its beauty, over its superficiality, over time which dominates it and threatens to overpower it. He had preserved:

A thing ... that mattered; a thing, wreathed
about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her

14. Mrs.Dalloway, 156.

own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved. Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded, one was alone. There was an embrace in death.¹⁵

Septimus, by his death, as it is reported by Sir William, gives Clarissa this moment of apperception. His death makes both life and death more meaningful. When she hears the news, she is made more self-aware. She realises the fear she had of death; she could not throw life away. The most she can fling is a shilling into the Serpentine. Moreover, Mrs.Dalloway now realises that death is not to be feared, nor is time, which threatens all people hourly. There is a greater reality, something to which one can leap, as this unknown young man has illustrated. As E.M.Forster has pointed out, and as Virginia Woolf has suggested in her Diary, Septimus and Clarissa are really the same person. Forster wrote: "The societified lady and the obscure maniac are in a sense the same person. His foot has slipped through the gay surface on which she still stands -- that is all the difference between them. She returns (it would seem) to her party and to the man she loves, and a hint of her new knowledge comes through to him as the London clock strikes three!"¹⁶ In A Writer's Diary, Mrs.Woolf writes about her next project: "Mrs.Dalloway has branched into a book: and I adumbrate here a study of insanity and suicide; the

15. Mrs.Dalloway, 202.

16. E.M.Forster, "The Early Novels of Virginia Woolf" in his Abinger Harvest, Edward Arnold, London, 1936, 108.

world seen by the sane and the insane side by side -- something like that".¹⁷ Septimus really demonstrates his own version of what is a moment of union with the universe. He actually plunges to what he conceives to be the centre. Rhoda also commits suicide but her "union with ultimate reality" is conceived in entirely different terms. She goes to "a pillar in the desert".

Mrs. Ramsay's moment of insight into the universe is of quite a different order. It is also accomplished during a social occasion. She wishes, perhaps needs, to feel at one with the world and gradually her party takes on these dimensions. She is at dinner with her house-guests. At first, however, at the start of the dinner, everything had seemed to be slipping away from her, disintegrating. "But what have I done with my life", she had murmured. Everyone at the table had seemed to be at odds. Slowly, however, she begins to see a pattern taking shape. Once the candles are lit, the diners seem to come together out of the darkness. Then, they are all shut out from the night, seeming to make a small island of safety for themselves in the middle of the sea of time. "Some change at once went through them all, as if this had really happened, and they were all conscious of making a part together in a hollow, on an island; had their common cause against that fluidity out there".¹⁸ Mrs. Ramsay extracts from her impressions

17. A Writer's Diary, The Hogarth Press, London, 1954, 52.

18. To the Lighthouse, The Hogarth Press, London, 1955, 151-2.

of life certain elements which make a worthwhile design. She makes the design to satisfy her yearnings for escape from the flux. Further, the pattern she glimpses is a design imposed by her on her impressions of life. The marvellous bowl of fruit provokes the final touch. It seems to her a work of art, and looking at it, she becomes more and more serene. Looking at it together with Augustus Carmichael unites her with him. The others come under her influence as well and the whole dinner becomes a triumph for Mrs. Ramsay, a triumph which Augustus Carmichael crowns by rising and chanting poetry over her as she passes.

This moment is couched, significantly, in terms suggestive of a work of art. We notice the design of Lily Briscoe's picture being worked out, as she moves the salt cellar to remind her to change the position of a tree. The fruit is "a work of art", and poetry culminates the occasion. Mrs. Ramsay creates a moment of permanence "in living". Later, the artist, Lily Briscoe, creates one in art.

Similarly, Lily's moment is not so much an insight into and harmony with the universe but more the creation of a harmonious vision, that is, of a harmonious reality. This example can also be related to Coleridge on the Imagination. Here, Lily's mental process is comparable to the secondary imagination which "dissolves, diffuses and dissipates in order to recreate". It also unifies. Lily's moment occurs years

after the dinner party described above and after Mrs. Ramsay's death. The influence Mrs. Ramsay has always had upon Lily in large part provoked this moment. The house the painter has returned to visit with the surviving members of the Ramsay family had been "full of unrelated passions" earlier in the morning, Lily remembers. She sets up her easel on the lawn, where the problem on her canvas draws most of her attention. The painting she is working on is the one she started years before when visiting the Ramsays. As she works, she feels drawn out of community with people into the presence of "this formidable ancient enemy of hers",¹⁹ artistic creation. (Mrs. Ramsay's "old antagonist" was life). As she ponders over the composition of her painting, puzzling over the thought that there must have been a shadow which altered the design, the memory of an earlier scene comes to her mind. She remembers an occasion on the beach with Mrs. Ramsay and Charles Tansley. It had "stayed in the mind like a work of art". She remembers:

This, that, and the other; herself and Charles Tansley and the breaking wave; Mrs. Ramsay bringing them together, Mrs. Ramsay saying "Life stands still here"; Mrs. Ramsay making of the moment something permanent (as in another sphere Lily herself tried to make of the moment something permanent) -- this was of the nature of a revelation. In the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability. Life stands still here, Mrs. Ramsay said. "Mrs. Ramsay!" she repeated. She owed this revelation to her.²⁰

19. To the Lighthouse, 245.

20. To the Lighthouse, 249.

It is interesting to note that Virginia Woolf writes that Lily remembering how Mrs. Ramsay brought them all together and "making of the moment something permanent" as she tries to clothe something in another sphere is "of the nature of a revelation". In so doing, she points out that the two women, each in their ways, are artists and calls attention to the fact that the realisation is important enough to be termed a revelation.

But Lily has still to experience a greater revelation. In stages reminiscent of the earlier scene at dinner in which she moved the salt cellar on the table, Lily now actually finds her way back to the crucial problem on canvas. As she forages farther and farther into the past, casting up memories, someone seems to come and sit behind the curtains, throwing "an odd-shaped triangular shadow over the step". With mounting excitement, altering her painting in terms of this new element, Lily "sees" Mrs. Ramsay. "Mrs. Ramsay -- it was part of her perfect goodness to Lily -- sat there quite simply, in the chair, flicked her needles to and fro, knitted her reddish-brown stocking, cast her shadow on the step. There she sat."²¹

But there is still another level of meaning to this moment. While Lily is finishing her painting, Mr. Ramsay and Cam and James are sailing farther and farther from the island out to the lighthouse. The journey is in large part, of

21. To the Lighthouse, 310.

course, a symbolical one. As they move away from the little island, where petty strifes and divisions mar their relationship, their selfishness and hostilities are gradually stripped away. In moving farther out to the lighthouse, which is identified with Mrs. Ramsay and her moments of victory over chaos and the flux, they reach a communion among themselves. Arriving at the lighthouse, which here stands for Mrs. Ramsay, their communion is complete. Through Lily, who has been watching their progress from the shore, and Augustus who has also been watching, this unity is extended one step further. "He has landed", she said aloud. "It is finished". Once again Augustus Carmichael, looking like an old pagan god (he was spoken of as Neptune in the earlier episode), puts the finishing touches on the scene. This time he seems to convey a benediction, not through poetry, but simply through his repetition of her words, "They will have landed", and through the movement of his hand. "Now he has crowned the occasion, she thought, when his hand slowly fell, as if she had seen him let fall from his great height a wreath of violets and asphodels which, fluttering slowly, lay at length upon the earth".

Quickly, Lily turns to her painting. The lines there are blurred, the steps she has been gazing at are empty. Yet, "with a sudden intensity, as if she saw it clear for a second, she drew a line there, in the centre. It was done, it was

finished". She has experienced her vision.²²

The vision has been transferred through the influence of another character. Mrs. Ramsay's unifying, life-giving qualities have remained to provide Lily with this moment. Moreover, Lily not only experiences her vision but also through her painting creates and records a communion which is paralleled by the communion created by the influence of Mrs. Ramsay, an artist in life. Her painting, by its own existence, triumphs over time. The work of art is a trophy "won by the mind from matter, its enemy and its friend".²³

The influence of one character upon another in creating moments of apperception, particularly moments of communion, can be seen in The Waves also. In this novel, Percival brings the other characters together. Through him, they seem to find peace and significance for their lives. Percival is unique among Virginia Woolf's unifying characters: he does not directly appear in the novel, existing only in the minds of the others. Without their hero, Percival, the other six characters, Bernard, Susan, Neville, Jinny, Louis and Rhoda, would remain quite separated individuals. They would neither see nor feel any underlying unity. But when they come together to meet Percival, their feelings of separateness seem to leave them. The world seems to become more and more lucid. As in

22. To The Lighthouse, 220.

23. Forster, "Virginia Woolf" in Abinger Harvest, 40. Further evidence of this view of Mrs. Woolf's on art is found in her Roger Fry. There, describing one of his paintings, she writes: "But on the table, protected by its placard was the still life -- those symbols of detachment, those tokens of a spiritual reality, immune from destruction, the immortal apples, the eternal eggs". Fry, 215.

the interchapter, the sun rises higher to its zenith, bringing everything into bold outline, so too, in their world, "Light falls upon real objects now. Here are knives and forks. The world is displayed, and we too, so that we can talk".²⁴ The group, meeting for dinner, seven separate individuals who have sprung up so differently from the same roots, becomes a "seven-sided flower, many-petalled, red, puce, purple-shaded stiff with silver tinted leaves -- a whole flower to which every eye brings its own contribution".²⁵ They are drawn into communion by some deep, common emotion. Love, it seems, is too particular a name for it. Now that they have come together, their reactions are notable. Rhoda, who seems to be particularly sensitive to colour and form, observes that "one thing melts into another". Jinny feels that "our senses have widened". Bernard, who still makes stories, thinks that India's troubles are resolved. Louis and Neville both point out the falsity of saying, "I am this, I am that":

"these attempts to say, 'I am this, I am that', which we make coming together, like separated parts of one body and soul, are false We have tried to accentuate differences. From the desire to be separate we have laid stress upon our faults, and what is particular to us. But there is a chain whirling round, round, in a steel-blue circle beneath".²⁶

Susan too sees the moment in terms of a circle. "A circle has

24. The Waves, 91.

25. The Waves, 91.

26, The Waves, 98.

been cast upon the waters; a chain is imposed. We shall never flow freely again".²⁷ Rhoda sees something between her dreams, though it could not be called reality, and thinks in terms not of a circle, but "now a triangle, now a column".

The moment is over for them all too soon. Passions rise again to the surface and the circle is destroyed. Bernard is left to sum up. This moment, the globe they have all shared, is made of all things, he says. "Of Percival, of youth and beauty, and something so deep sunk within us that we shall perhaps never make this moment out of one man again".²⁸ Forests, countries, seas and jungles are in it; happiness, the quiet of ordinary things, weekdays, seasons and what is to come are in it. This moment gives power. "We too ... stride not into chaos, but into a world that our own force can subjugate and make part of the illumined and everlasting road".²⁹

This moment of harmony represents a victory over time and the flux. It is unlike Lily's moment, cited above, in that it is not created in the terms of a work of art. Indeed it resembles more closely the moment of union Mrs.Ramsay brings about at her dinner party. The techniques of presentation are different. At Mrs.Ramsay's dinner, it is Mrs.Ramsay chiefly who experiences this moment. But the other characters are clearly "under the influence". In The Waves, however, each of

27. The Waves, 102.

28. The Waves, 104.

29. The Waves, 105.

the characters expresses his reactions to the moment. The moment of communion in The Waves stays in the minds of the other characters. As has happened in To the Lighthouse, the earlier moment will also be tested, and repeated, after Percival's death.

Meeting together again, after Percival's death, the group once again experience a moment of communion. They come together in the early evening. The sun is sinking, the hard stone of the day has been cracked, shadows lengthen and outlines dim. Coming together without Percival, they prove that beneath the surface of things they remain united. Once again they challenge death. "Where is death tonight", Louis asks. The flower is six-sided now. The six make "one life", which blazes against the yew trees before illusion returns and they go their separate ways.

Percival's role in these moments of group communion is all-important. As a common and beneficent and harmonising element in the individual realities of all six, he in some sense makes the communion, whether he is present or not. In other words, their common love for him unites them, as, in the boat, the common love of Mrs.Ramsay unites the family.

Virginia Woolf lays great stress on the importance of relationships in provoking these moments. It is interesting to note that Mrs.Dalloway, Lily and Mrs.Ramsay, all of whom experience intense moments of insight, are spared the extreme anguish, the breakdowns, and the suicides which Septimus and

Rhoda suffer. It seems that at least part of their salvation lies in the fact that they are balanced and supported by other relationships and other things. Mrs.Dalloway and Mrs.Ramsay are sustained by their marriages and to a certain extent by their children. They are surrounded and supported by the social fabric marriage and family entail. Lily's position is more isolated. But she too has relationships with Mrs.Ramsay and with William Bankes which nourish her. Then, too, though she hesitates to mention it, she has her work. Septimus Smith, although married, seems incapable of feeling. He cannot communicate with his wife Rezia, or his doctors. In fact, he seems able to communicate only with the dead Evans. Rhoda attempts a love affair with Louis, but, "fearing embraces", soon relinquishes that liaison.

The moments experienced by Lucy Swithin in Between The Acts can also be compared with the ones experienced by these other characters. Lucy also has her glimpses of her own particular reality. She is widowed but finds strength and comfort in her religion. This religious faith colours her moments of apperception. There are strong elements of pantheism in her outlook. Her avowed creed is that all are one. In her "one-making" she seems to have a revelation that:

Sheep, cows, grass, trees, ourselves -- all are one. If discordant, producing harmony -- if not to us, to a gigantic ear attached to a gigantic head. And thus -- she was smiling benignly -- the agony of the particular sheep, cow, or human being is necessary; and so -- she was beaming seraphically at the gilt vane in the distance --

we reach the conclusion that all is harmony,
could we hear it. And we shall.³⁰

Watching the fish in the lily pool, her own faith is strengthened: 'Ourselves', she murmured. And retrieving some glint of faith from the grey waters, hopefully, without much help from reason, she followed the fish; the speckled, streaked, and blotched; seeing in that vision beauty, power, and glory in ourselves. Although her brother laughs at her ideas, she always returns to her private vision: "of beauty which is goodness; the sea on which we float. Mostly impervious, but surely every boat sometimes leaks? He would carry the torch of reason till it went out in the darkness of the cave. For herself, every morning, kneeling, she protected her vision".³¹ Her faith centres around the cross she strokes frequently; it is her centre of stability as she stands between two fluidities, the air rushing above, the water beneath.

The moments experienced by Miss La Trobe, another artist among Mrs. Woolf's characters, also afford interesting comparisons with these other insights into universal communion. Like Mrs. Ramsay and Percival, Miss La Trobe creates moments of communion for other people. She accomplishes this by her pageant. In this respect she is like Lily. However, there are very real differences between the two women. Miss La Trobe seems to be without family or friends, and suffers the taint

30. Between the Acts, The Hogarth Press, London, 1953, 204.

31. Between the Acts, 240.

of "foreignness" in an English village. The apperception she both creates and experience consists of the pageant she mounts for the villagers. Her pageant is designed to show the watchers that they all are one. She first catches their interest with the ancient Britons, then involves her audience in the gaiety of the lusty Elizabethans. Finally, she brings the members of the audience personally together. The tick, tick, tick of the gramophone, marking time, holds them during the quiet interludes. Even as the pageant progresses, Miss La Trobe experiences moments of apperception by making her audience share in her vision. "Hadn't she, for twenty-five minutes, made them see? A vision imparted was relief from agony... for one moment ... one moment."³² But Miss La Trobe never remains satisfied for long. Her feelings of glory are dashed as she notices that Giles Oliver and Cobbett of Cobbs Corner, backs turned to the audience, have not seen or felt. They are cut off from the rest of humanity and have still to be brought into unity. But she is having more success with the rest of the audience. They seem to sense already that Miss La Trobe is showing them human nature, revealing themselves. One woman enquires, "But surely we're more civilised than the village idiot?" When the music summons them back to the pageant, the inner voice of the group speaks silently of inner harmony. Although the day can break them apart, although the office, and work, and earning wages compels disparity, music

32. Between the Acts, 117.

makes them "see the hidden, join the broken".³³ They note the flowers, and th trees and the birds who bid them come together, crowd together, crowd together.

The rest of the pageant develops the same theme. After the play, "Where There's a Will There's a Way", one voice out of the crowd declares, "all that fuss about nothing". All that fuss about love, and money, and looks, and pride. Once again Miss La Trobe's vision has been shared. She urges the chorus to sing louder. They chant of the passing of civilisations. "All passes but we, all changes ... but we remain forever the same."³⁴ For a moment, when the wind blows the words of the chorus away, and the audience sit staring, uncomprehending, Miss La Trobe fears that her illusion has failed. "This is death", she murmured, "death". But as the stage illusion peters out, nature takes up the burden. The cows start up a chorus of bellows. The whole world seems filled with dumb yearning.

At the end of the sequence the watchers are unsettled, not quite themselves. Now Miss La Trobe presses on to complete her vision. Prosperity, respectability, intolerance, slavery and prejudice, "the price of Empire", is the burden of what she shows them next. Then after upsetting and confusing them with this unflattering portrait of the Victorians, she makes them wait for ten minutes, douching them with present-time

33. Between the Acts, 143.

34. Between the Acts, 164.

reality. The programme supplied the information that they are to see themselves. But "'myself' -- it was impossible." Audiences are the devil, Miss La Trobe thinks: "O to write a play, the play, without an audience". Her experiment seems to be a failing, illusion deserting her. But once again nature takes her part. A sudden rain shower falls. The drops are the tears of the world. "All people's tears, weeping for all people." Now she can go ahead to consolidate her vision.

Civilisation is in ruins, the voice from the gramophone says. The wall which is civilisation must be built up by human efforts. But how can such scraps, orts, and fragments as ourselves build such a wall? Mirrors flashing and waving show the fragments of themselves. Then, stopping, they catch them all in one reflection. At the same time the hands of the clock stop at the present moment. Now actors and audience are one. The villagers realise that they have been watching themselves. The vision is unbearable. The members of the audience cannot look at themselves. Only Mrs.Manresa remains unperturbed, making use of the opportunity to repair her lipstick. Meanwhile the voice on the gramophone relentlessly pursues the theme.

Mrs.Woolf presents Miss La Trobe as the artist who conquers with the gift of recreation. She is "not merely a twitcher of individual strings; she (is) one who sees the wandering bodies and floating voices in a cauldron, and makes rise up from its amorphous mass a recreated world". Here there

seems a clear indication of harmony as a creation rather than as an insight. Miss La Trobe is much more the visionary than Lily Briscoe, leaping intuitively to her vision. Lily labours and toils and works things out mechanically. Moreover, Miss La Trobe communicates her experience. Lily's work remains to be enjoyed by herself. Her painting has really no influence or effect on others. But like Lily Briscoe, Miss La Trobe experiences feelings of glory for never more than a moment. Immediately after, she is always dissatisfied.

She could open her arms. She could say to the world. You have taken my gift! Glory possessed her -- for one moment. But what had she given? A cloud that melted into the other clouds on the horizon. It was in the giving that the triumph was. And the triumph faded. Her gift meant nothing. If they had understood her meaning; if they had known their parts; if the pearls had been real and the funds illimitable -- it would have been a better gift. Now it had gone to join the others.

"A failure", she groaned, and stooped to put away the records.³⁵

Nonetheless this despair is equally temporary. A new play is always in her mind; she always seems to be turning over another way of creating her vision. The creating of that moment of communion which has been experienced by the villagers, under Miss La Trobe's tutelage, differs from those in To The Lighthouse in that Mrs. Woolf shows some one actually creating it. Thus there is not only the actual reaction of the observers, but also the insights of the creator which go into the recreating of the vision. The artist has his or her own version of

35. Between the Acts, 244.

reality, which may not be apprehended by other people. Mrs. Woolf records for us yet another of Miss La Trobe's moments of creative vision.

The cheap clock ticked; smoke obscured the pictures. Smoke became tart on the roof of her mouth. Smoke obscured the earth coloured jackets. She no longer saw them, yet they upheld her, sitting arms akimbo with her glass before her. There was the high ground at midnight; there was the rock; and two scarcely perceptible figures. Suddenly the tree was pelted with starlings. She set down her glass. She heard the first words.³⁶

Objects, as well as groups or another individual, sometimes generate moments involving an individual's projections on to the universe of feeling of union with it or penetration into it. Rachel is out in South America, beginning to accustom herself to the new life out there. The previous evening she had attended a dance and discovered for the first time that they could be fun. She had also been flattered and intrigued by the attentions of Hewet and Hirst. The following day she takes a walk before lunch. It is April and the whole world has a very fresh aspect. She is "filled with one of those unreasonable exultations which start generally from an unknown cause, and sweep whole countries and skies into their embrace". The excitement of the previous evening still hums in her head, forming "a tumultuous background from which the present moment, with its opportunity for doing exactly as she liked, sprung more wonderfully vivid even than the night before".³⁷ But her

36. Between the Acts, 248.

37. The Voyage Out, 204.

thoughts are interrupted by a tree, growing across her path.

It was an ordinary tree, but to her it appeared so strange, that it might have been the only tree in the world. Dark was the trunk in the middle, and the branches sprang here and there, leaving jagged intervals of light between them as distinctly as if it had but that second risen from the ground. Having seen a sight that would last her for a lifetime, and for a lifetime would preserve that second, the tree once more sank into the ordinary ranks of trees³⁸

Flowers and pebbles seem to take on their own life and disposition. Picking up Gibbon to read, the words seem more vivid and beautiful than any others she has ever read. Slowly her mind becomes less confused, and she becomes more aware of "the origins of her exaltation, which were twofold and could be limited by an effort to the persons of Mr. Hirst and Mr. Hewet".³⁹ Although she cannot reason about them she apprehends that "From them all life seemed to radiate". She gradually becomes haunted by a suspicion. Although she tries to outrun her ideas, she has to rest from all the excitement.

"What is it to be in love?" she demanded, after a long silence; each word as it came into being seemed to shove itself out into an unknown sea. Hypnotised by the wings of the butterfly, and awed by the discovery of a terrible possibility in life, she sat for some time longer. When the butterfly flew away, she rose, and with her two books beneath her arm returned home again, much as a soldier prepared for battle.⁴⁰

Here Rachel is clearly projecting her very new, very

38. The Voyage Out, 204-5. A tree is used once again in The Waves to represent permanence and stability. Bernard records that "The tree alone resisted our eternal flux" (The Waves, 177).

39. The Voyage Out, 206.

40. The Voyage Out, 207.

wonderful feelings of falling in love, which she at first cannot even define, on to the world. The tree, the flowers, the very pebbles are endowed with the special qualities she feels stirring in herself. She becomes aware of a "terrible possibility" in life, as she becomes aware of it in herself. Once again, the perceiving mind both creates and defines the objective world in terms of its subjective self.

The lighthouse has a similar effect upon Mes.Ramsay. She achieves a feeling of calm from her sense of identity with the long steady third stroke of the lighthouse light.

She looked up over her knitting and met the third stroke and it seemed to her like her own eyes meeting her own eyes, searching as she alone could search into her mind and her heart, purifying out of existence that lie, any lie. She praised herself in praising the light, without vanity, for she was stern, she was searching, she was beautiful like that light. It was odd, she thought, how if one was alone, one leant to things, inanimate things; trees, streams, flowers; felt they expressed one; felt they became one; felt they knew one, in a sense were one⁴¹

The moment is only a moment, and perhaps a slight one. But in it Mrs.Ramsay, seeking escape, desiring rest, gathers everything into herself and finds the peace she desires. Identifying with the light, gathering the past around her, she attains, in what she feels is her central core of being, a platform of stability. And, "It is enough!"⁴²

Mrs.Ramsay sees herself, in this moment of peace in the

41. To the Lighthouse, 101.

42. To the Lighthouse, 104.

early evening as a "wedge-shaped core of darkness".

This core of darkness could go anywhere, for no one saw it. They could not stop it, she thought, exulting. There was freedom, there was peace, there was, most welcome of all, a summoning together, a resting on a platform of stability. Not as oneself did one find rest ever, in her experience (she accomplished here something dexterous with her needles), but as a wedge of darkness. Losing personality, one lost the fret, the hurry, the stir; and there rose to her lips always some exclamation of triumph over life when things came together in this peace, this rest, this eternity.... 43

As a wedge-shaped core of darkness, Mrs.Ramsay moves to a platform of stability. She triumphs over time and the flux, brings other people's lives momentarily together, and has, it seems, an influence upon them which outlasts her death. The lighthouse beam is representative of Mrs.Ramsay's outward light-giving aspects. Similarly the lighthouse colours her vision at her hidden self: she is a wedge-shaped core of darkness, on "a platform of stability" in the flux of the sea. It is interesting to note that Lily also intuitively perceives Mrs.Ramsay in these terms. In her painting, "an odd-shaped triangular shadow" falls over the step. Lily seems to see Mrs.Ramsay sitting there quietly, adding just the right stroke for the composition of her painting. The passage seems to suggest that the artist has a vision of Mrs.Ramsay approximating to Mrs.Ramsay's vision of herself. Possibly it also suggests that there is a kind of objective

43. To the Lighthouse, 100.

truth to this vision. The lighthouse, too, is a wedge or core shape. As Mrs. Ramsay brings other people together, and as in the composition of Lily's picture she brings the various parts of the painting together, so too in the design of the novel, the lighthouse pulls together all the parts of the book -- characters, symbols, beginning and ending -- into one significant unity.

In The Years, the land provokes a moment of apperception for Kitty. She is fond of getting away from London, escaping to her beloved Northern estate. There, walking to the top of a hill, she can lose her sense of self, merging with the view:

Her body seemed to shrink; her eyes to widen. She threw herself on the ground, and looked over the billowing land that went rising and falling, away and away, until somewhere far off it reached the sea. Uncultivated, uninhabited, existing by itself, for itself, without towns or houses it looked from this height. Dark wedges of shadow, bright breadths of light lay side by side. Then, as she watched, light moved and dark moved; light and shadow went travelling over the hills and over the valleys. A deep murmur sang in her ears -- the land itself, singing to itself, a chorus, alone. She lay there listening. She was happy, completely. Time had ceased.⁴⁴

Kitty's moment is very complicated. It is first a projection from her own mind indicating a need for a place where she can feel a reality and permanence outside the time flux. The land exists on its own, independent of anyone or anything else. Thus,

44. The Years, 300. The Hogarth Press, London, 1951, 300.

for Kitty, the ~~moment~~^{insight} seems to be into harmony and unity at an objective order of the world. The land sings, humming to itself. Kitty seems to share in that song and to find complete happiness and peace, outside time, away from change.

These natural finite objects seem to some of Virginia Woolf's characters to have an infinite existence and to be immune from chaos and decay. Insofar as they can identify with these objects, they too can achieve a kind of immortality. These same feelings prevail in the moments of group communion. The characters make "one life". Time is extinguished. Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Dalloway also find this kind of immortality. Mrs. Ramsay has experienced "that community of feeling with other people which emotion gives as if the walls of partition had become so thin that practically (the feeling was one of relief and happiness) it was all one stream, and chairs, tables, maps, were hers, were theirs, it did not matter whose, and (they) would carry it on when she was dead".⁴⁵ Mrs. Dalloway sometimes feels that her life opens out, enters into other lives, passes into other places.

But she said, sitting on the bus going up Shaftesbury Avenue, she felt herself everywhere; not "here, here, here"; and she tapped the back of the seat; but everywhere. She waved her hand, going up Shaftesbury Avenue. She was all that. So that to know her, or any one, one must seek out the people who completed them; even the places. Odd affinities she had with people she had never spoken to, some woman in the street, some man behind a counter -- even trees, or barns.⁴⁶

45. To the Lighthouse, 175-6.

46. Mrs. Dalloway, 168.

Such theories lead Mrs.Dalloway to believe "(for all her scepticism), that since our apparitions, the part of us which appears, are so momentary compared with the other, the unseen part of us, which spreads wide, the unseen might survive, be recovered somehow attached to this person or that, or even haunting certain places, after death".

The underlying unity of humanity which can be projected through the moment of apperception is stressed by Bernard in The Waves. He recalls towards the end of his life the communion he and his friends felt when they came together for dinner. "We saw for a moment laid out among us the body of the complete human being whom we have failed to be, but at the same time, cannot forget". "Past time, past history we went", he says. But that moment lasts only a second.

But we -- against the brick, against the branches, we six, out of how many million millions, for one moment out of what measureless abundance of past time and time to come, burnt there triumphant. The moment was all; the moment was enough. And then Neville, Jinny, Susan and I, as a wave breaks, burst asunder, surrendered -- to the next leaf, to the precise bird, to a child with a hoop, to a prancing dog, to the warmth that is hoarded in woods after a hot day, to the lights twisted like white ribbon on rippled waters. We drew apart; we were consumed in the darkness of the trees, leaving Rhoda and Louis to stand on the terrace by the urn.⁴⁷

That moment of insight leads Bernard, as in similar circumstances it provoked Mrs.Dalloway and Mrs.Ramsay, to speculate about immortality. He asks: "Was this, then, this

47. The Waves, 197.

streaming away mixed with Susan, Jinny, Neville, Rhoda, Louis, a sort of death? A new assembly of elements? Some hint of what was to come?"⁴⁸

Before death, and before any streaming away together and identification with other elements, which seem to be entailed in Virginia Woolf's notions of immortality, there are many divisive elements to be faced. Several characters experience intense insights into the qualities which divide rather than unite mankind. Septimus Smith, for one, sees the horror and terror behind the surface of life. He is, in particular, terrified of human nature. As traffic stops, and converges to one centre, he sees the world "as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames".⁴⁹ He ponders the possibility that the world itself is without meaning. But then he seems to discover a central truth about life, one that is handed down from generation to generation. The truth is, he discovers, "that human beings have neither kindness, nor faith, nor charity beyond what serves to increase the pleasure of the moment. They hunt in packs. Their packs scour the desert and vanish screaming into the wilderness. They desert the fallen. They are plastered over with grimaces".⁵⁰ He, for one, refuses to propagate the race.

Rhoda sees a similar repulsiveness in human nature. After

48. The Waves, 198.

49. Mrs. Dalloway, 18.

50. Mrs. Dalloway, 99.

Percival's death, as she walks down Oxford Street, she experiences a particularly keen insight into the loathsomeness of humanity.

Look at the street now that Percival is dead. The houses are lightly founded to be puffed over by a breath of air. Reckless and random the cars race and roar and hunt us to death like bloodhounds. I am alone in a hostile world. The human face is hideous,⁵¹

These glimpses keep her separate from others, and she wanders alone until she goes to what she has always fancied to be the answer to her problems, her pillar in the desert, death by suicide. Other characters, however, find other answers.

Nicholas Pamjalovsky, in The Years, seems to glimpse both the problems in human nature and a possible solution. When Eleanor asks him how men can live more naturally and better, he replies that it is only a question of learning, a question of the soul.

"The soul -- the whole being", he explained. He hollowed his hands as if to enclose a circle. "It wishes to expand; to adventure; to form -- new combinations Whereas now ... this is how we live, screwed up into one hard little, tight little -- knot? Each is his own little cubicle; each his own cross or holy books; each with his fire, his wife...."⁵²

Selfishness is the core of the trouble, he says. In the same novel, North Pargiter has a similar vision. People are interested "only in their own; their own property; their own flesh and blood".⁵³ They are all deformed. If it were a

51. The Waves, 113.

52. The Years, 319.

53. The Years, 407-8.

question "of 'my' children, of 'my' possessions, it would be one rip down the belly, or teeth in the soft fur of the throat".⁵⁴

North sees an alternative, although when he thinks of reform, he also thinks that it is no good crying out Justice! Liberty!

"Something's wrong, he thought; there's a gap, a dislocation, between the word and the reality. If they want to reform the world, he thought, why not begin there, at the centre, with themselves?"⁵⁵

The way the older generation took, that of meetings and force, is not the way for the future. Instead, North argues to himself, the reform must begin inside the person himself.

He watched the bubbles rising in the yellow liquid. For them it's all right, he thought; they've had their day; but not for him, not for his generation. For him a life modelled on the jet (he was watching the bubbles rise), on the spring, of the hard leaping fountain; another life; a different life. Not halls and reverberating megaphones; not marching in step after leaders, in herds, groups, societies, caparisoned. No; to begin inwardly and let the devil take the outer form, he thought, looking up at a young man with a fine forehead and a weak chin. Not black shirts, green shirts, red shirts -- always posing in the public eye; that's all poppycock. Why not down barriers and simplify? But a world, he thought, that was all one jelly, one mass, would be a rice pudding world, a white counterpane world. To keep the emblems and tokens of North Pargiter -- the man Maggie laughs at, the Frenchman holding his hat; but at the same time spread out, make a new ripple in human consciousness, be the bubble and the stream, the stream and the bubble -- myself and the world together -- he raised his glass. Anonymously, he said, looking at the clear yellow liquid. But what do I mean, he wondered -- I, to whom ceremonies are suspect, and religion's dead;

54. The Years, 409.

55. The Years, 437.

who don't fit, as the man said, don't fit in anywhere? He paused. There was the glass in his hand; in his mind a sentence. And he wanted to make other sentences. But how can I, he thought. He looked at Eleanor, who sat with a silk handkerchief in her hands -- unless I know what is solid, what's true; in my life, in other people's lives?⁵⁶

Underneath all the surface vanities and appearances, he knows that there is "the fountain, the sweet nut". People are separated by fear, fear of each other, fear of criticism, fear of people who think differently. But there is no real need to caparison themselves; they must get underneath.

But there are elements other than attitudes of human nature which make for chaos and decay. The characters see other forces in the universe which threaten man. Time is one of these forces. In Orlando, Mrs. Woolf had written of the difficulty of surviving the "terrifying revelation" of the "present moment". "That we survive the shock at all", she says, "is only possible because the past shelters us on one side and the future on another".⁵⁷ In The Waves Rhoda has a similar insight into her fear of time.

"If I could believe", said Rhoda, "that I should grow old in pursuit and change, I should be rid of my fear: nothing persists. One moment does not lead to another. The door opens and the tiger leaps. You did not see me come. I circled round the chairs to avoid the horror of the spring. I am afraid of you all. I am afraid of the shock of sensation that leaps upon me, because I cannot deal with it as you do -- I cannot make one moment merge in the next. To me they are all violent, all separate; and if I fall

56. The Years, 442-3.

57. Orlando, The Hogarth Press, London, 1933, 268.

under the shock of the leap of the moment
 you will be on me, tearing me to pieces.
 I have no end in view. I do not know how
 to run minute to minute and hour to hour,
 solving them by some natural force until
 they make the whole and indivisible mass
 that you call life.⁵⁸

And yet Rhoda also has moments in which time seems to be annihilated. In the moment of communion with the others, she is freed from this terror of time. Then, "nothing is unabsorbed", and she can "push off and escape from here and now".

The threat and shock of the moment is not the only aspect of time which is apperceived in Virginia Woolf's novels. The present moment can also provide a chance for characters to project the delights of the endless swing and change they see in life. Mrs.Dalloway has such a revelation:

For Heaven only knows why one loves it so,
 how one sees it so, making it up, building
 it round one, tumbling it, creating it every
 moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the
 most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps
 (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be
 dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of
 Parliament for that very reason: they love life.
 In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge;
 in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, the
 motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling
 and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the
 triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing
 of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life;
 London; this moment of June.⁵⁹

Mrs.Dalloway expresses here her enjoyment of the endless variety and delight she often finds in living. But she can also be occupied with the aspects of life. Time, for example, is one

58. The Wave, 93.

59. Mrs. Dalloway, 6.

of the mysteries of life to her. Big Ben strikes the hours and half-hours throughout the book. At one point, as it strikes the half-hour, Clarissa thinks:

How extraordinary it was, strange, yes, touching to see the old lady (they had been neighbours ever so many years) move away from the window, as if she were attached to that sound, that string. Gigantic as it was, it had something to do with her. Down, down, into the midst of ordinary things the finger fell, making the moment solemn. She was forced, so Clarissa imagined, by that sound, to move, to go -- but where? Clarissa tried to follow her as she turned and disappeared, and could still just see her white cap moving at the back of the bedroom. She was still there, moving about at the other end of the room. Why creeds and prayers and mackintoshes? when, thought Clarissa, that's the miracle, that's the mystery; that old lady, she meant, whom she could see going from chest of drawers to dressing-table. She could still see her. And the supreme mystery which Kilman might say she had solved, or Peter might say he had solved, but Clarissa didn't believe either of them had the ghost of an idea of solving, was simply this: here was one room; there another. Did religion solve that, or love?⁶⁰

Clarissa's apperception into the mystery of human life and communion, which she rather gracefully accepts, can be contrasted with Miss Kilman's insight. A small clock always strikes two minutes after Big Ben. It causes Miss Kilman to stop and reflect: "It is the flesh".⁶¹ This moment of insight operates at several levels for Miss Kilman. Time (the striking of the clock) reminds her of the flesh; this thought in turn

60. Mrs. Dalloway, 140-1.

61. Mrs. Dalloway, 141.

reminds her of her own flesh, and thus of herself. The moment of insight into the nature of time is very clearly a reflection of Miss Kilman's self. Along with her heightened vision of herself go feelings of separateness.

It was the flesh that she must control. Clarissa Dalloway had insulted her. That she expected. But she had not triumphed; she had not mastered the flesh. Ugly, clumsy, Clarissa Dalloway had laughed at her for being that; and had revived the fleshly desires, for she minded looking as she did beside Clarissa.... Sometimes lately it had seemed to her that, except for Elizabeth, her food was all that she lived for; her comforts; her dinner, her tea; her hot-water bottle at night. But one must fight; vanquish; have faith in God. Mr. Whittaker had said she was there for a purpose. But no one knew the agony! He said, pointing to the crucifix, that God knew. But why should she have to suffer when other women, like Clarissa Dalloway, escaped? Knowledge comes through suffering, said Mr. Whittaker.⁶²

Miss Kilman does not seem to achieve this knowledge. But Mrs. Dalloway, as is shown by her remarks about the supreme mystery, here one room, there another, as she watched the old lady going about her life in the rooms opposite, seems to have this sort of understanding. Eleanor in The Years sees the future in similar terms. Eleanor has dozed off to sleep at the party. She awakens to find everyone standing around in a circle, with day breaking outside the windows. She murmurs: "Always there were rooms; always there were people. Always from the beginning of time She shut her hands on the coins she was holding, and against she was suffused with a feeling of happiness." But as she grows wider awake, she is able to be

62. Mrs. Dalloway, 141-2.

more explicit about this feeling of happiness. Eleanor has her moment of apperception which seems to take in all time and all people. At this moment, it seems to her that a new chorus is beginning. "There must be another life, here and now, she repeated. This is too short, too broken. We know nothing, even about ourselves. We're only just beginning, she thought, to understand, here and there". She tries to complete her present moment with comprehension. She feels "that she wanted to enclose the present moment; to make it stay; to fill it fuller and fuller, with the past, the present and the future, until it shone, whole, bright, deep with understanding".⁶³ But she cannot communicate these feelings. Even as she is aware of her new power, she knows that for her too "there would be the endless night: the endless dark. She looked ahead of her as though she saw opening in front of her a very ^{long} dark tunnel. But, thinking of the dark, something baffled ~~her~~ her; in fact it was growing light. The blinds were white."⁶⁴

Eleanor's moment is compounded of the past, the present and the future. For her, the three are present in the two grubby children singing in their odd accents; in the family group, the old brothers and sisters, standing against the windows; and in the young man and woman who get out of a cab and enter the house next door. As in The Waves, the sun rises and the sky wears a look of extraordinary beauty and peace.

63. The Years, 461-2.

64. The Years, 462.

Eleanor seems to draw strength and understanding from this. She expresses her hopes for the unbroken power and continuity of the human race. For her, the morning scene seems to say that one day there will dawn real peace.

Eleanor's moment has stressed the hope of the future. Lucy Swithin, on the other hand, while aware of the present moment, sees it couched in terms of historical time. Her favourite reading is an Outline of History. She spends hours "thinking of rhododendron forests in Piccadilly, when the entire continent, not then, she understood, divided by a channel, was all one; populated, she understood, by elephant-bodied, seal-necked; heaving, surging, slowly writhing, and, she supposed, barking monsters; the iguanodon, the mammoth, and the mastodon; from whom presumably, she thought, jerking the window open, we descend."⁶⁵ As she watches Miss La Trobe's pageant, and goes about her "one-making", she states that she doesn't believe there were ever any such people as the Victorians. "Only you and me and William dressed differently!"⁶⁶ Mrs. Swithin's insights into the nature of time thus support theories of the unity of all living creatures.

Isa's insights into the nature of time, however, are like most of the insights in Virginia Woolf's novels, really glimpses into her own personal life, into the burden of the past she carries, and the future dream she hopes to find. For

65. Between The Acts, 13.

66. Between The Acts, 203.

Isa, the present is never enough: "'not for us, who've the future', she seemed to say. The future disturbing our present". Her future, at this point, is for her involved with the man in grey, Rupert Haines, whom her eyes follow but whom she never reaches. The past is a burden she must carry.

"How am I burdened with what they drew from the earth; memories, possessions. This is the burden that the past laid on me, last little donkey in the long caravanserai crossing the desert. 'Kneel down', said the past. 'Fill your pannier from our tree. Rise up, donkey. Go your way till your heels blister and your hoofs crack'".

The pear was as hard as stone. She looked down at the cracked flags beneath which the roots spread. "This was the burden", she mused, "laid on me in the cradle; murmured by waves; breathed by restless elm trees; crooned by singing women; what we must remember; what we would forget".⁶⁷

Thus we have various attitudes towards time revealed in these moments. Sometimes time is seen to be totally hostile, threatening, or actually breaking up human happiness, rendering any idea of security illusory. Only when time is annihilated can some characters seem to see a vision of true harmony. Again, at other times and by other characters, time is seen in personal terms. Through some one or something else they will be able to lose their personal heritage. Or in still other cases, characters such as Eleanor see humanity conquering time through the best in human nature. If the goodness in humanity can be brought to the fore, then man will be united and there need be no more fear of the future.

As can be seen, there is a constant swing from one extreme

67. Between The Acts, 182.

to another in these insights into time. A similar turning from one pole of human experience to another, from isolation to communion, chaos to harmony, also prevails in those moments of insight which are predominantly into self, into others, or into a complicated set of human relationships. Mrs. Woolf's concern with time and the timeless, change and permanence, isolation and communion, is also echoed by these moments of apperception which seem to exist at more social levels.

In The Voyage Out, for example, Terence expresses his feelings about the problems of aloneness, and the related questions of self and personality.

"The truth of it is that one never is alone, and one never is in company", he concluded.

"Meaning?" said Hirst.

"Meaning? Oh, something about bubbles - auras - what d'you call 'em? You can't see my bubble; I can't see yours; all we see of each other is a speck, like the wick in the middle of that flame. The flame goes about with us everywhere, it's not ourselves actually, but what we feel; the world is short, or people mainly; all kinds of people".

"A nice streaky bubble yours must be!" said Hirst.

"And supposing my bubble could turn into someone else's bubble --"

"And they both burst?" put in Hirst.

"Then -- then -- then --" pondered Hewet, as if to himself, "it would be an e--nor--mous world".⁶⁸

Terence is here expressing the problem of human loneliness. People are separated from one another by their selfhoods. The separating containment of each selfhood is expressed by the image of the bubble. The personality which is the outward expression of that inner self is like the wick in the middle of

68. The Voyage Out, 125.

the candle. But the possibility of union is suggested in the bursting of the bubbles, when one person runs into another. Then as Terence says life would seem a lot larger than it usually does.

Rhoda uses this idea, in a slightly different context, in The Waves: "Yet there are moments when the walls of the mind grow thin; when nothing is unabsorbed, and I could fancy that we might blow so vast a bubble that the sun might set and rise in it and we might take the blue of midday and the black of midnight and be cast off and escape from here and now".⁶⁹

Katherine Hilbery in Night and Day experiences a moment of insight into herself which also accentuates feelings of isolation and increases apprehension of the problems of human communication. She sits with her fiance William Rodney. He is writing letters. Suddenly, rather surprisingly, she has an insight into their separateness.

The conviction that he was thus stranger to her filled her with despondency, and illustrated quite beyond doubt the infinite loneliness of human beings. She had never felt the truth of this so strongly before. She looked away into the fire; it seemed to her that even physically they were now scarcely within speaking distance; and spiritually there was certainly no human being with whom she could claim comradeship; no dream that satisfied her as she was used to be satisfied; nothing remained in whose reality she could believe, save those abstract ideas -- figures, laws, stars, facts, which she could hardly hold ⁷⁰ for lack of knowledge and a kind of shame.

When friendship is offered to her by Ralph Denham, she

69. The Waves, 159.

70. Night and Day, The Hogarth Press, London, 1930, 299.

recognises that the barriers to accepting that friendship lie within herself.

Why, she reflected, should there be this perpetual disparity between the thought and the action, between the life of solitude and the life of society, this astonishing precipice on one side of which the soul was active and in broad daylight, on the other side of which it was contemplative and dark as night? Was it not possible to step from one to the other, erect, and without essential change?⁷¹

Katharine is equally plagued by such problems in her developing relationship with Ralph. The lovers argue over what is illusion, reality. Ralph, according to Katharine, is not in love with her but with what he imagines her to be. Both agree in a sentence crucial to our understanding of Mrs. Woolf's work, that there really may be nothing but what they imagine. Katharine, who feels most acutely the difficulty of relationships, adds that here is to be found the reason for their loneliness. At times Katharine ceases to be real to Ralph. He is overwhelmed by what he conceives to be her romantic nature. At other times Katharine grows more and more detached until she is completely absorbed in her own thoughts. Their mental isolation during their separate moments of vision seems complete. "Truth and freedom and the immensity only to be apprehended by the mind in loneliness", can never be communicated to another. Ralph, however, has an insight into a world of communion which he tries to share with her.

Although human beings are woefully ill-adapted

⁷¹. Night and Day, 358-9.

for communication, still, such communion is the best we know; moreover, they make possible for each to have access to another world independent of personal affairs, a world of law, or philosophy, or more strangely a world such as he had had a glimpse of the other evening, when together they seemed to be sharing something, creating something, an ideal -- a vision flung out in advance of our actual conditions.⁷²

He points out that "if this gold rim were quenched, if life were no longer circled by an illusion (but was it an illusion after all?), then it would be too dismal an affair to carry to an end" Ralph's recreation of what is to him the mystery of life is conceived in terms of a dot with flames around it. This is the symbol of what are to him his "most confused and emotional moments".

It represented by its circumference of smudges surrounding a central blot all that encircling glow which for him surrounded, inextricably, so many of the objects of life, softening their sharp outline, so that he could see certain streets, books, and situations wearing a halo almost perceptible to the physical eye.⁷³

The two experience one major moment of communion. This communion is made possible by their love. First, Katharine experiences her own moment of complete satisfaction. The language used to express this moment suggests the bubble image, the perfect mystical unity of the circle, which Mrs. Woolf uses frequently: "She had no wish to see anyone tonight: it seemed to her that the immense riddle was answered; the problem had been solved; she held in her hands for one brief moment the globe which we spend our lives in trying to shape, round, whole,

72. Night and Day, 515.

73. Night and Day, 522.

and entire from the confusion of chaos".⁷⁴

Then the two lovers share their moment. At first they feel separate. Then, at last, they sense intuitively the love and understanding that exists between them:

They dismounted and walked down to the river. She felt his arm stiffen beneath her hand, and knew by this token that they had entered the enchanted region. She might speak to him, but with that strange tremor in his voice, those eyes blindly adoring, whom did he answer? What woman did he see? And where was she walking, and who was her companion? Moments, fragments, a second of vision, and then the flying waters, the winds dissipating and dissolving; then, too, the recollection from chaos, the return of security, the earth firm, superb and brilliant in the sun. From the heart of his darkness he spoke his thanksgiving; from a region as far, as hidden, she answered him. On a June night the nightingales sing, they answer each other across the plain; they are heard under the window among the trees in the garden. Pausing, they looked down into the river which bore its dark tide of waters, endlessly moving, beneath them. They turned and found themselves opposite the house. Quietly they surveyed the friendly place, burning its lamps either in expectation of them or because Rodney was still there talking to Cassandra. Katharine pushed the door half open and stood upon the threshold. The light lay in soft golden grains upon the deep obscurity of the hushed and sleeping household. For a moment they waited, and then loosed their hands. "Good night",⁷⁵ he breathed. "Good night," she murmured back to him.

Mrs. Dalloway has several apperceptions which reveal the nature of her own problems,^{and} which also reinforce the theme of isolation and communion. She is very social. Indeed, she gives numerous and successful parties; she gives them as an offering, because she loves life. At the same time, she is

74. Night and Day, 533.

75. Night and Day, 537-8.

aware that there exists much more than parties and conversation. For one thing, because she investigates the workings of her mind, she recognises a complicated make-up which indicates other influences, other pressures at work. Even in the hubbub of London traffic, her mind has the ability to disengage itself from its surroundings. Here is an example of an insight she has into herself and which she projects on to life.

← She felt very young; at the same time unspeakably aged. She sliced like a knife through everything; at the same time was outside, looking on. She had a perpetual sense, as she watched the taxicabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day.⁷⁶

But despite the fact that she loves life, parties, and people, and seems to offer some measure of sympathy and understanding, Clarissa feels in another sense unable really to love any one. This insight disturbs her:

For the house sat so long that Richard insisted, after her illness, that she must sleep undisturbed. And really she preferred to read of the retreat from Moscow. He knew it. So the room was an attic; the bed narrow; and lying there reading, for she slept badly, she could not dispel a virginity preserved through childbirth which clung to her like a sheet. Lovely in girlhood, suddenly there came a moment -- for example on the river beneath the woods at Clieveden -- when, through some contraction of this cold spirit, she had failed him. And then at Constantinople and again and again. She could see what she lacked. It was not beauty; it was not mind. It was something central which permeated; something warm which broke up surfaces and rippled the cold contact of man and woman, or of women together.⁷⁷

76. Mrs. Dalloway, 10-11.

77. Mrs. Dalloway, 35-6.

~~78. Mrs. Dalloway, 35-6.~~

Peter Walsh who had been very much, and always remained a little, in love with Clarissa, had told her that she was "cold, heartless, a prude".⁷⁸ And yet Clarissa's apperceptions are fair enough to herself in that she does recognise that she does have sympathy for, and understanding of, people. "Her only gift was knowing people almost by instinct".⁷⁹ This intuitive quality enables her to have her sympathetic insight into Septimus, into the old lady she watches going to bed in the rooms opposite, into Hugh Whitbread, though her husband "Richard was nearly driven mad by him, and as for Peter Walsh, he had never to this day forgiven her for liking him".⁸⁰ Endowed as she is with these qualities, Clarissa seems unable to experience intense and exclusive love for any one person. She is diffuse. Her life spreads wide, entering into other lives, passing into other places: Piccadilly, Bond Street, Bourton.

But every one remembered; what she loved was this, here, now, in front of her; the fat lady in the cab. Did it matter then, she asked herself, walking towards Bond Street, did it matter that she must inevitably cease completely; all this must go on without her; did she resent it; or did it not become consoling to believe that death ended absolutely? but that somehow in the streets of London, on the ebb and flow of things, here, there, she survived, Peter survived, lived in each other, she being part, she was positive, of the trees at home; of the house there, ugly, rambling all to bits and pieces as it was; part of people she had never met; being laid out like a mist between the people she knew best, who lifted her on their branches as she had seen the trees lift the mist, but it spread ever so far, her life, herself.⁸¹

- ~~78. Mrs. Dalloway, 10.~~
 79. Mrs. Dalloway, 11.
 80. Mrs. Dalloway, 8.
 81. Mrs. Dalloway, 11-12.

This kind of love, it seems, can lead to another form of isolation. Clarissa often feels that she has failed people. Rhoda also has this inability to love any one exclusively but hers is an even more extreme case. She lacks Mrs.Dalloway's sympathetic insight into others. Rhoda cannot have the confidence in herself that Clarissa has at certain moments as she prepares for her parties. Rhoda is able to identify only with a tree or a pillar or a column in the desert. She cannot give parties, or sympathy. All she can do is throw her violets into the wave, and herself to her death. Mrs.Dalloway has once thrown a shilling into the Serpentine, but she has never thrown away anything else that mattered, she reflects when she hears of Septimus's death. However, she does give parties. And she has momentsof keen insight into her social self as she prepares for one of them. She recognises that she composes herself, makes herself a meeting-point, and appreciates that to others she radiates help and sympathy.

How many million times she had seen her face, and always with the same imperceptible contraction! She pursed her lips when she looked in the glass. It was to give her face point. That was herself -- pointed; dart-like; definite. That was herself when some effort, some call on her to be herself, drew the parts together, she alone knew how different, how incompatible and composed so for the world only into one centre, one diamond, one woman who sat in her drawing-room and made a meeting-point, a radiancy no doubt in some dull lives, a refuge for the lonely to come to, perhaps; she had helped young people, who were grateful to her; had tried to be the same always, never showing a sign of all the other sides of her -- faults, jealousies, vanities, suspicions....⁸²

Mrs.Ramsay had seen herself as a wedge-shaped core of darkness. Similarly, she had identified with the third stroke of the lighthouse beam when she saw herself as light and life-giving. Mrs.Dalloway, on the other hand, sees herself in the shape of a diamond. This is when she is polished, radiant, composed, a brilliant meeting-point. The sparkle of life engages Mrs.Dalloway; her eye is always being caught by something glittering. The scintillating quality of her personality is very well caught in the diamond image. Peter Walsh's moment of insight into the nature of self, which can be read as an insight both into himself and into Clarissa, seems to involve a recognition of these dual qualities:

[For this is the truth about our soul, he thought, our self, who fish-like inhabits deep seas and plies among obscurities threading her way between the boles of giant weeds, over sun-flickered spaces and on and on into gloom, cold, deep, inscrutable; suddenly she shoots to the surface and sports on the wind-wrinkled waves; that is, ~~she~~ has a positive need to brush, scrape, kindle herself, gossiping. ⁸³

William Dodge has a similar moment of apperception, when he recognises the two sides that make up himself. He responds with feelings of pathetic gratitude to old Mrs.Swithin's kindness, as she shows him through the house. She makes him feel whole, refreshed and united. But the moment takes in the darker, hidden side of himself as well.

And he wished to kneel before her, to kiss her hand, and to say: "At school they held me under a bucket of dirty water, Mrs.Swithin; so I married; but my child's not my child, Mrs. Swithin. I'm a half-man, Mrs.Swithin; a

flickering, mind-divided little snake in the grass, Mrs. Swithin; as Giles saw, but you've healed me"⁸⁴

William's moment shows once again the poles of isolation and communion.

One other moment may be cited as an example of insight into self which also bolsters this theme of separateness and unity. Bernard experiences this moment in his last hours before he goes to confront the enemy, death. He is an old man by this time. He tries to conjure up the self that has lived with him in so many tremendous adventures, but this self throws up no answer. "Nothing came, nothing".⁸⁵ He feels that life has destroyed him, that he is "a man without a self".⁸⁶ "How can I proceed now, I said, without a self, weightless and visionless, through a world weightless, without illusion?" But paradoxically, as he seems to lose himself, he discovers that he also finds himself. The world returns to him and his own self, but with this difference: "I saw but was not seen. I walked unshadowed; I came unheralded. From me had dropped the old cloak, the old response; the hollowed hand that beats back sounds. Thin as a ghost, leaving no trace where I trod, perceiving merely, I walked alone in a new world, never trodden; brushing new flowers, unable to speak save in a child's words of one syllable; without shelter from phrases -- I who have made so many; unattended, I who have always gone with my kind; solitary, I who have always had someone to share the empty

84. Between the Acts, 90.

85. The Waves, 201.

86. The Waves, 202.

87

grate, or the cupboard with its hanging loop of gold". He is able now to see himself in a completely new light:

"I have lost in the process of eating and drinking and rubbing my eyes along surfaces that thin, hard shell which cases the soul, which, in youth, shuts one in -- hence the fierceness, and the tap, tap, tap of the remorseless beaks of the young. And now I ask, 'Who am I?' I have been talking of Bernard, Neville, Jinny, Susan, Rhoda and Louis. Am I all of them? Am I one and distinct? I do not know. We sat here together. But now Percival is dead, and Rhoda is dead; we are divided; we are not here. Yet I cannot find any obstacle separating us. There is no division between me and them. As I talked I felt 'I am you'. This difference we make so much of, this identity we so feverishly cherish, was overcome!"⁸⁸

Not only does he lose his own individuality in the lives of his friends, but also he seems to recognise that he has himself the most ancient memories and members of the race.

Thus when I come to shape here at this table between my hands the story of my life and set it before you as a complete thing, I have to recall things gone far, gone deep, sunk into this life or that and become part of it; dreams, too, things surrounding me, and the inmates, those old half-articulate ghosts who keep up their hauntings by day and night; who turn over in their sleep, who utter their confused cries, who put out their phantom fingers and clutch at me as I try to escape -- shadows of people one might have been; unborn selves. There is the old brute, too, the savage, the hair man who dabbles his fingers in ropes of entrails; and gobbles and belches; whose speech is guttural, visceral -- well, he is here, He squats in me.⁸⁹

This freedom, this release that he has, this communion as he

87.. The Waves, 203.

88. The Waves, 204-5.

89. The Waves, 205.

sits very much alone, is also only temporary. Bernard is called back very brusquely to the struggle and complexity of life in the world of time as he walks into the pillar-box. Now he has to rise and confront the enemy.

Under the category moments of insight into others, and into a complicated set of relationships, the moments of group communion in To The Lighthouse, The Waves, The Years and Between The Acts, also contribute to Mrs. Woolf's treatment of the polarities in human existence. Such moments of insight into the bonds uniting humanity represent temporary victories over time and change. There are such moments experienced by single individuals, also one such which reinforces feelings of isolation and communion is experienced by Lily Briscoe. Wondering if love can make Mrs. Ramsay and herself one, doing her best to wish it so, the painter experiences a moment of insight into personal relationships and incidentally into the problem of human communion.

What art was there, known to love or cunning, by which one pressed through into those secret chambers? What device for becoming, like waters poured into one jar, inextricably the same, one with the object one adored? Could the body achieve it, or the mind, subtly mingling in the intricate passages of the brain? or the heart? Could loving, as people called it, make her and Mrs. Ramsay one? for it was not knowledge but unity that she desired, not inscriptions on tablets, nothing that could be written in any language known to men, but intimacy itself, which is knowledge, she had thought, leaning her head on Mrs. Ramsay's knee.

Nothing happened. Nothing! Nothing! as she leant her head against Mrs. Ramsay's knee. And

yet, she knew knowledge and wisdom were stored in Mrs.Ramsay's heart. How then, she had asked herself, did one know one thing or another thing about people, sealed as they were? Only like a bee, drawn by some sweetness or sharpness in the air intangible to touch or taste, one haunted the dome-shaped hive, ranged the wastes of the air over the countries of the world alone, and then haunted the hives with their murmurs and their stirrings; the hives which were people. Mrs.Ramsay rose. Lily rose. Mrs.Ramsay went. For days there hung about her, as after a dream some subtle change is felt in the person one has dreamt of, more vividly than anything she said, the sound of murmuring and, as she sat in the wicker arm-chair in the drawing-room window she wore, to Lily's eyes, an august shape; the shape of a dome.⁹⁰

Again insights experienced by several characters into Jacob in Jacob's Room, also reinforce the theme of isolation. In the following rather oblique passage, the chambermaid, Florinda, Betty Flanders, and Fanny Elmer, all experience insights into Jacob becoming a man. They feel that he is growing up and away from them; this in turn makes them feel very much alone.

For he had grown to be a man, and was about to be immersed in things -- as indeed the chambermaid, emptying his basin upstairs, fingering keys, studs, pencils, and bottles of tabloids strewn on the dressing-table, was aware.

That he had grown to be a man was a fact that Florinda knew, as she knew everything, by instinct.

And Betty Flanders even now suspected it, as she read his letter, posted at Milan, "Telling me", she complained to Mrs.Jarvis,

90. To The Lighthouse, 82-3. It is interesting to note that Mrs.Ramsay, to Lily, ^{again} takes on this dome-shape which is similar to the wedge or core shape she has seen herself to be.

"really nothing that I want to know"; but she brooded over it.

Fanny Elmer felt it to desperation. For he would take his stick and his hat and would walk to the window, and look perfectly absent-minded and very stern too, she thought.

"I am going", he would say, "to cadge a meal of Bonamy".

"Anyhow, I can drown myself in the Thames", Fanny cried, as she hurried past the Foundling Hospital.⁹¹

It is interesting to notice that it is all women who in the above passage feel so separated from Jacob. In part, it seems that the differences of sex separate them. This theme is constant in Virginia Woolf's work. Moreover, things, possessions, objects, all that constitutes what Bernard in The Waves calls "the little affair of being", separate them, mark out their differences.

Bart's moment of insight into his sister Lucy, and especially into her devotion to her religion is equally an insight into his own rational nature. He cannot understand why, in Lucy's skull, shaped so much like his own, there exists a prayable being. "She didn't, he supposed, invest it with hair, teeth or toenails. It was, he supposed more of a force or a radiance, controlling the thrush and the worm; the tulip; and the hound; and himself, too, an old man with swollen veins."⁹² Religion, to Bart here, is something which separates people. "The love, he was thinking, that they should give to flesh and blood they give to the church" Lucy realises that Bart is striking at her religion and thinks, in return: "But,

91. Jacob's Room, 138.

92. Between The Acts, 32-3.

brother and sister, flesh and blood was not a barrier, but a mist. Nothing changed their affection; no argument; no fact; no truth. What she saw he didn't; what he saw she didn't -- and so on, ad infinitum".⁹³ Mrs. Dalloway has also seen religion as a barrier between people. Miss Kilman has provoked these thoughts in her. Septimus, who suffers his own religious mania, is also prevented from communicating with other people because of his vision of this other reality.

Every moment of apperception cited, then, whether it be into self or others, into time or the universe, seems to provoke thoughts of isolation and communion, change and permanence. In isolation, it seems, alone, separated from others, there is nothing fixed or solid unless the character identifies with something such as a tree or a lighthouse which seems to reside outside the time flux. Individuals such as Septimus and Rhoda take this position to the extreme and seek this peace and calm and identity in death. To other characters, love also seems to offer at least a temporary union. Groups of individuals can also experience such communion in moments of heightened emotion when they lose all notion of their own separate identity. Mrs. Woolf seems to suggest more and more throughout her career that there are in all human beings powers which make for unity. But she also states that human beings have to recognise these powers and reject petty, selfish differences. Even so, her work suggests

93. Between The Acts, 33.

that this idea of communion is also only a vision, and a vision only temporarily glimpsed, at that.

Certain images and symbols recur throughout her novels expressing these ideas. Trees, the lighthouse and its beam, the land, the fruits of the land, the seasons, all represent potential but transitory victories over death and decay. The image of the bubble is used several times to indicate consciousness. It can represent both an individual's consciousness and, when it bursts to include another's consciousness, the communion possible between people. Waves break and fall, tides shift and turn, clouds mass and reform throughout the novels; human life seems very insignificant against such a backdrop.

The moment of apperception is of the highest importance in Virginia Woolf's novels because in it the characters experience revelations both of the dilemma of human life and a possible solution. Both the dilemma and the solutions are expressed equally intensely in the moments. It seems impossible to determine which vision is the truest. Virginia Woolf's impressionistic writing throws up both extremes. Like the waves breaking in her novels, the emphasis falls here and there and again here. Any attempt to catch and fix the vision in any one place or direction, or to achieve some final lasting synthesis, is frustrated by the presentation of yet another insight.

No one single vision then, no one central truth can be

drawn out of Virginia Woolf's work. Although neither Mrs. Dalloway nor Septimus can have a true vision of universal reality because their views are incompatible, it must also be noted that in some sense Virginia Woolf finds both attitudes valid and meaningful. Perhaps she is demonstrating that the human spirit has a need to feel its individuality, which implies separateness, and also to feel itself a part of some greater unity, which entails commitment. The visions of the universe which some characters experience are thus creations of that need. Both points of view are valid, meaningful and useful. Above all, both are necessary to each other. Mr. Ramsay's separateness needs Mrs. Ramsay's harmony and vice versa; the same is true with Septimus and Mrs. Dalloway.

For Mrs. Woolf the universe existed as experienced. She herself could see through and around any single religious or philosophic belief which others might grasp as a life-line. But she could comprehend that others, such as Mrs. Swithin or Miss Kilman, might apprehend the world in those terms.

Thus we find, throughout her novels, such a seemingly fractured, seemingly prismatic, representation of reality. Whenever Mrs. Woolf presents characters' experiences of or apparent insights into time, death, the process of life, love or friendship, self or selflessness, the present moment, the past and the future, diametrically opposed yet mutually fulfilling attitudes emerge. Her success in sustaining and presenting these polarities in her fiction seems the result of

a creatively fruitful tension. With tragic irony, her failure to do so in her own personal life proved fatal.

CHAPTER V

E. M. FORSTER

Many of the moments of apperception which occur in E.M.Forster's novels are, like those in Henry James's, moments of insight into self, into others, or into a complicated set of relationships. But a greater number of moments of apperception constitute moments of apparent harmony with, or penetration into, the universe. The moments are often qualified or limited by other factors. Sometimes, as in the case of moments of insight into self or others, the insights are partial or limited because they are based on inaccurate information. The moments of insight into the nature of the universe may often be limited in that they may be into abstractions such as Love, Evil, Goodness, which represent only one facet of the universe, or in that they may be inspired by insights into self or others which are in turn based on false or limited knowledge.

Perhaps the difference between the moments of apperception in Henry James, Virginia Woolf and E.M.Forster is that Forster's moments of insight, with the exception of some in A Passage to India, reveal an underlying system of values. Broadly speaking the foundations of this system of values is humanistic. Often, especially in the first four novels, Forster's characters in their highest moments of insight journey until they "stand

behind right and wrong. On the banks of the grey torrent of life, love is the only flower".¹ As Forster states elsewhere "Only Love the Beloved Republic" deserves three cheers. The moments in his novels demonstrate that the man or woman who already knows or comes to know "the holiness of the heart's imagination"² is a whole man and will see the whole of everything at once".³ As Rickie in The Longest Journey discovers, there comes "the symbolic moment which, if a man accepts, he has accepted life".⁴ Along with this stress of human relations goes an emphasis on the importance of the individual. If it is necessary to have true relationships with others, it is also necessary to have one with oneself: indeed, to be oneself.

As in the other novelists under study, the moments reflect the philosophical, moral, or religious conditioning of the character experiencing them. They are thus to a certain extent projections from the characters' minds. The moments are often provoked by the shock of an alien culture, Italy versus England, and India versus England, or by the collision of diametrically opposed points of view, the life of the mind versus that of the body, the world of telegrams and anger against the private inner world of personal relationships.

1. E.M.Forster, The Longest Journey, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 278.

2. The Longest Journey, 235.

3. E.M.Forster, A Room with a View, Edward Arnold, London, 1908, 316.

4. The Longest Journey, 284.

Unlike the moments in Virginia Woolf's novels, however, E.M.Forster's characters achieve a new harmony; with the exception of A Passage to India, his novels present a resolution of tensions.

In these moments, which are often moments of conversion the characters's earlier values may be turned upside down. It is thus important to note the change in what is projected in what Forster calls the "symbolic moment". It is arguable whether or not one has in fact accepted life in accepting the point of view Forster promotes in his first four novels. But it is important to compare what the characters accepted earlier with what they eventually come to see.

The novels are marked by simple, indeed almost naive, plots, mere skeletons to be fleshed out with the thesis E.M.Forster is arguing. Blackmail, moral, emotional, and financial, contributes to an already strongly melodramatic strain. Violent death occurs frequently in the novels. People have disturbing nightmares and strange breakdowns. Foreign countries shock characters into new ways of thinking. Many images, some used as symbols, are employed, often reinforcing the moment of apperception. Journeys, flowers, music, rivers, railway crossings, bridges, stones, wasps, caves, and water are among the objects taken from the natural world with symbolic overtones to suggest other worlds and other meanings.

The style, once again with the exception of A Passage to India, is often forcedly rhetorical. By portentous phrases and

clichés, Forster often mistakenly attempts to add another dimension. Similarly, he uses capital letters for abstractions such as Love, Virtue, Justice, and Evil.

Life, Death, Youth, Age, Love, Goodness, Evil, God, are all parts or attributes of the universe into which the characters have apparent insights and onto which in turn they project parts of their own personalities.

This technique of projection can be seen throughout the novels. George Emerson and Lucy see Death and Life all mixed up with Youth and Love when a man dies in the Piazza Signoria. "It was not exactly that a man had died; something had happened to the living: they had come to a situation where character tells, and where Childhood enters upon the branching paths of Youth". When Lucy remarks that one returns very quickly to the old life, George replies "I don't", and adds: "I shall probably want to live". When pressed further, he repeats: "I shall want to live, I say". Lucy, leaning on the parapet over the River Arno, hears in the roar of the waters some unexpected melody.⁵

So, too, their falling in love is all mixed up with thoughts of Love and Life. Lucy stands once again above the Arno, this time surrounded by flowers. The terrace on which she stands was "the well-head, the primal source whence beauty gushed out to water the earth". A man, termed "the good man", stands at its brink. But it is not the good man that Lucy had

5. A Room with a View, 69. We may remember Mr. Beebe's remark about Lucy's piano-playing. Musical images recur throughout the novel, accompanying the young lovers.

expected.

George had turned at the sound of her arrival. For a moment he contemplated her, as one who had fallen out of heaven. He saw radiant joy in her face, he saw the flowers beat against her dress in blue waves. The bushes above them closed. He stepped quickly forward and kissed her.

Before she could speak, almost before she could feel, a voice called, 'Lucy! Lucy! Lucy!' The silence of life had been broken by Miss Bartlett, who stood brown against the view.⁶

Beauty, and Love, and Life and Youth and Springtime are all bound together here with Miss Bartlett, calling to Lucy, appearing as something drab and brown against the blue. The significance this scene is to have for Lucy is more fully revealed later in the novel. Lucy's slip of the tongue shows how intensely it has remained in her mind.

Rickie Elliot constantly turns experience into concepts or attributes. He chances to see Agnes and Gerald kissing, and experiences a moment of insight into a highly idealized idea of Love which is of little help to him in his own life:

Music flowed past him like a river. He stood at the springs of creation and heard the primeval monotony. Then an obscure instrument gave out a little phrase. The river continued unheeding. The phrase was repeated, and a listener might know it was a fragment of the Tune of tunes. Nobler instruments accepted it, the clarinet protected, the brass encouraged, and it rose to the surface to the whisper of violins. In full unison was Love: born, flame of the flame, flushing the dark river beneath him and the virgin snows above. His wings were infinite, his youth eternal; the sun was a jewel on his finger as he passed it in benediction over the world. Creation, no longer monotonous, acclaimed him, in widening melody, in brighter

6. A Room with a View, 104-5.

Radiances. Was Love a column of fire?
 Was he a torrent of song? Was he greater
 than either -- the touch of a man on a
 woman? It was the merest accident that
 Rickie had not been⁷ disgusted. But this
 he could not know.

This moment of apperception into love is quite an unrealistic one because he did not see some of the cruelty and ugliness that had gone into the kissing. His stories suffer from the same weakness. Girls turn into trees, Greek gods live; the editor of the Holborn advises him to try to get inside life.

The moment of apperception in A Room With A View in which the two young men and Mr. Beebe bathe is a striking contrast to these moments of apperception into qualities or concepts.

The bathers in A Room With a View experience their own moment of apperception into life and the flesh. The bathing-pool calls "to blood and to the relaxed will". Freddy, George, and Mr. Beebe swim and race around the swimming-hole, and "for some reason or other a change came over them, and they forgot Italy and Botany and Fate". While they play about, their clothes lie discreetly on the sward, proclaiming: "'No. We are what matters. Without us shall no enterprise begin. To us shall all flesh turn in the end'"⁸ This moment of insight into life can be contrasted with those of Rickie. The bathing-party moment is very much one of participation.

Goodness is another aspect of the universe into which the

7. The Longest Journey, 51.

8. A Room With a View, 200-201.

characters have apparent moments of apperception. To Leonard, as he walks out from Hilton to Howards End, there comes the conviction of innate goodness. But, because he is intent on his private sin, he places that goodness elsewhere.

To Leonard, intent on his private sin, there came the conviction of innate goodness elsewhere. It was not the optimism which he had been taught at school. Again and again must the drums tap, and the goblins stalk over the universe before joy can be purged of the superficial. It was rather paradoxical, and arose from his sorrow. Death destroys a man, but the idea of death saves him -- that is the best account of it that has yet been given. Squalor and tragedy can beckon to all that is great in us, and strengthen the wings of love. They can beckon; it is not certain that they will, for they are not love's servants. But they can beckon, and the knowledge of this incredible truth comforted him.

It is evident that this notion of goodness is born in contrast to Leonard's sense of his own sin: such goodness as is in him is projected on to the outside world. Leonard feels so comforted by his moment of insight that he feels that he is on a supreme adventure as he approaches the house. He goes to his death. Forster implies that Leonard's insight is a valuable one. It is not, he writes, the optimism which has been instilled in him at school. The joy he experiences has been purged of the superficial.

Helen experiences several similar insights, into the evil of the universe, and into the joy that can be born out of such suffering. This theme is constant in Howards End. Helen has a moment of apperception into the nature of the universe when she heard goblins walk throughout the playing of Beethoven's

Fifth Symphony. "They were not aggressive creatures; it was that that made them so terrible to Helen. They merely observed in passing that there was no such thing as splendour or heroism in the world". The goblins disappear and return throughout the symphony. "Helen could not contradict them, for, once at all events, she had felt the same, and had seen the reliable walls of youth collapse. Panic and emptiness! Panic and emptiness! The goblins were right".¹⁰ But Beethoven also scatters the goblins and allows magnificent victory, magnificent death to burst in his music. Nonetheless, "The goblins really had been there. They might return -- and they did." Even though Beethoven chooses to make it all right in the end, building the ramparts up, the goblins were there, and could return. Helen finds in the music a highly significant statement which is also premonitory.

The music had summed up to her all that had happened or could happen in her career. She read it as a tangible statement, which could never be superseded. The notes meant this and that to her, and they could have no other meaning,¹¹ and life could have no other meaning.

The goblin footfalls are indeed to sound in Helen's life. For one thing, they accompany Leonard Bast and his wife wherever they go. Both these people, of course, provoke startling changes in Helen's career. But the goblins can also be routed there. Helen's shout of joy, at the very end of the novel, "The field's cut!" Helen cried excitedly -- "the big

10. Howards End, 31.

11. Howards End, 32.

meadow! We've seen to the very end, and it'll be such a crop of hay as never!"¹² may perhaps be interpreted as the equivalent of the sounding of the trumpets in the symphony. Joy has been tested by this time; it is no schoolgirl's optimism.

These moments are characterised by a highly romantic quality. Not only are the scenes in which the young people fall in love highly romanticised -- George and Lucy stand against a backdrop of gorgeous flowers -- but also the phrases chosen by Forster to present the experiences seem overly wrought. Expressions such as "radiant joy" and "the silence of life" seem portentous rather than specific. Furthermore, love may be born with wings, or it may be a column of fire. All the images seem highly idealised, signifying little of the feelings of real love. Music is also a constant accompaniment to scenes of love, or of goodness or evil. Goblin footfalls sound, drums tap, music flows past like a river. Indeed, music can provoke a moment of apperception such as Helen experiences listening to the symphony.

Moreover, there is a marked tendency always to state the moments rather than to allow them to present themselves. Forster tells the reader that such and such is happening: we are told that Rickie, for example, is lucky not to have been disgusted by the kiss he witnessed. Leonard, it is pointed out, is "intent on his private sin". "The idea of death", Forster writes, saves a man, adding that "that is the best account of it

12. Howards End, 343.

that has yet been given". Even the bathing-party incident, which is done more from the outside than some of the other moments, is stated for us. The clothes, Forster is at pains to point out, proclaim what is important.

Most of the moments of apperception in the early novels reflect Forster's interests in the individual and in personal relationships. Indeed, there is an interesting tension between the individual and society in these novels. How the individual is to realise his full potential in society and how society is to accommodate the individual forms the crux of a romantic polarity. The forces of society and the individual can be seen at work in Where Angels Fear to Tread. The major moment in this novel is experienced by Caroline Abbott. It amounts to an emotional conversion for her, and she comes to stand "in the presence of something greater than right or wrong".¹³ The moment is one of insight into self; that is, it is apperceptive. Caroline has come, for the second time, to Italy. Her present mission is to assist in the "rescue" of the baby of an Englishwoman who died in childbirth. The baby is believed to be under the highly dubious influence of the father. On her earlier visit Caroline had "chaperoned" the friend, Lilia, and it seems had failed to prevent the lady from marrying a young Italian. Caroline's duty, on this second trip, to take the child from the father, seems clear until she actually goes to see the father and the baby. By this time, Italy has once

13. E.M. Forster, Where Angels Fear to Tread, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 190.

again begun to work its spell upon her. Stars, the sky, the opera, promote feelings of great happiness in her. She has an early, preparatory, and minor moment of apperception.

She gave a sudden cry of shame. 'This time -- the same place -- the same thing,' -- and she began to beat down her happiness, knowing it to be sinful. She was here to fight against this place, to rescue a little soul who was innocent as yet. She was here to champion morality and purity, and the holy life of an English home. In the spring she had sinned through ignorance; she was not ignorant now. 'Help me!' she cried, and shut the window as if there was magic in the encircling air. But the tunes would not go out of her head, and all night long she was troubled by torrents of music, and by applause and laughter, and angry young men who shouted the distich out of Baedeker:

'Poggibonizzi, fatti in la,
Che Monteriano si fa citta!'

Poggibonsi was revealed to her as they sang -- a joyless, straggling place, full of people who pretended. When she woke up she knew that it had been Sawston.¹⁴

Caroline's unconscious mind struggles against the softening influences of the little Italian town. She shuts the windows against the night "as if there was magic in the encircling air". But even then she has no peace. The dream takes over. At first it masks reality, but when she wakes Caroline realises the truth about her home town and the values it has instilled in her. The moment is an important insight for Caroline. She understands the influences that have worked, and are working, upon her. She has a revelation into what she is fighting. More importantly, Forster uses the moment of insight to prepare the way for the conversion to come.

14. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 173-4.

But Caroline's major moment of insight into self occurs after her defences have been broken down during the visit to Gino. For a time she struggles to preserve "all the indignation of her sex and her nationality".¹⁵ But as Gino talks to her of his love for the baby, that he cannot even have his own parents look after the child, for "They would separate our thoughts,"¹⁶ she experiences a revelation. The moment is complicated, comprising insights into the nature of parental love, insight into another, and insight into self. The nature of parental love is revealed to Caroline as she watches Gino bathe the baby.

It was too late to go. She could not tell why, but it was too late. She turned away her head when Gino lifted his son to his lips. This was something too remote from the prettiness of the nursery. The man was majestic; he was a part of Nature; in no ordinary love scene could he ever be so great. For a wonderful physical tie binds the parents to the children; and -- by some sad, strange irony -- it does not bind us children to our parents. For if it did, if we could answer their love not with gratitude but with equal love, life would lose much of its pathos and much of its squalor, and we might be wonderfully happy. Gino passionately embracing, Miss Abbott reverently averting her eyes -- both of them had parents whom they did not love so very much.¹⁷

Caroline helps Gino to bathe the baby, and their joint efforts become a kind of sacrament. Caroline's moment of insight into self comprises insights into conventional right and wrong, into love which lies behind right and wrong, and

15. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 186.

16. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 190.

17. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 190.

into another human being. All these insights come together and mount to one final moment of communion. At this point Philip finds them, and sees, "to all intents and purposes, the Virgin and Child, with Donor". All Caroline's previous attitudes have vanished so that when Philip does enter, all she can do is to weep bitterly.¹⁸

Forster combines several methods to present this moment. He reports it, in narrative style, comments throughout with his customary "wisdom", and discharges revelations into several characters at once. It is only a preparatory moment. The qualities which it reveals in Caroline will be tested again later in the novel.

Caroline has to see herself clearly and wholly once more. She has to confess that she loves Gino, but that he saw her as a goddess, and that that knowledge saved her from giving herself body and soul. The moment is one of insight both into self and another. Caroline has seen how Gino regarded her. She also realises how Philip views her. This knowledge provides her with her final apperception. She explains to Philip:

'The time I thought you weak and heedless, and went instead of you to get the baby. That began it, as far as I know the beginning. Or it may have begun when you took us to the theatre, and I saw him mixed up with music and light. But I didn't understand till the morning.

Then you opened the door -- and I knew why I had been so happy. Afterwards, in the church, I prayed for us all; not for anything new, but that we might just be as we were -- he with the child he loved, you and I and Harriet safe out of the place -- and that I might never see him or speak to him again. I could have pulled through then -- the thing was

18. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 196-7.

only coming near, like a wreath of smoke;
it hadn't wrapped me round.¹⁹

The moments of insight which Caroline experiences provoke and are paralleled by Philip's moments of insight into himself in this novel. Philip Herriton has also come to Italy to take his former sister-in-law's child back to England. But he too is to undergo a change of heart. Once again Forster prepares the way carefully for a character's conversion. First, Philip begins to see the real rights of the situation as he gazes at Gino, together with the baby and Caroline Abbott. They appear to him as if they were Donor, Mother and Child. And that memory stays troublesomely in Philip's mind as he and Harriet drive away together with the child. "He had last seen the baby sprawling on the knees of Miss Abbott, shining and naked, with twenty miles of view behind him, and his father kneeling by his feet. And that remembrance, together with Harriet, and the darkness, and the poor idiot, and the silent rain, filled him with sorrow and with the expectation of sorrow to come".²⁰

This scene, however, only anticipates what is to come. It shows the seeds of future conversion in Philip. After the death of the baby, and Caroline's successful intercession with Gino on Philip's behalf, Philip has a final revelation. Here, Philip has a vision of Miss Abbott and Gino together. She seems like a goddess to him.

19. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 253-4.

20. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 222-3.

All through the day Miss Abbott had seemed to Philip like a goddess, and more than ever did she seem so now. Many people look younger and more intimate during great emotion. But some there are who look older, and remote, and he could not think that there was little difference in years, and none in composition, between her and the man whose head was laid upon her breast. Her eyes were open, full of infinite pity and full of majesty, as if they discerned the boundaries of sorrow, and saw unimaginable tracts beyond. Such eyes he had seen in great pictures but never in a mortal. Her hands were folded round the sufferer, stroking him lightly, for even a goddess can do no more than that. And it seemed fitting, too, that she should bend her head and touch his forehead with her lips. Philip looked away, as he sometimes looked away from the great pictures where visible forms suddenly became inadequate for the things they have shown to us. He was happy; he was assured that there was greatness in the world. There came to him an earnest desire to be good through the example of this good woman. He would try henceforward to be worthy of the things she had revealed. Quietly, without hysterical prayers or banging of drums, he underwent conversion. He was saved.²¹

But Philip's moment of apperception, and salvation, has, like Caroline's, to be tested. Once again, Caroline acts as the agent. Philip feels himself to be very much in love with her. But she, by her confession of love for Gino, prevents Philip's own declaration. Caroline seems transfigured to Philip. At the same time, his own view of himself and of the world around him, changes profoundly in the light of his knowledge. "Out of this wreck there was revealed to him something indestructible -- something which she, who had given it, could never take away". For Philip from now on, Caroline remains a goddess. "For her no love could be

21. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 240-1.

degrading: she stood outside all degradation. This episode, which she thought so sordid, and which was so tragic for him, remained supremely beautiful. To such a height was he lifted, that without regret he could now have told her that he was her worshipper too. But what was the use of telling her? For all the wonderful things had happened".²²

This moment is highly qualified by Philip's determined ability to see Caroline in divine rather than human terms. The revelation into another human being persuades him that there is goodness in the order of things. Thus his insight at the human level is transposed into one at the metaphysical level too. The apperception is into another person, into the nature of the world, and finally, at its most intense and ecstatic, into himself. Finding goodness and peace in the world around him, he resolves to be good himself.

This moment of insight into self is accomplished through the influence of another human being. Forster maintains his narrative manner, and also fills the story with melodramatic detail. But his method is not entirely from the outside: he goes inside the character's mind and states what is going on there. Undoubtedly, the device of using one character to bring about moments of intense vision in another is used to bolster his theme of the values of personal relations and the holiness of affection.²³ Indeed, the main characteristic and the chief

22. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 255.

23. As we have seen in the previous chapter, Virginia Woolf also used one character to inspire or create moments of communion: Mrs. Ramsay, Percival, Miss La Trobe.

fault again with this group of moments from Where Angels Fear to Tread, is that they are rhetorically asserted rather than presented. We are told about the nature of parental love, we are told that Philip undergoes conversion, we are told that Caroline is a goddess. Once again, Forster used phrases with large sounds but little meaning. Caroline is the champion of "morality and purity, and the holy life of an English home". Philip sees her standing "outside all degradation". Nonetheless, Forster is, in these moments, expressing the major concerns of his novels. Both Caroline and Philip had come to Italy blinded by their own prejudices. Furthermore, they had come to interfere in the lives of others, and to take a life away from someone. Each is transformed by the experience of Italy and by the experience of true love. Neither Caroline's love for Gino nor Philip's for Caroline is physically consummated, but love has worked in opening their eyes to truer human values. To a certain extent also it is suggested that only certain kinds of people can have these experiences. This capacity is almost what distinguishes the sheep from the goats. Caroline and Philip are more valuable human beings, it is indicated, because they can work this process of salvation. Characters such as Mrs. Herriton and Harriet are lesser individuals; they cannot be opened to such experiences.

The device of accomplishing moments of apperception through the influence of one character upon another is certainly used in each of the novels. In The Longest Journey, Rickie

Elliot experiences a moment of conversion which is largely due to his half-brother's influence on him. Rickie's passage to the place where he stands "behind right and wrong" has to take him beyond fantasies, idealisations, and the mistaking of a symbol for the real human being. And yet, Stephen, too, as he is presented by Forster, seems more a symbol than a human being.

There are several preparatory and partial moments of insight which lead to Rickie's major apperception. One such occurs during a group outing to the Rings at Cadover. Mrs. Failing lets slip that Stephen is Rickie's half-brother. The two have proceeded to the centre of the circles of Rings when Mrs. Failing refers several times to Stephen as Rickie's brother.

But he heard her no longer. He was gazing at the past, which he had praised so recently, which gaped ever wider, like an unhallowed grave. Turn where he would, it encircled him. It took visible form: it was this double entrenchment of the Rings. His mouth went cold, and he knew that he was going to faint among the dead. He started running, missed the exit, stumbled on the inner barrier, fell into darkness --24

The moment is one of partial insight for Rickie. It is a limited insight for him into a complicated set of relationships. Rickie mistakenly thinks that Stephen is his father's son. This mistake, and more importantly, Rickie's emotional blindness, cause him to reject what he later comes to term a "symbolic moment". Stephen had come back for some tobacco and was going to say good-bye to Rickie. Rickie in turn has been toying with

the idea that he should tell Stephen of his parentage. But Agnes persuades him not to speak to him. Thus Rickie lets slip an important opportunity. However, that moment would also have been limited by Rickie's assumption that Stephen was his father's son, and by Rickie's confusion of a person and a principle. This confused thinking persists even after Rickie learns that Stephen is his mother's son. Rickie is unable to accept Stephen for what he is. But Rickie begins to move towards his final apperception under Stephen's tutelage. The night he saves Stephen from falling over the banisters marks a beginning. And Rickie sleeps peacefully for the first time in months.

But Rickie slept. The guilt of months and the remorse of the last ten days had alike departed. He had thought that his life was poisoned, and lo! it was purified. He had cursed his mother, and Ansell had replied, 'You may be right, but you stand too near to settle. Step backwards. Pretend that it happened to me. Do you want me to curse my mother? Now, step forward and see whether anything has changed'. Something had changed. He had journeyed -- as on rare occasions a man must -- till he stood behind right and wrong. On the banks of the grey torrent of life, love is the only flower. A little way up the stream and a little way down had Rickie glanced, and he knew that she whom he loved had risen from the dead, and might rise again. 'Come away -- let them die out -- let them die out'. Surely that dream was a vision! Tonight also he hurried to the window -- to remember, with a smile, that Orion is not among the stars of June.²⁵

But even this insight, expressed with Forster's customary wisdom, telling the reader how a man must journey, is limited

25. The Longest Journey, 277-8.

and partial. It remains for Stephen to point out to him that he has mistaken a symbol for a real man. Stephen points out to him that he had come earlier: "Not as this or that's son. Not to fall on your neck. Nor to live here. Nor -- damn your dirty little mind! I meant to say I didn't come for money. Sorry. Sorry. I simply came as I was, and I haven't altered since". He points out further that Rickie does not care about him.

Stephen experiences his own insight here into Rickie's nature. In so doing, he is able to "cure" his half brother of what has been bothering him.

With a rare flash of insight he turned on Rickie. 'I see your game. You don't care about me drinking, or to shake my hand. It's someone else you want to cure -- as it were, that old photograph. You talk to me, but all the time you look at the photograph'.²⁶

Once Stephen has torn the photograph to pieces Rickie is able to see clearly. He finally has a full and clear moment of apperception.

Then Rickie was heroic no longer. Turning round in his chair, he covered his face. The man was right. He did not love him, even as he had never hated him. In either passion he had degraded him to be a symbol for the vanished past. The man was right, and would have been lovable. He longed to be back riding over those windy fields, to be back in those mystic circles, beneath pure sky. Then they could have watched and helped and taught each other, until the world was a reality, and the past not a torn photograph, but Demeter the goddess rejoicing in the spring. Ah, if he had seized those high

26. The Longest Journey, 283.

opportunities! For they led to the highest of all, the symbolic moment, which, if a man accepts, he has accepted life.²⁷

Some confusion still seems to exist in Rickie's mind about "symbolic moments". Rickie has accepted several other symbolic moments, such as Gerald kissing Agnes, which have also been partly responsible for the state in which he finds himself. His continuing confusion can be seen in his mistaken assumption about his half-brother. He accepts Stephen's promise, and believes in it, only to be all the more bitterly disappointed by Stephen's further lapse into drinking. In fact, Rickie still seems to be in love with symbols, rather than life, or at least, to think symbols are life. Nonetheless, limited as it is by his own wishful thinking, the moment provides the most important insight for Rickie in the book. The revelation he experiences here leads to his leaving his wife to go away with Stephen, to a growing communion with his half-brother which reaches its culmination as they play with paper-boats on the river at Cadover, to his death, and some measure of posthumous fame as a writer. From Rickie's death springs a new life for Stephen.

The two half-brothers have a final moment of harmony together as they travel to Cadover. They are by the river, in the evening. Stephen wades into the stream. Then, he asks Rickie to crumple some paper into a ball.

Rickie obeyed, though intent on the transfigured face. He believed that a new spirit dwelt there,

27. The Longest Journey, 283-4.

expelling the crudities of youth. He saw steadier eyes, and the sign of manhood set like a bar of gold upon steadier lips. Some faces are knit by beauty, or by intellect, or by a great passion: had Stephen's waited for the touch of years?

But they played as boys who continued the nonsense of the railway carriage. The paper caught fire from the match, and spread into a rose of flame. 'Now gently with me', said Stephen and they laid it flower-like on the stream. Gravel and tremulous weeds leapt into sight, and then the flower sailed into deep water, and up leapt the two arches of a bridge. 'It'll strike!' they cried; 'no, it won't; it's chosen the left', and one arch became a fairy tunnel, dropping diamonds. Then it vanished for Rickie; but Stephen, who knelt in the water, declared that it was still afloat, far through the arch, burning as if it would burn for ever.²⁸

There is an element of forced rhetoric in the description of Stephen. Rickie sees a new spirit dwelling in his half-brother. By the use of a question, Forster attempts to suggest that Stephen has matured. Though the two play as boys, the image chosen, that of the mystic rose, seems a rather precious one. Forster loads the passage with several other suggestions: the arch of the bridge becomes a fairy-tunnel. There is a suggestion that if these are images or symbols of life, the two are playing with it. The transitory nature of the experience, both their play, and by extension, Rickie's life, is certainly suggested by the rose. It is only paper and it burns out quickly.

The moment is not only one of communion for the two, who play as boys, but it is also one of insight. Rickie believes that he sees a new Stephen. He has extracted a promise from

28. The Longest Journey, 302.

his half-brother that he will abstain from drinking, not only during their visit to Cadover but also for the rest of his life. Rickie mistakenly believes that Stephen will keep this promise; he also fancies that he sees new reserves of character in the young man. Stephen, of course, gets drunk later in the evening, breaking Rickie's heart. The drunkenness also leads to Rickie's death and still later to Stephen's conversion. But here Rickie is mistaken in his immediate reading of the face beside him. The moment has a ritual, mystical quality. The paper becomes like a mystical rose, and though it goes out for Rickie, with prophetic significance, it burns on as if for ever for Stephen. This sentence can perhaps be linked with Stephen's later belief that "he guided the future of our race, and that, century after century, his thoughts and his passions would triumph in England".²⁹

Later in the evening, after he has left Stephen wading in the stream, Rickie turns over in his mind the earlier scene. His thoughts here seem to confirm the earlier apperception. They constitute, in retrospect as they are, a second stage in the moment of apperception; they mark a withdrawal phase when the intensity of the earlier ecstasy has dissipated.

His thoughts went back to the ford, from which they had scarcely wandered. Still he heard the horse in the dark drinking, still he saw the mystic rose, and the tunnel dropping diamonds. He had driven away alone, believing the earth had confirmed him. He stood behind things at last, and knew that conventions are not majestic, and that they will not claim us in the end.³⁰

29. The Longest Journey, 320. See also page 15 below.

30. The Longest Journey, 307.

The emphasis here is once again on belief. This moment is Rickie's last apperception and it is an ironic insight. He is to be broken by the information that Stephen is drunk. "That mystic rose and the face it illumined meant nothing. The stream -- he was above it now -- meant nothing, though it burst from the pure turf and ran for ever to the sea. The bather, the shoulders of Orion -- they all meant nothing, and were going nowhere. The whole affair was a ridiculous dream".³¹ His physical death is to follow quickly upon his spiritual death. But he dies saving Stephen not only from the train but also from his alcoholic excesses. In that sense, the prophecy of the burning rose of paper on the water is fulfilled. So, too, is Rickie's temporarily mistaken reading of Stephen's character.

Stephen's moments of apperception differ greatly from the moments which Rickie experiences in that they seem purer, more basic and direct. The land generates them, or the sun. They generally comprise intense feelings of well-being. For example, when he sits at night out of doors, it seems strange to him that he should be alive.

The dry grass pricked his cheek, the fields were invisible and mute, and here was he, throwing stones at the darkness or smoking a pipe. The stones vanished, the pipe would burn out. But he would be here in the morning when the sun rose, and he would bathe, and run in the mist. He was proud of his good circulation and in the morning it seemed quite natural. But at night, why should there be this difference between him and the acres of land that cooled all round him

31. The Longest Journey, 312.

until the sun returned? What lucky chance had heated him up, and sent him, warm and lovable, into a passive world? He had other instincts, but these gave him no trouble. He simply gratified each as it occurred provided he could do so without grave injury to his fellows. But the instinct to wonder at the night was not to be thus appeased.³²

In this moment, as in Stephen's final moment at the end of the novel, the moment is not only one of insight into self but also one of intense harmony with the universe. In both cases, Stephen's oneness with the land is stressed. He is basic, and simple, as that earth is. But in each case there is also stressed the mystery of his own life. In the first instance Stephen wonders what chance heated him up and sent him into the world. In the second, the mystery of his life is compounded by his sense of his second life, which is one of salvation, and one into which he has been born through Rickie's sacrifice. The moment Stephen experiences here is not only one of insight into self, and into the complexity of the circumstances which made him, but it is also one of harmony with the land and penetration into the nature of the universe.

Forster's rather heavy handed assertion of Stephen's experience may be compared with Virginia Woolf's treatment of similar material in The Waves.

It is still early morning. The mist is on the marshes. The day is stark and stiff as a linen shroud. But it will soften; it will warm. At this hour, this still early hour, I think I am

32. The Longest Journey, 267-8.

the field, I am the barn, I am the trees;
 mine are the flocks of birds, and this young
 hare who leaps, at the last moment when I step
 almost on him. Mine is the heron that stretches
 its vast wings lazily; and the cow that creaks
 as it pushes one foot before another munching;
 and the wild swooping swallow; and the faint red
 in the sky, and the green when the red fades; the
 silence and the bell; the call of the man fetching
 cart-horses from the fields -- all are mine.³³

Mrs. Woolf's references are specific. There is a direct correlation between Susan's feelings and the natural objects which generate them. Mrs. Woolf demonstrates what it is to feel like a day in June, or a field in flower, or to feel at one with the land, as Eleanor does in The Years, as we have seen in the preceding chapter. The sensuous quality of her prose, the images carefully chosen, convey the quality of the experience whereas Forster's rather barren, heavy phrases stiffly assert that Stephen was "proud of his good circulation", and had "the instinct to wonder at the night".

Stephen, in the following passage, is sleeping out of doors. He has taken his child with him:

He was alive and had created life. By whose authority? Though he could not phrase it, he believed that he guided the future of our race, and that, century after century, his thoughts and his passions would triumph in England. The dead who had evoked him, the unborn whom he would evoke -- he governed the paths between them. By whose authority?

Out in the west lay Cadover and the fields of his earlier youth, and over them descended the crescent moon. His eyes followed her decline, and against her final radiance he saw, or thought he saw, the

33. The Waves, 70.

outline of the Rings. He had always been grateful, as people who understood him knew. But this evening his gratitude seemed a gift of small account. The ear was deaf, and what thanks of his could reach it? The body was dust, and in what ecstasy of his could it share? The spirit had fled, in agony and loneliness, never to know that it bequeathed him salvation.³⁴

Stephen at this point does the one thing that a man of his sort may do. He kisses his child. In so doing, he illustrates Forster's point again that love is the one flower. Not only has love triumphed here again, but it is also transmitted from one generation to another. Rickie left Agnes and followed Stephen because of a likeness in voices, which overleapt one grave. Stephen's gratitude and love leap over another. Mother, half-brothers, and child are linked. Moreover, they are joined with the future of England. Stephen sees his sort governing that country. This final moment of insight enhances Stephen's knowledge of himself. It also seems to reveal at least a partial answer to the mystery of the universe.

Lucy Honeychurch is another young person, who, like Rickie Elliot, starts her adult life in a muddle. She becomes engaged to the wrong man. But a series of situations tests her and at last she has a true moment of insight. This final apperception is into "the holiness of direct desire". This moment is given to her through the agency of another human being. Old Mr. Emerson, father of George who has turned up again and again in Lucy's life, always disturbing her peace

34. The Longest Journey, 319-20.

of mind, points out to Lucy that she is in fact really in love with his son George. But the road to this final apperception has again been by way of other, and temporarily limited, apperceptions. The first of these moments, and a minor one, but nonetheless indicative of Lucy's potential for growth, can be seen in Lucy's acceptance of a room of her own with a view. Charlotte, her chaperone, has taken the larger room of the two available so that Lucy will not have to be obliged to the young man who formerly rented it.

'Mother wouldn't mind, I'm sure', said Lucy, but again had the sense of larger and unsuspected issues.

Miss Bartlett only sighed, and enveloped her in a protecting embrace as she wished her good-night. It gave Lucy the sensation of a fog, and when she reached her own room she opened the window and breathed the clean night air, thinking of the kind old man who had enabled her to see the lights dancing in the Arno and the cypresses of San Miniato, and the foot-hills of the Apennines, black against the rising moon.³⁵

Here, Lucy begins to have some insight into the issues that divide adults and young people. Her response is direct, fresh, and uninhibited - except that she is smothered by Miss Bartlett. The fog associated with her chaperone is directly contrasted with the pure clear night and the lights dancing in the river. Later in the novel Miss Bartlett is to appear as something brown against a sunny, flowery scene.

Lucy's education^{is} to continue rapidly. George kisses her, Charlotte interferes and advises silence, Lucy is soon back in

35. A Room With a View, 19-20.

London with her fiancé Cecil. The lies she has committed by saying nothing to her mother and Cecil continue to trouble her. Her unconscious mind will not let her rest. Once again, Forster uses a distressing dream to show how the mind is troubled, although the individual may consciously deny it. But the matter is brought to a head by her meeting with George. Here is a call she cannot resist. She meets him with Freddy and Mr. Beebe, as they chase one another, naked, around a bathing-hole. Lucy bows, politely. But the scene sticks in her memory. From this point Lucy experiences a series of highly unsettling moments which yield greater and greater insights. First she sees how different her reaction to George has been from what she expected. He had greeted her, not morbidly or indifferently or impudently, but "with the shout of the morning star". She had planned how she would meet him. "I will bow", she had thought. 'I will not shake hands with him. That will be just the proper thing'. She had bowed -- but to whom? To gods, to heroes, to the nonsense of schoolgirls! She had bowed across the rubbish that cumbers the world."³⁶

This insight is very much into her own changing values. But hand in hand with her realisation of herself goes her realisation of how far short of the mark Cecil falls. A comparison of George and Cecil reveals many things which affect her deeply. Her body and soul clash over what she has noticed, what she would prefer to believe. A second kiss from George,

36. A Room With a View, 205-6.

and a declaration of love from him, make her realise further truths about herself. George has stated that he has been into the dark, and goes back into it again unless she tries to understand. Although Lucy is temporarily able to resist him, she is nonetheless disturbed. In the following passage Lucy experiences an instant of insight into the fate which threatens her if she denies what she truly feels. She and Charlotte go out into the garden after listening to George.

But, once in the open air, she paused. Some emotion -- pity, terror, love, but the emotion was strong -- seized her, and she was aware of autumn. Summer was ending, and the evening brought her odours of decay, the more pathetic because they were reminiscent of spring. That something or other mattered intellectually? A leaf violently agitated, danced past her, while other leaves lay motionless. That the earth was hastening to re-enter darkness, and the shadows of those trees to creep over Windy Corner?³⁷

This insight leads to the breaking of the engagement between Lucy and Cecil. A small thing tips the scales. Cecil refuses to make a fourth at tennis. And the scales fall from Lucy's eyes. Even so, Lucy has arrived at only a partial understanding of herself. As Forster puts it, she "joined the vast armies of the benighted, who follow neither the heart nor the brain" when she pretended to George that she did not love him and said to Cecil that she loved no one. It remains for Mr. Emerson to open her eyes to herself. The old man speaks to her about the muddle that she has made for herself. She is about to leave England and travel with the aging Misses Allen.

37. A Room With a View, 258.

But his words and the kiss that he gives her make her see clearly.

He gave her a sense of deities reconciled, a feeling that, in gaining the man she loved, she would gain something for the whole world. Throughout the squalor of her homeward drive -- she spoke at once -- his salutation remained. He had robbed the body of its taint, the world's taunts of their sting; he had shown her the holiness of direct desire. She 'never exactly understood', she would say in after years, 'how he managed to strengthen her. It was as if he had made her see the whole of everything at once'.³⁸

The moment of insight which Mr. Emerson provokes leads Lucy to abandon her original plans, to cast aside the taunts of her family and friends, and to marry George. Thus the major apperception is an important one from the point of view of the plot. It is, in these terms, the raison d'être of the novel. Furthermore, it demonstrates Forster's theme about the necessity to educate the heart. In this connection, it is interesting to note the part that physical expressions of love play in triggering off Lucy's moments of apperception. As we have seen above, George kisses her on several occasions. Each time she sees herself and the world around her more clearly. The final moments of insight after old Mr. Emerson has kissed her. Significantly, the physical contact between them robs bodily desire of its taint in Lucy's eyes.

Margaret Schlegel and Mrs. Wilcox are agents who provoke others' moments of apperception in Howards End. Mrs. Wilcox

38. A Room With a View, 316.

senses intuitively the unity encompassing everything in the universe. Margaret Schlegel senses it more obscurely but is sufficiently aware of an unseen and transcendent reality to be able to relate it to the temporal and physical realities. An example of the level at which Margaret operates early in the novel can be seen in her response to Leonard Bast when that young man comes to explain how it happened that his wife Jackie had come to call the previous day. During his visit, he tells them of "his adventure" when he had walked out into Surrey and watched dawn come up. The Schlegels' reception of him is something else he always remembers. This memory provides him with many moments that help him in the future.

That the Schlegels had not thought him foolish became a permanent joy. He was at his best when he thought of them. It buoyed him as he journeyed home beneath fading heavens. Somehow the barriers of wealth had fallen, and there had been -- he could not phrase it -- a general assertion of the wonder of the world. "My conviction", says the mystic, "gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it," and they had agreed that there was something beyond life's daily grey. He took off his top-hat and smoothed it thoughtfully. He had hitherto supposed the unknown to be books, literature, clever conversation, culture. One raised oneself by study, and got upsides with the world. But in that quick interchange a new light dawned. Was that 'something' walking in the dark among the suburban hills?³⁹

The moment increases Leonard's sense of the size of life. At the same time, it increases his sense of himself. He comes out of his reverie to discover that he is walking bareheaded

39. Howards End, 121.

down Regent Street. He senses at first that he is being regarded with unconscious hostility by the passers-by. But once he puts his hat on, he is free from criticism. He walks quickly along the pavements, "the heart of a man ticking fast in his chest".

Mrs. Wilcox indirectly provides a moment of communion for Margaret and Helen when the two sisters meet after their separation at Howards End. Old Miss Avery has set all the furniture about the house. Margaret and Helen, after feeling estranged from each other, find in and among these pieces from the past their own salvation.

And the triviality faded from their faces, though it left something behind -- the knowledge that they never could be parted because their love was rooted in common things. Explanations and appeals had failed; they had tried for a common meeting-ground, and had only made each other unhappy. And all the time their salvation was lying round them -- the past sanctifying the present; the present, with wild heart-throb, declaring that there would after all be a future, with laughter and the voices of children. Helen, still smiling, came up to her sister. She said, "It is always Meg". They looked into each other's eyes. The inner life had paid.⁴⁰

It remains for Margaret to explain how she feels it is that Mrs. Wilcox has provided this night for them. She tells Helen that she feels that she and her sister and Henry, her husband, are only fragments of Mrs. Wilcox's mind. She feels that Mrs. Wilcox is the house, and the tree that leans over it, and that such knowledge as the other woman had does not perish with

40. Howards End, 297.

knowledge such as her own. Indeed, Margaret's moment of communion is extended even beyond this point. She feels, as she falls off to sleep, that the peace of the country is entering into her. She wakes for a few moments, and gazes at the house and the tree standing clearly in the moonlight. As she looks into the garden, Margaret thinks: "How incomprehensible that Leonard Bast should have won her this night of peace! Was he also part of Mrs.Wilcox's mind?" In so thinking, she unconsciously anticipates the final insight he is to achieve in the novel. After Henry has spoken to his children about the arrangements of his new will, he explains to Margaret that Mrs.Wilcox had intended that Margaret should have Howards End in the first place. The news makes Margaret silent. "Something shook her life in its inmost recesses, and she shivered". The connections are now all made at the level of the metaphysical. Various suggestions have been made throughout the novel that mind surrounds the world and that some people's minds become part of that mind and influence the course of life. But no explicit explanation is ever given.⁴¹

Perhaps the best explanation that can be offered is that Margaret is one of Forster's "connecting" characters. She embodies, and carries out, what she thinks Mrs.Wilcox would have wanted accomplished. The first Mrs.Wilcox acts as inspiration for Margaret who in her own life connects "the

41. Howards End, 315.

prose and the passion", the living and the unseen, the world of telegrams and anger, the Basts, the Wilcoxes and the Schlegels. The house and the overarching tree which feature the ending of the novel represent the chief qualities of the main character.

The final moment of apperception is achieved through Margaret. She also experiences it and the other characters share it in varying degrees. Henry himself does not seem to realise the significance of his actions in setting aside his first wife's wishes that Howards End should go to Margaret Schlegel. But he has some inkling of what Margaret, and the fact that the house belongs to her now, mean to him. Helen, rushing in with her baby and young Tom cries excitedly that she has "seen to the very end, and that it'll be such a crop of hay as never!" Her words suggest that unconsciously she sees a bountiful future for them all predicted in the bumper crop. Margaret, however, realises the part she has played in all their lives and is for the first time fully conscious of how many of her friend's wishes have unconsciously been accomplished.

As we have seen above, some of the moments of apperception into self involve insights into others. But there are also a number of more direct moments of insight into others in Forster's novels. In Where Angels Fear to Tread, Lilia has a frightening moment of insight into her husband Gino and into

the nature of their marriage. One day Gino challenges her about going out alone. In the ensuing quarrel, Gino asserts that he is her husband and tries to go off to sleep until Lilia declares that she is the one who has the money. She tells him to mind his manners, or he may find it awkward if he stopped drawing cheques. Immediately she is alarmed by the change in him. His clothes don't seem to fit, he seems too frightened to move or to speak. Then, he implores her pardon, collapsing at her feet, lying ill in the house three days. "But for all his suffering he had tamed her, and she never threatened to cut off supplies again".⁴²

Lilia has in this flash of insight seen that Gino married her for her money. But she has seen more than this in the man: she has seen the difference between the North and the South. She yearns for Sawton, her home. Although she makes a gesture towards escaping Italy, she does not go very far with it, and acquiesces in her fate, suffering miserably, acting pitiably, and becoming pregnant in the hope that Gino will stop being unfaithful.

Similarly Stephen recognises Rickie's true nature in The Longest Journey. This early insight, however, is a refracted one, because it is accomplished at a remove, through the reading of a manuscript. Stephen reads Agnes's notes too and is even more puzzled.

What a production! Who was this girl? Where did she go to? Why so much talk about trees? 'I take it he wrote it when feeling bad', he

42. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 85.

murmured, and let it fall into the gutter. It fell face downwards, and on the back he saw a neat little resume in Miss Pembroke's handwriting, intended for such as him.

'Allegory. Man = modern civilization (in bad sense). Girl getting into touch with Nature'.

In touch with Nature! The girl was a tree! He lit his pipe and gazed at the radiant earth. The foreground was hidden but there was the village with its elms, and the Roman Road, and Cadbury Rings. There, too, were those woods, and little beech copses, crowning a waste of down. Not to mention the air, or the sun, or water. Good, oh good!

In touch with Nature! What cant would the books think of next? His eyes closed. He was sleepy. Good, oh good.

Sighing into his pipe, he fell asleep.⁴³

The insight, of course, is not only into Rickie but also into Stephen himself. It is first a moment in which he contrasts himself with Rickie. Secondly, it is a moment of complete harmony with the universe. It enhances Stephen's understanding of himself and his appreciation of the world around him. Moreover, it bolsters Forster's theme of the natural man acting against the artifice of civilisation.

In A Room With a View Mr. Beebe "reads" Lucy's character as she plays the piano. Mr. Beebe sits listening to Miss Honeychurch play in the lounge of the pension in which they are both staying in Italy. He also reflects that he had heard her years ago at Tunbridge Wells. Her playing of Beethoven startles him. In her playing both in Tunbridge Wells and in Italy Mr. Beebe hears the hammer strokes of Victory. In Tunbridge Wells he had remarked to the vicar, as now in Italy he says to

43. The Longest Journey, 139-140.

Miss Honeychurch, herself / 'If Miss Honeychurch ever takes to live as she plays, it will be very exciting -- both for us and for her'.⁴⁴ Mr. Beebe's remarks, of course, turn out to be very prophetic. But in terms of Mr. Beebe's later rejection of Lucy's courageous living, they also turn out to be ironically prophetic.

Here, as in the passage in which Stephen reads Rickie's manuscripts, art has expressed hitherto unliberated parts of the character's personality. In the next passage, however, George Emerson seems to be able to read a character's unconscious mind from her everyday acts and words. On their honeymoon, he and Lucy try to piece out what actually happened to bring them together in the end. Miss Bartlett's behaviour had been puzzling to both of them. Lucy is tempted to explain that Charlotte had undone her work by a feeble muddle at the last moment. But George seems to think that perhaps Charlotte meant it, that by troubling Lucy all summer long she had kept George alive in the girl.

He whispered: 'Is it this? Is this possible? I'll put a marvel to you. That your cousin has always hoped. That from the very first moment that we met, she hoped, far down in her mind, that we should be like this -- of course, very far down. That she fought us on the surface, and yet she hoped.'⁴⁵

He believes further that far down in her heart, far below all speech and behaviour, Charlotte is glad. It is interesting to

44. A Room With a View, 47.

45. A Room With a View, 323.

note that Lucy's agreement on this point is achieved through her own understanding of herself. "'It is impossible', murmured Lucy, and then, remembering the experiences of her own heart, she said: 'No -- it is just possible.'"⁴⁶ The moment is one of insight into another and into self.

Three other moments of insight into others should be noted in passing for the influence which they have upon the development of plot in the novels. Helen, for example, has a moment of insight into a whole family. As she puts it, "I felt for a moment that the whole Wilcox family was a fraud, just a wall of newspapers and motor-cars and golf-clubs, and that if it fell I should find nothing behind it but panic and emptiness".⁴⁷ Helen is recounting her feelings after she and Paul have momentarily been engaged to each other. Her insight is true but inadequate, as will be amply demonstrated in the course of the novel. Helen has to learn, and she learns partly under her sister's instruction; that the world of the Wilcoxes is essential too. "Only connect" is the motto of the book, and Forster argues this thesis at some length. Also, this moment marks the beginning of a revulsion which is going to throw Helen into Leonard Bast's arms and thus affect the whole crisis of the story.

Then, too, Margaret has a highly important moment of insight into Henry when she learns of his relationship with

46. A Room With a View, 324.

47. Howards End, 23.

Mrs. Bast. She is at first prompted to ask for an explanation of this past misconduct. But further reflection leads her to see that the wrong has not been done to her and that Mrs. Wilcox must be left to her own. There are two revelations to be noted here: first, her insight into the fact that Jackie has been Henry's mistress. Second, and more importantly, that this insight is really not so important in terms of her own life. She is, however, to make use of this knowledge when she tries to win Mr. Wilcox's approval to let her sister and herself sleep overnight in Howards End.

As can be seen in the moments instanced above, insights into others often involve insights into a complicated set of relationships. Lilia's insight into her husband, as we have noted, is also an insight into her marriage, and a revelation into the differences between the Italian and the English modes of behaviour. Rickie, when he realises that Stephen is his mother's son, not his father's as he had previously thought, has a startling moment of insight into a very complex web indeed, (see page 238 above). One thing which becomes very clear to him is the conspiracy that his wife and her brother and his aunt have indulged in to keep him from knowing. Margaret, as has been mentioned above, learns that Jackie has been Mr. Wilcox's mistress during Henry's first wife's lifetime. She makes "the connection" for Henry when he tries to condemn Helen and her lover. "Only say to yourself" she says to Henry, "'What Helen has done, I've done!'" Henry is unable to see

the justice of her remarks at this stage in his life but later he is to learn all too well. So, too, Aziz has to puzzle out something about the Moores and Fielding. He thinks for a time that Fielding has married his enemy, Adela, and refuses to see him. But then he learns that Fielding has married Mrs. Moore's daughter, Stella. All these examples, briefly mentioned, are important to the major apperception of, and thus to the full statement of Forster's thesis in, each of the novels under study.

But by far the greatest number of moments of insight in Forster's novels are those of harmony with or penetration into the universe. These moments are often at different levels. Sometimes they comprise insights into self or other people as well as into the universe. But the insights into personal qualities may often be qualified by a character's idealising nature, or his determination to see life in terms of abstractions. A subsidiary category of moment of insight into the universe involves small moments of premonition and/or prophecy. Philip Herriton in Where Angels Fear to Tread experiences one such at the personal level. He has strong feelings of future sorrow. Harriet has stolen the baby. She and Philip drive away together with it.

He had last seen the baby sprawling on the knees of Miss Abbott, shining and naked, with twenty miles of view behind him, and his father kneeling by his feet. And that remembrance, together with Harriet, and the darkness, and the poor idiot, and the silent rain, filled him with sorrow and with the expectation of sorrow to come.⁴⁸

48. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 222-3.

Philip's feelings of sorrow are intensified as they travel on. He notices that the child is crying and is concerned about its well-being. "It was as if they were travelling with the whole world's sorrow, as if all the mystery, all the persistency of woe were gathered to a single fount".⁴⁹ Shortly afterwards, there is an accident. The child is thrown from the carriage and killed. Philip's moment of premonition is thus confirmed. His feelings have not been specific. They have been general ones of sorrow. But they have been accurate as far as they have gone. Philip's forebodings can be contrasted with Miss Avery's predictions in Howards End. Miss Avery is so sure that Margaret Schlegel, now Mrs. Wilcox, will live at Howards End that she has fitted the place out with the contents of Margaret's former home. She has even furnished a nursery. When Margaret comes to see the furniture, Miss Avery says to her: "You think that you won't come back to live here, Mrs. Wilcox, but you will".⁵⁰ Her prophecy is of course amply fulfilled.

Miss Avery's moment of insight into future destiny differs greatly from Philip's. She is quite specific about future happenings and seems to draw her conclusion from some uncanny insight of her own rather than from feelings built up out of circumstances around her.

Forster uses these premonitory moments in several ways.

49. Where Angels Fear to Tread, 225.

50. Howards End, 270.

They help to prepare the reader for developments in the plot. And Forster's plots, melodramatic as they are, sometimes constructed, as in the case of Howards End, simply to demonstrate a thesis Forster wishes to argue, need all the help they can get. Moreover, these moments of prophetic insight reinforce the side of the supernatural. Forster is unwilling to see life only in material or physical terms. Equally, he does not entirely "go over" to the spiritual or metaphysical point of view. These prophetic overtones are a reminder that there is more to life than what may at first appear.

"Prophecy -- in our sense -- is a tone of voice", Forster wrote in Aspects of the Novel.⁵¹ In the two passages given above, it does not seem to me that his prose opens out in the manner which he describes in prophetic novels. "In Dostoevsky the characters and situations always stand for more than themselves; infinity attends them, though they remain individuals they expand to embrace it and summon it to embrace them; one can apply to them the saying of St. Catherine of Siena that God is in the soul and the soul is in God as the sea is in the fish and the fish is in the sea. Every sentence he writes implies this extension, and the implication is the dominant aspect of his work".⁵² This opening-out is more nearly accomplished in A Passage to India where the tone of

51. E.M.Forster, Aspects of the Novel, Edward Arnold, London, 1953, 116.

52. Aspects of the Novel, 123.

the preacher has vanished and the voice of the prophet takes over. Here the moments of apperception suggests worlds beyond this world. But all approaches to a definitive answer to the problem of human existence are ultimately frustrated. "Ou-boum" is not the answer to India or the universe. As Mrs. Moore sails for England, the palm trees seem to have another message: "'So you thought an echo was India; you took the Marabar caves as final?' they laughed. 'What have we in common with them, or they with Asirgarh? Good-bye!'"⁵³

In A Passage to India, however, the emphasis in the moments of apperception is not so much on personal relationships as on the quality of the universe. The problems posed here are couched in the terms of both human and metaphysical relationships. Indeed, each level seems to reflect the other. But in this novel the values glimpsed in the earlier novels can no longer be sustained. Various ways, or passages, to "the truth" are tried but all seem to end in further mystery.

The main moments of seeming harmony with or penetration into the mysteries of the cosmos are experienced by Mrs. Moore and Professor Godbole. Mrs. Moore, for example, gazing at the moon, feels "a sudden sense of unity, of kinship with the heavenly bodies". This sense of unity "passed into the old woman and out, like water through a tank, leaving a strange freshness behind".⁵⁴ She also notes the difference between the

53. A Passage to India, Edward Arnold, London, 1924, 211.

54. A Passage to India, 27.

moon in England and in India. "In England the moon had seemed dead and alien; here she was caught in the shawl of night together with earth and all the other stars".⁵⁵ Mrs. Moore is constantly on the alert for the differences between the two countries, and her anxiety in this matter undoubtedly conditions some of her responses. In arguing to Ronny that they are in England to be pleasant, because God is love and has "put us on the earth in order to be pleasant to each other", she has another moment of insight into the mystery of the universe.

Mrs. Moore felt that she had made a mistake in mentioning God, but she found him increasingly difficult to avoid as she grew older, and he had been constantly in her thoughts since she entered India, though oddly enough he satisfied her less. She must needs pronounce his name frequently, as the greatest she knew, yet she had never found it less efficacious. Outside the arch there seemed always an arch, beyond the remotest echo a silence.⁵⁶

The insight, of course, is in a sense a lack of insight. Mrs. Moore does not feel that she has achieved anything very definite about the universe. She does, however, achieve some good in the field of human relationships.

Perhaps the main example of the influence one human being can have over another, and the power of one character to affect other people's moments of apperception, occurs in A Passage to India. Mrs. Moore is here the prime agent of others' insights.

55. A Passage to India, 27.

56. A Passage to India, 50-51.

Adela's clear insight during the trial, for example, can be directly attributed to the power Mrs. Moore unconsciously has over Adela's unconscious mind. Adela's curious breakdown after the alleged assault in the caves has left her very confused. But during the trial of Doctor Aziz her mind begins to grow clear. She is no longer so sure that the Indian doctor did attack her. As soon as the crowd outside the courtroom begin to chant the name of Mrs. Moore, Adela's mind begins to clear. She starts to remember what had happened the day of the visit to the caves. At this point, she no longer fears speaking out in court, nor does she fear remembering the day itself.

When Adela is asked precisely whether Aziz followed her into the cave, she is unable to answer at first. She says several times that she is not sure. Finally, she declares that she has made a mistake and that Dr. Aziz did not follow her into the cave. At last, she firmly withdraws the charge against him.

Something that she did not understand took hold of the girl and pulled her through. Though the vision was over, and she had returned to the insipidity of the world, she remembered what she had learnt. Atonement and confession -- they could wait. It was in hard prosaic tones that she said, 'I withdraw everything'.⁵⁷

Several mysteries remain: what happened in the cave, what happened to Adela during the trial? Adela had anticipated breaking down in the courtroom, but she had expected to suffer hysterical fits of weeping. Fielding, watching her falter as

she gives evidence, thinks that she is going to have a nervous breakdown and that his friend is saved. Yet, when he rescues her from the crowd after the group in the courtroom has dispersed, he obviously does not think that she has suffered a "nervous breakdown". "What -- what have you been doing? he cried suddenly. 'Playing a game, studying life, or what?'"⁵⁸ Has Adela suffered a nervous breakdown in the caves, or after her visit to them? Certainly, after the trial is over, she seems to have reached Mrs. Moore's level of seeing the world as meaningless. "She felt emptied, valueless; there was no more virtue in her".⁵⁹ Problems of sex and marriage had occupied her as she entered the caves with Aziz. She had not only felt attracted to Aziz, but she had wondered if she had really loved Ronny. She had been tempted to ask Aziz about love and marriage just before the entrance to the caves. Again, in the courtroom, doubts assail her. The superb figure of the punkah wallah, aloof and splendid, both attracts and rebukes her for the narrowness of her suffering. She would have consulted Mrs. Moore had the old lady been there to help her. "'Can I possibly have made a mistake?' she thought. For this question still occurred to her intellect, though since Mrs. Moore's departure it had ceased to trouble her conscience".⁶⁰

Finally, the name of Mrs. Moore, transposed into Esmiss

58. A Passage to India, 233.

59. A Passage to India, 233.

60. A Passage to India, 221.

Esmoor, comes to be chanted throughout the courtroom and in the streets. The name seems to possess magical properties. In any case, it seems to clear Adela's head. After the turmoil has died down, she is able to say that she is not sure that Aziz harmed her, and withdraws the charges. About the surest thing that can be said seems to be that Mrs. Moore in some way or other acts as an agent of Adela's moment of apperception here. Certainly, Adela experiences, for the first occasion in some time, insight into herself and what has been troubling her since her visit to the Marabar Caves. Her echo lifts; she sees the world in entirely different terms. Old concepts and prides no longer have any relevance for her. Adela later attempts to explain to Fielding what may have happened to her in the cave. But this is impossible. She suggests that they say the guide followed her, adding that in truth it will never be known. However, she insists that Mrs. Moore knew what happened, and suggest that the way that Mrs. Moore knew was telepathy. However, even this interpretation falls short.

She was at the end of her spiritual tether, and so was he. Were there worlds beyond which they could never touch, or did all that is possible enter their consciousness? They could not tell. They only realized that their outlook was more or less similar, and found in this a satisfaction. Perhaps life is a mystery, not a muddle; they could not tell. Perhaps the hundred Indias which fuss and squabble so tiresomely are one, and the universe they mirror is one. They had not the apparatus for judging.⁶¹

61. A Passage to India, 264.

Whatever the explanation may be Adela finds some purpose for her life. This moment of insight into her future duty occurs as she travels back to England. It seems a more direct moment of apperception into self, but it too, because of all that has gone before, is indirectly a moment of apperception accomplished through the influence of another person. At Port Said an American missionary asks her to what duties she is returning.

'I see', she replied. Suddenly, in the Mediterranean clarity, she had seen. Her first duty on returning to England was to look up those other children of Mrs. Moore's, Ralph and Stella, then she would return to her profession. Mrs. Moore had tended to keep the products of her two marriages apart, and Adela had not come across the younger branch so far.⁶²

Adela does as she determines in this moment, with important consequences for the plot which in turn provoke moments of apperception for some of the major characters. These will be examined in turn. On the subject of the moment cited above, however, it should be noted that it is experienced under the influence of the return to Europe and Europeans ways of looking at the world. The vague mistiness of India where everything means something and nothing at the same time is left behind. More human concerns, the problem of conducting one's life on earth with one's fellows come to the fore. The trivial pleasantries of an American missionary somehow help her to see her future course clearly.

62. A Passage to India, 267.

The apperceptions of evil experienced during the major moments of vision in A Passage to India are expressed in passive terms. There is an absence of meaning in the world. No values seem to exist. Everything apparently levels out to "ou-boum" in the end. Mrs. Moore experiences two moments during her visit to the caves which provide her with a vision of the futility of any attempt to project values on to the world. First, she experiences intense feelings of physical discomfort in the cave. There are foul smells, something strikes her face, she can't breathe, she nearly faints. Moreover, there is a terrifying echo which reduces any noise to 'bou-oum' or 'ou-boum'. "Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce 'boum'. Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle, but is eternally watchful. And if several people talk at once, an overlapping howling noise begins, echoes generate echoes, and the cave is stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes, which writhe independently".⁶³ When she emerges from the cave, and sits down alone to rest quietly for a time, Mrs. Moore experiences her second moment of apperception. This experience involves a reliving of what happened in the cave, along with further reflections that everything is the same. Pathos, piety, courage all exist but are identical with each other and with filth. Infinity and eternity are robbed of their vastness, "the only quality that accommodates them to mankind". She tries

63. A Passage to India, 148.

to remind herself of herself, that she "was only an elderly woman who had got up too early in the morning and journeyed too far, that the despair creeping over her was merely her despair, her personal weakness, and that even if she got a sunstroke and went mad, the rest of the world would go on".⁶⁴ But this attempt at reviewing personality, and at setting personality in perspective, also fails. Religion and its phrases spring up in her mind, also to be reduced to 'boum'.

Then she was terrified over an area larger than usual; the universe, never comprehensible to her intellect, offered no repose to her soul, the mood of the last two months took definite form at last, and she realized that she didn't want to write to her children, didn't want to communicate with anyone, not even with God. She sat motionless with horror, and, when old Mohammed Latif came up to her, thought he would notice a difference. For a time she thought, 'I am going to be ill', to comfort herself, then she surrendered to the vision. She lost all interest, even in Aziz, and the affectionate and sincere words that she had spoken to him seemed no longer hers but the air's.⁶⁵

In this moment of apperception all previous values break down. The self and its personality, the concepts or mental constructs which the mind composes to impose on the world in an effort to render it comprehensible, all fail. Mrs. Moore, from this point, becomes a rather crotchety old woman; tired, querulous, she wants only to be left alone, to return to England, and to die. Indeed, the only person who seems capable of sustaining the meaning of the meaninglessness of the universe is Professor Godbole. In this respect Professor Godbole's

65. A Passage to India, 150-151.

assertions of the indefiniteness of God constitutes a moment of insight for the Westerners into the complexities of the Hindu religion; on the other hand, they are no clearer in themselves about the mysteries of the world. Professor Godbole is experiencing a moment of apperception insofar as he is experiencing union with his God during his song. The song Professor Godbole sings is very strange to Western ears; it is like the song of an unknown bird. Only the servants seem to understand the song. In attempting to explain the song, Professor Godbole says: "I placed myself in the position of a milkmaid. I say to Shri Krishna, 'Come! come to me only'". The god refuses to come. I grow humble and say: "Do not come to me only. Multiply yourself into a hundred Krishnas, and let one go to each of my hundred companions, but one, O Lord of the Universe, come to me". He refuses to come. This is repeated several times. The song is composed in a raga appropriate to the present hour, which is the evening".⁶⁶ Professor Godbole persists in repeating that Krishna refuses to come.

But these moments of apperception, of apparent insight into, or harmony with, the universe are in a sense fragmentary. They are insights into what the characters conceive, or need to think, are. the qualities or attributes of the universe. They are conditioned and qualified by the nature of the characters themselves. When Mrs. Moore looks at the moon, she sees it to a

66. A Passage to India, 78.

certain extent in terms of the needs of her own life. Professor Godbole conceives God, Goodness and Evil in terms of his Hindu discipline, a discipline which emphasises that he must, in order to become himself, become not-self, and vice versa. In his song and in his talk with Fielding about what has happened in the cave, he expresses his sense of the significance and the non-significance, the evil and goodness in everything in the universe. Professor Godbole has his own moment of apperception during the Hindu ceremony celebrating the birth of the God. At the time, he is conducting his choir. To the European eye, confusion, muddle, frustration of reason and form, seem to reign.

It was long before the tiny fragments of Professor Godbole that attended to outside things decided that his pince-nez was in trouble, and that until it was adjusted he could not choose a new hymn. He laid down one cymbal, with the other he clashed the air, with his free hand he fumbled at the flowers round his neck. A colleague assisted him. Singing into one another's grey moustaches, they disentangled the chain from the tinsel into which it had sunk. Godbole consulted the music-book, said a word to the drummer, who broke rhythm, made a thick little blur of sound, and produced a new rhythm. This was more exciting, the inner images it evoked more definite, and the singers' expression became fatuous and languid. They loved all men, the whole universe, and scraps of their past, tiny splinters of detail, emerged for a moment to melt into the universal warmth. Thus Godbole, though she was not important to him, remembered an old woman he had met in Chandrapore days. Chance brought her into his mind while it was in this heated state, he did not select her, she happened to occur among the throng of soliciting images, a tiny splinter, and he impelled her by this spiritual

force to that place where completeness can be found. Completeness, not reconstruction. His senses grew thinner, he remembered a wasp seen he forgot where, perhaps on a stone. He loved the wasp equally, he impelled it likewise, he was imitating God. And the stone where the wasp clung -- could he ... no, he could not, he had been wrong to attempt the stone, logic and conscious effort had seduced, he came back to the strip of red carpet and discovered that he was dancing upon it.⁶⁷

It is interesting to note that the stone stops Professor Godbole's attempts to imitate God. He can impel his thoughts to creatures like a wasp; but he cannot reach something finite and lifeless such as a stone. Logic and conscious effort have to come into play here. God cannot be reached by these intellectual faculties, it is suggested. It is rather at a more unconscious level of the mind that communion with God may be achieved. It may be remembered that Mr. Ramsay's fine, orderly mind could only reach R. He could not proceed beyond that. Further, Mr. Ramsay lacked Professor Godbole's other harmonising powers. Mrs. Ramsay had those for him.

The singers also experience a moment of communion. They melt into a universal warmth. And Professor Godbole remembers Mrs. Moore. He makes no attempt to explain this happening. Indeed, he cannot. All he can do is to accept the experience.

It made no difference whether she was a trick of his memory or a telepathic appeal. It was his duty, as it was his desire, to place himself in the position of the God and to love her, and to place himself in her position and to say to the God, 'Come, come, come, come'. This was all he could do. How inadequate! But each according to his own capacities, and he knew that his own were small. 'One old Englishwoman and one little, little wasp', he thought, as he stepped out of the

67. A Passage to India, 288.

temple into the grey of a pouring wet morning. 'It does not seem much, still it is more than I am myself.'⁶⁸

In this experience, Godbole, though apparently not self-conscious in any usual sense of the term, achieves this moment of harmony by becoming highly self-conscious. He plunges deep inside himself, to effect the view, in Hindu terms, of Self and Not-Self.

A similar communion is achieved by the foreign visitors to the Hindu ceremony, in honour of the birth of the God. Aziz, Ralph, Stella, and Fielding take a boat out on the water and collide with another boat. This boat carries one of the servitors with objects to be used in the ceremony. All are thrown into the water. Oars, the ceremonial tray, letters, Englishmen, Hindus and Moslems float about confusedly. The noise is equally varied and confusing. "That was the climax, as far as India admits of one". However, the singing went on even longer... ragged edges of religion ... unsatisfactory and undramatic tangles 'God si love'. Looking back as the great blur of the last twenty-four hours, no man could say where was the emotional centre of it, any more than he could locate the heart of a cloud".⁶⁹

With bits and pieces of god, and religious services, and various nationalities all floating about together, to be picked up and sorted out again, the scene seems rather like an acting out of what Godbole had perceived while his choir was singing.

68. A Passage to India, 292-3

69. A Passage to India, 318.

All, it seems, are united in the water, traditional symbol of birth, and emerge united and reborn.

Despite these important moments of communion, separateness seems the final moment of apperception for Aziz and Fielding. The two men, friends again, go for a last ride together. Each asserts that he wants to be friends.

But the horses didn't want it -- they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet', and the sky said, 'No, not there'.⁷⁰

Finally, Aziz's instant recognition that Mrs. Moore is "an Oriental" should be noted. He says that he knows this about her when she says: "I don't think I understand people very well. I only know whether I like or dislike them".⁷¹ This remark wins her Aziz's friendship, and that bond plays a very important role in the working-out of the plot. So, too, at the end of the novel, Aziz is to say these words to Mrs. Moore's son, Ralph. Aziz realises that he had said them earlier, "in the mosque in the beginning of the cycle from which, after so much suffering, he had got free".⁷² But despite the fact that the cycle seems to be beginning again, and that with each mention of Mrs. Moore, "a part of Aziz' mind that had been hidden seemed to move and force its way to the top", he recognises

70. A Passage to India, 325.

71. A Passage to India, 21.

72. A Passage to India, 313.

that the two nations cannot become friends, "not yet, not there". The moment is one of insight into another, into self, and into the order of things. It leads to the final insight of the novel, that though Aziz and Fielding want to be friends, they cannot.

However many times the cycle seems to throw up communion, it also returns to separation. Not that even this message can be taken as the final lesson of A Passage to India. There seem to be many messages. Love, perhaps, is indeed the one flower that blooms on the banks of the torrent of life. At least, in the ending of this last novel, Aziz and Fielding are friends. There emerges a very strong doubt about the ability of man to comprehend the universe at all. Certainly there is a great gap between man's aspirations and his ability to achieve his dreams and hopes. It is perhaps best to leave the final word to the Rajah whom E.M.Forster quotes in The Hill of Devi: 'We were either put here intentionally or unintentionally', said the Rajah, 'and it raises fewer difficulties if we suppose that it was unintentionally'.⁷³

Although A Passage to India may remain a mystery, it is not a muddle. It stands in contrast with the earlier novels which do seem to contain, for all Forster's preaching, some emotional confusion. Despite, perhaps because of Forster's insistence on the importance of true relationships many of the

73. E.M.Forster, The Hill of Devi, Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1953, 45.

love passages, especially those between George and Lucy and Agnes and Gerald, are very unconvincing. Nor does this seem entirely intended by Forster. The love of man and woman was something which he seems unable to comprehend or represent fully. Because his accounts of it are conventional and cliché-ridden, the reader is invited to imagine torrents of song, and columns of fire, some of the most uncomfortable moments are those which are insights into idealisations or abstractions of love.

Far more convincing is the bathing-party episode in A Room With a View, which is presented and not simply asserted, though even here Forster has to comment a little. It very simply conveys the joys of the flesh. Again, the moments in A Passage to India are very satisfying, even though they offer no solution to the mysteries of India or existence. There, the prophet's voice has taken over. Instead of preaching flatly, Forster's prose opens out so that the characters and the situations stand for something more than themselves.

The moments of apperception are essential to Forster's work in that, at worst, they present his thesis; at best, they present his finest apprehension of the joys and complexities of life. In the moments, the characters are challenged and sometimes converted. Caroline, Philip, Lucy, Rickie and Adela all come to see their lives and the people around them quite differently.

As we have seen, the element of self is highly involved

in the moments. The characters' needs and desires are projected on to their relationships with other people and on to their apparent insights into the universe. But they come to stand "behind right and wrong", behind convention. They also see what has gone into their previous assumptions and what makes up their new views. Sawston went into Lilia's attitudes; Cambridge and England into Rickie's; Christianity confused Adela; Hinduism, determined Professor Godbole. All the time, of course, Forster is projecting his own values and simply manoeuvring his characters until they come to see what he wants them to realise. It may be argued that the moments represent what have been moments for E.M.Forster.

Ultimately, however, A Passage to India sets these earlier novels into perspective. It demonstrates the frustration and wonderment involved in any attempt to find or assert objective truth about the universe.

CHAPTER VI

JAMES JOYCE

Any discussion of James Joyce's moments of apperception has to take into account his notions of epiphany. The word, in Joyce's published work, first appeared in Ulysses where Stephen asks himself if he remembers "your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria?"¹

Here Stephen talks of epiphanies as something in the past. He is concerned neither with working out his theories of the epiphany nor with collecting them. He is simply remembering. However, in Stephen Hero, written earlier than Ulysses, but published much later, he had also sketched his theories of the epiphany. First, Joyce provides an example, which sets Stephen thinking of collecting many such moments together in a book of epiphanies:

A young lady was standing on the steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis. A young gentleman was leaning on the rusty railings of the area. Stephen as he passed on his quest heard the following fragment of colloquy out of which he received an impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.

The Young Lady -- (drawling discreetly) ...

O, yes... I was ... at the ... cha ... pel

The Young Gentleman -- (inaudibly) ...

I ... (again inaudibly) ... I ...

The Young Lady -- (softly) ... O ... but

you're ... ve...ry ... wick ... ed

This incident made him think of collecting many

1. James Joyce, Ulysses, The Bodley Head, London, 1955, 37.

such moments together in a book of epiphanies.²

An epiphany Stephen goes on to define as "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself". (Stephen Hero, 216). He enlarges upon the idea for Cranly's benefit, telling his friend that the clock of the Ballast Office was capable of an epiphany.

-- Yes, said Stephen. I will pass it time after time, allude to it, refer to it, catch a glimpse of it. It is only an item in the catalogue of Dublin's street furniture. Then all at once I see it and I know at once what it is: epiphany.

-- What?

-- Imagine my glimpses at that clock as the gropings of a spiritual eye which seeks to adjust its vision to an exact focus. The moment the focus is reached the object is epiphanised. It is just in this epiphany that I find a third, the supreme quality of beauty.

-- Yes, said Cranly absently.³

Stephen offers an aesthetic theory, based on Aquinas, in support of his ideas. "The three things requisite for beauty are, integrity, a wholeness, symmetry and radiance".⁴ The mind first recognises that the object is one integral thing, lifted away from everything else. Second, it analyses the object "in whole and in part, in relation to itself and to other objects, examines the balance of its parts, contemplates the form of the object, traverses every cranny of the structure.

2. James Joyce, Stephen Hero, Jonathan Cape, London, 1956, 216.

3. Stephen Hero, 216-17.

4. Stephen Hero, 217.

So the mind receives the impression of the symmetry of the object".⁵ The third quality, claritas, is really quidditas. The epiphany is achieved when the mind discovers this third quality.

First we recognise that the object is one integral thing, then we recognise that it is an organised composite structure, a thing in fact: finally when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognise that it is that thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany.⁶

Several points should be noted here. First, these three qualities are absolutely essential: beauty is found only under these three conditions. Secondly, the epiphany seems essential to apprehending the beauty of the object. Further, both objects and people can have epiphanies. In Stephen Hero, Joyce uses a girl talking in the street and the Ballast Office clock as examples. However, both his friend Oliver St. John Gogarty and his brother Stanislaus Joyce, in their memoirs, regard epiphanies as words or gestures by which people give themselves away.

Gogarty, in As I Was Walking Down Sackville Street, recalls how Joyce left the 'snug' to go to make notes. Gogarty resented being an "unwilling contributor" to one of his "Epiphanies". He reflects further that Joyce probably learned

5. Stephen Hero, 217-218.

6. Stephen Hero, 218.

the term in his Latin class, (adding that Joyce knew no Greek), from Father Darlington. Father Darlington taught him, writes Gogarty, that "'Epiphany' meant a showing forth. So he recorded under 'Epiphany' any showing forth of the mind by which he considered one gave oneself away".⁷ Gogarty is undoubtedly getting back a little at Joyce here. It is highly unlikely that any Catholic, raised by the Jesuits, let alone James Joyce, would need Greek lessons to understand the meaning of epiphany.

Stanislaus Joyce, in his memoir, My Brother's Keeper, expresses a similar view. He writes: "Jim always had a contempt for secrecy, and these notes were in the beginning ironical observations of slips, and little errors and gestures -- mere straws in the wind -- by which people betrayed the very things they were most careful to conceal. 'Epiphanies' were always brief sketches, hardly ever more than some dozen lines in length, but always very accurately observed and noted, the matter being so slight. This collection served him as a sketchbook serves an artist, or as Stevenson's note-book served him in the formation of his style. But it was in no sense a diary".⁸

But it is important to note that the whatness of objects as well as of people is revealed, in Joyce's terms, in an epiphany. His passages on the subject in A Portrait of An

7. Oliver St. John Gogarty, As I Was Going Down Sackville Street, Rich & Cowan, London, 1937, 285-6.

8. Stanislaus Joyce, My Brother's Keeper, Faber and Faber, London, 1958, 134-5.

Artist As A Young Man elaborate this side of the idea. In A Portrait, however, Joyce does not use the word epiphany. The Stephen of A Portrait argues, after Aquinas, that three things are needed for beauty: integritas, consonantia, claritas. He uses as an example a basket which a butcher's boy had slung on his head. First, he explains, the mind must apprehend that basket as one thing. "You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is integritas". Next, having apprehended it as one thing, you go on to feel it as a thing. "You apprehend it as a complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is consonantia". Claritas⁹ he explains as follows:

When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analyzed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks in (sic) the scholastic quidditas, the whatness of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart.⁹

9. James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man, Jonathan Cape, London, 1954, 242-3.

Stephen presents this argument as part of a larger aesthetic theory. He goes on to relate these points to another theory he has about the form the artist chooses to present the image, whether it be lyric, epic or dramatic. But for this thesis, his argument about quidditas is important. Although the word epiphany is never used, epiphany is really quidditas which in turn is claritas. Thus the discussion in A Portrait is relevant. Joyce here stresses a point he had previously made in Stephen Hero. There are two forces at work in the achievement of any epiphany. On the one hand, the person or object manifests itself, shows itself forth. On the other, a focussing of the observer's vision takes place. The instant in which the two coalesce Joyce calls epiphany. Those cases in which the mind of the observer is at work in the manner described by Joyce in the passage quoted earlier, and when the observer is aware of his mind apprehending, may be termed moments of apperception. Some epiphanies, however, are for the reader only. In some instances, especially in Dubliners, as we shall see later in this chapter, the characters give themselves away without realising that they are doing so. It is for the reader to see what has been revealed.

Any study of the moment of apperception in Joyce has also to consider his interest in the unconscious. Stanislaus Joyce points out, as we have seen, that James Joyce's collection of epiphanies was in no sense a diary. "My brother's purpose was

different and his angle of vision new. The revelation and importance of the subconscious had caught his interest. The epiphanies became more frequently subjective and included dreams which he considered in some way revelatory".¹⁰ Stanislaus mentions a dream involving their mother. In the dream she comes to him after her death. The dream-imagery confuses her with the Virgin Mother. O. A. Silverman in the collection of epiphanies in the Wickser collection in the Lockwood Memorial Library also quotes this epiphany. He points out in an appendix several parallel passages from Joyce's published work, including the episode in Nighttown from which I have also quoted above. Silverman writes "one is tempted to see them not only as youthful exercises but also as early statements of many of Joyce's important themes".¹¹

She comes at night when the city is still;
invisible, inaudible, all unsummoned. She
comes from her ancient seat to visit the
least of her children, mother most venerable,
as though he had never been alien to her.
She knows the inmost heart; therefore, she is
gentle, nothing exacting, saying, I am susceptible
of change, an imaginative influence in the hearts
of my children. Who has pity for you when you
are sad among the strangers? Years and years
I loved you when you lay in my womb.¹²

Stanislaus goes on to point out that their mother had written comfortingly to Jim while in Paris. Not long after, a telegram

10. Stanislaus Joyce, op.cit., 135.

11. James Joyce, Epiphanies. Introduction and Notes O.A.Silverman| Lockwood Memorial Library, University of Buffalo, 1956, xvi.

12. Stanislaus Joyce, op.cit., 226-7.

instructed him to come home because his mother was dying. "The sudden summons home had come like the rude shock of reality to the softening influence of Newman's prose, revealed in the 'epiphany', and, weakened as he was by the manner of his life in Paris, it left indelible traces on his soul. (227).

The imaginative influence this dream of the mother exerted upon Joyce is seen in Ulysses. Stephen is haunted by the figure of his mother. He remembers: "Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes".¹³ Several pages later, the memory stirs again: "In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes".¹⁴ In the Nighttown episode a figure representing the Mother rises through the floor to torment Stephen: "I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that boiled rice every night after your brain work. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb".¹⁵ The material has been transposed from the dream and has been stripped of its overt

13. Ulysses, 3.

14. Ulysses, 8.

15. Ulysses, 566.

associations with the Virgin Mary. Throughout the long novel, Stephen moves towards an understanding and statement of the necessity of his actions as well as to a spiritual communion with Bloom. He finally cries out Nothing, smashes the chandelier, and says that what he has done has been necessary for him as an artist.

Joycè's opportunities for contact and familiarity with psychological ideas were many and frequent. His benefactress Mrs. McCormick was in analysis with Jung in Zürich and was very anxious that Joyce should enter also. One of the most important sources of psychoanalytical information was undoubtedly Ottocaro Weiss whom Joyce met in Zürich. Richard Ellman, in his biography of Joyce, writes: "A tall, handsome, warm-hearted young man, he could discuss music expertly, and had a good knowledge of literature. One of his brothers was Dr. Edoardo Weiss, who was among the earliest disciples of Freud and the first psychoanalyst in Italy; from his brother, and from Dr. C. G. Jung, with whom he was also acquainted, Ottocaro Weiss had a knowledge of psychoanalysis which Joyce disparaged but found useful".¹⁶ However, far more important is the use he made of his materials, though this would be the subject of a separate study. In passing, however, several scattered references may be noted. One of the most amusing is the passage parodying psychiatrists in Finnegan's Wake:

16. Richard Ellman, James Joyce, Oxford University Press, New York, 1959, 405.

-- You're a nice third degree witness, faith!
 But this is no laughing matter. Do you think
 we are tonedeafs in our noses to boot? Can
 you not distinguish the sense, prain, from
 the sound, bray? You have homosexual catheis
 of empathy between narcissism of the expert
 and steatopygic invertedness.
 Get yourself psychoanalised!
 -- O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy
 from yours broons quadroons and I can
 psOakooanaloose myself any time I want (the
 fog follow you all!) without your interferences
 or any other pigeonstealer.¹⁷

There is also Joyce's use of Dr. Morton Prince's case-history of Christine L. Beauchamp. Adeline Glasheen¹⁸ has pointed out in detail the echoes and references between the multiple personality of Morton Prince's patient and Joyce's Issy. Miss Beauchamp was a New England girl whose personality was rocked to the foundation when an old friend tried to make love to her. Morton Prince hypnotised her, and summoned first one and then another distinct personality. The several selves wrote each other letters, played tricks on one another, and generally led each other rather trying lives. Joyce parallels some parts of Miss Beauchamp's experiences; in particular, he makes great play of the "letter from Boston, Mass." The reference here is to letters which Sally, the name given to one of Miss Beauchamp's selves, used to write to her "other" while she was in Boston.

But the main concern of this study is with examining the moments of apperception in Joyce's work, and the rest of this

17. James Joyce, Finnegan's Wake, Faber and Faber, London, 1960, 522.

18. Adeline Glasheen, "Finnegan's Wake and the Girls from Boston, Mass." The Hudson Review, Spring, 1954, 89-96.

chapter will be devoted to a discussion of some representative examples of such moments. Dubliners offers a few striking examples of moments of apperception but, as has been said above, provides more instances of the author's epiphanies, which are not those of his characters. Joyce leaves it for the reader to see the characters "showing themselves forth". In Two Gallants, for example, the coin introduced at the end of the story provokes an epiphany for the reader into the shabbiness of these supposed gallants. The fellow has taken it from the girl. Again, in Clay, the epiphany is also for the reader. In this story Maria leaves out part of the song she is singing. The reader must recognise that the lines she suppresses are in fact her epiphany. These lines express the dream she had of being a wife and mother, a dream which she has tried to stamp out but which remains, like the verse, inside her. The lines she leaves out are:

I dreamt that suitors shought my hand
That knights on bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledged their faith to me.

And I dreamt that one of that noble band
Came forth my heart to claim,
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.¹⁹

Irony operates in Grace and Ivy Day to present epiphanies but none of the characters experiences insight into himself or into his situation. Father Purdon, for example, speaks as a

19. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. Joyce, the Man, The Reputation, Calder, London, 1956, 88-9.

man of the world to his fellow men, taking as his test the ambiguous passage from Luke: "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Wherefore make unto yourselves friends out of the mammon of iniquity so that when you die they may receive you into everlasting dwellings". He presents himself to them as their spiritual accountant and tells his audience to be straight and manly with God. "If their accounts tallied in every point to say:

'Well, I have verified my accounts. I find all well'.

But if, as might happen, there were some discrepancies to admit the truth, to be frank and say like a man:

'Well, I have looked into my accounts. I find this wrong and this wrong. But, with God's grace, I will rectify this and this. I will set right my accounts.'²⁰

Further Purdon, of course, has developed only one side of Jesus' story of the unjust steward. He suppresses Jesus' clear unequivocal statement: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. If therefore ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own? No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon". (Luke 16:10-13). Father Purdon's epiphany

20. James Joyce, Dubliners, Grant Richards, London, 1914, 215.

lies in the suppression of this side of the argument. Once again, Joyce relies on the reader to recognise what has been left out and to see the real value of the spiritual salvation which has been offered in such terms.

Ivy Day is an epiphany of politics in Dublin. None of the characters seems to see into the triviality and ineffectuality of what they are now doing. All are caught up in the sentiment of yearning for the old days when Parnell led them. But the reader is expected to see through this and read how paltry political life in Dublin really is.

Such moments of apperceptions as there are occur in the first three stories in Dubliners ^{in A Painful Case,} and in The Dead. These first three stories record a child's mind observing the world around him. In the first story, Two Sisters, any insight into himself which the boy experiences is very slight. He knows only that he is relieved to hear of the priest's death. Furthermore, he is puzzled by his relief. Thus there is only a very limited apperception.

The epiphany occurs when Eliza comes to the end of her story about her brother. "Wide-awake and laughing-like to himself So then, of course, when they saw that, that made them think that there was something gone wrong with him..." ²¹ The reader takes the point but the sister does not realise what she is saying. The reader has an insight. But this sort of

21. Dubliners, 20.

insight lies outside the province of this thesis.

In An Encounter the boy in the story is a little more aware of himself and thus experiences a rather more involved moment of apperception. At the end of the story, calling for his friend, his heart beating as he watches Mahony run as if to bring him aid, he feels penitent because he realises that he had always rather despised his friend. Here there seems a partial moment of apperception. The boy perceives that he has always felt very superior to Mahony because he was a bookworm while Mahony went in for games. He had only pretended to enjoy the Indian games so as not to be thought studious or lacking in robustness. But in fact he prefers American detective stories with glamorous girls. He sustains a deception with the old man in the field, pretending to know all the books the man mentioned. When Mahony goes to chase a cat, he remains with the man. Although both boys have noticed that this man is rather peculiar, only now does the lad realise just how strange he is. As he listens to the man describe how he would love to whip a naughty boy, he grows afraid. He leaves the man, and calls 'Murphy', the name he suggested he use for Mahony.

My voice had an accent of forced bravery in it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had to call the name again before Mahony saw me and halloosed in answer. How my heart beat as he came running across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent; for in my heart I had always despised him a little.²²

He accepts his fright here as a chastisement for his falsely superior attitude. Perhaps he has read a lot more books than Mahony but Mahony has acted as a true friend. The boy has a fleeting glimpse into the nature of the relationship he has had with his friend, and into his own failings. His view of himself changes as well as his view of the world.

The next child in Dubliners, the adolescent in Araby awakening to himself and to the world around him, experiences a fuller moment of apperception. The boy has waited all evening for his uncle's return so that he can go to the fair in time to buy a present for the girl he fancies he loves. He arrives just before closing time. But once there, the boy can find no one sympathetic to talk to and nothing he wants to buy. Moreover, he is able to recognise the vanity of the fair around him. He recognises, for example, the triviality of the conversation of the young lady and the two young gentlemen with English accents. Most of all, he recognises how much he has duped himself in his infatuation with the girl. Her very name had been "like a summons to all my foolish blood".²³ At the same time, he thinks in terms of religious ecstasy about her. He "bears his chalice safely through a throng of foes". All day long he has waited and wanted to get to the fair. Once he gets there and realises how illusory its rewards are, he realises how illusory his love has been too. Moreover, he sees

23. Dubliners, 35.

what an element of self-centred conceit there has been in his fantasies. For the first time he seems to see himself clearly. "Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger".²⁴

These first stories are about children and adolescents. Mr.Duffy and Gabriel Conroy are the two mature characters who experience insights into themselves. Mr.Duffy has a painful insight into the way he has treated his friend. He has always lived a correct and confined existence. But he gradually becomes friendly with a married lady whom he has met at a concert. At first their friendship seems perfect to him: it exists at the spiritual level only. But he soon discovers that Mrs.Sinico desires greater intimacy. He breaks of their relationship and returns to his solitary ways. ^uFor years later, he is shocked to read in the newspaper an account of his friend's death. She had fallen across a railway line and had been run over. He also discovers that she had become drunken in her habits. At first Mr.Duffy is revolted by this news. He feels that she has degraded herself and degraded him. For a time he thinks of her as a creature unfit to live. But then he begins to doubt this initial reaction. He asks himself what else he could have done. For the first time he sees how lonely her life must have been. He also realises how much lonelier his own life will seem in the future. There will be no one to remember him when he has gone. At this point, as he

24. Dubliners, 117.

walks through the park, his friend feels close to him. He reaches the crest of the hill, and looks down the slopes to where a number of lovers are lying.

Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness: he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostrate creatures down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously. It passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name.²⁵

But these feelings last only briefly. Soon all memory of her dies out and he begins to doubt the reality of what memory told him. As soon as all memory of his friend dies away, he feels lonely again. There is a perfect silence and he knows that he is alone.

Here is a true moment of apperception. Mr. Duffy is old enough and, for one short sharp moment, aware enough to see into his own life and into the way he has treated another. The actual moment itself is really a series of developing perceptions; it is a series of shocks which shake him into a greater awareness of his own loneliness. In this way the moment has a permanent

25. Dubliners, 117.

effect on Mr.Duffy. It accentuates the painful loneliness of his ways. Not that this moment is likely to change his conduct at all. Mr.Duffy retreats once again into his lonely ways.

It remains for Gabriel Conroy in The Dead to experience the fullest moment of apperception. There is a partial moment early in the story as Gabriel looks at his wife standing in shadow on the stairs, listening to distant music.

He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. Distant Music he could call the picture if he were a painter.²⁶

As the style of the passage suggests, this is really a moment of pretensions posturing which prevents any true appreciation of his wife's mood. Gabriel catches himself catching a woman in a certain attitude and begins to develop his own ideas of that attitude. Of what is her stance a symbol? He then goes on to fancy himself as a painter, and imagines just how he would compose and title this painting.

All this, however, lights fires of joy and ardour in Gabriel. As they drive to their hotel together, he finds himself reliving tender moments of their life. "Like the

26. Dubliners, 260-61.

tender fire of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments, to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of ecstasy".²⁷ He fancies that his wife's thoughts have been paralleling his own. Instead he discovers that she has been remembering a young lad with whom she used to go out walking in Galway. The song earlier in the evening had brought him to mind. A fuller moment of apperception comes as Gabriel realises the failure of his irony in asking questions about the lad, now dead, and as he realises that during those moments he had been remembering their tender life together she had been thinking of some one else.

Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous, well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealising his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. Instinctively he turned his back more to the light lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead.²⁸

There is considerable vanity in Gabriel's vision of himself. Two strands have built up to this moment: one is his desire to be with his wife; the second, his feelings of fatuousness

27. Dubliners, 265.

28. Dubliners, 273.

throughout the evening. He feels he has spoken foolishly to the servant girl, Lily; he fears he has offended Miss Ivors; earlier he had worried about a quotation from Browning in his speech. Now he sees himself as the pitiable fatuous fellow he occasionally catches glimpses of in the mirror. The two tensions accumulate and overwhelm him when he realises how mistaken he has been in sensing his wife's mood. He is caught up here, not in concern for his wife, or even sympathetic understanding of her lost early love and spent youth, but in self-pity. This moment has also been preparatory. Gabriel's fullest moment is to come. His disillusionment with himself broadens to become a vision of a dying world. He sees that his wife has had some romance in her life: a man had died for her sake. His own part in her life seems poor by comparison. He thinks of others who will soon be dead: "One by one they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age".²⁹ His vision is one of a dying world. He seems to see all souls dying. His own identity fades out. The solid world dwindles and dissolves. The snow falling reinforces his view of a dying world. His own soul, indeed the souls of all the living and the dead, seem to swoon and fall, as the snow swoons and falls.

The last moment is indeed a full moment of apperception but it is one of the very few in Dubliners. Most of the characters, as we have seen, are prevented by their age or

29. Dubliners, 277.

emotional circumstances from experiencing true insight into themselves. For a brief moment, however, some of the characters do see into the pitiable wretchedness of their lives and in that instant they also seem to sight a larger possible life. But in all cases, they also seem to see themselves as powerless to change their lives. The misery and paralysis of Dublin reflects the misery and paralysis of Dubliners; they, in their turn, reflect their city.

The major moments of apperception in A Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man differ from those in Dubliners in that they are those of a highly self-conscious and highly articulate young man. The moments vary of course in degrees of intensity and of self-knowledge. Indeed, there are a considerable number of moments which are limited, partial, and indeed, given the movement of the novel, highly preparatory. For this reason it seems desirable in the case of A Portrait to treat most of the moments of apperception in chronological order.

In the opening sections of the novel, Stephen is still very young. Like the child in Dubliners, he only dimly apprehends what is going on around him. Such apperceptions as he has in the early sections of the novel record the stages of the awakening of the young artist's mind. For example, the first of the five major sections of the novel closes with a triumphant but humble Stephen who has won a moral victory by the way he has acted over Father Dolan's unfair pandying. His triumph in large part results from his assertion of his own

individuality. After the pandying, Stephen reflects on how it came about. He remembers how Father Dolan had asked him his name twice and wonders if this had been done to mock it. Stephen thinks that Dolan is a funnier name, the name of a washerwoman. He is also aware that the rector may well side with Father Dolan. In that case he would probably not only be chastised further but also he would invite the derision and jeers of his fellows. Nonetheless, he risks all these things and goes to see the rector. His victory, as the rector agrees that there has been a mistake and that he will speak to Father Dolan about the whole matter, is thus in large part over himself. As he walks in the evening air, he justifiably feels happy and free.

The cheers died away in the soft grey air. He was alone. He was happy and free; but he would not be anyway proud with Father Dolan. He would be very quiet and obedient: and he wished that he could do something kind for him to show him that he was not proud. [The air was soft and grey and mild and evening was coming. There was the smell of evening in the air, the smell of the fields in the country where they digged up turnips to peel them and eat them when they went out for a walk to Major Barton's, the smell there was in the little wood beyond the pavilion where the gallnuts were. The fellows were practising long shies and bowling lobs and slow twisters. In the soft grey silence he could hear the bump of the balls: and from here and from there through the quiet air the sound of the cricket bats: pick, pack, pock, puck: like drops of water in a fountain falling softly in the brimming bowl.³⁰

This is certainly a moment of heightened awareness for

Stephen. His triumph heightens his perceptions of the world. Deprived of the spectacles which he needs to see properly, his senses of smell and taste are all the sharper. Moreover, the keenness of these sensations makes him all the more aware of himself. Since he is only a child, his self-understanding is limited. He cannot go on as yet to rationalise these feelings. Nonetheless, the moment, limited as it is, is significant in that it lays the groundwork for and awakens him to newer and stronger experiences which will in turn lead to major moments of apperception.

An example of this progress can be seen in the next section of the novel. Stephen has been increasingly aware of himself, of even his differentness from his fellows and of the different ways in which he looks at the world from them. This sense of his difference troubles him. Part of his sense of his differentness seems to lie in the growing unrest in his blood.

Sometimes a fever gathered within him and led him to rove alone in the evening along the quiet avenue. The peace of the gardens and the kindly lights in the windows poured a tender influence into his restless heart. The noise of the children at play annoyed him and their silly voices made him feel, even more keenly than he had felt at Clongowes, that he was different from others. He did not want to play. He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld.³¹

Obviously this is a moment of heightened awareness for Stephen. But it is only partially apperceptive. It represents

31. A Portrait of the Artist, 72-3.

part of his awakening. He is still too young and too inexperienced to realise what is happening to him. Perhaps the main importance of this moment lies in preparing him for a later moment when he will physically realise and mentally comprehend the intensity of his sexual nature. It is also important to note in this passage the sense of Stephen's isolation and difference from his fellows. Such feelings are to figure prominently in the later, mature moments which lead to his important decisions concerning his work.

Along with his experience of his physical nature goes an increasing feeling of the difference between himself and others. During his visit to Cork with his father, he is startled to read the word Foetus cut several times in the dark wood of a desk in the Anatomy Theatre. "But the word and the vision capered before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the college gate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had deemed till then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind".³²

Walking with his father, listening to him reminisce about his own boyhood and his own father, Stephen's grandfather, provokes sharp feelings of shame in Stephen. He loses all sense of his own childhood, indeed, all sense of himself. He can at first recall only names. He remembers a small boy who had been ill and had to stay in bed in the infirmary at school and had dreamed of having died. But Stephen had not died then.

32. A Portrait of the Artist, 102.

Parnell had died. There had been no mass for the dead in the chapel and no procession. He had not died but he had faded out like a film in the sun. He had been lost or had wandered out of existence for he no longer existed. How strange to think of him passing out of existence in such a way, not by death but by fading out in the sun or by being lost and forgotten somewhere in the universe! It was strange to see his small body appear again for a moment: a little boy in a grey belted suit. His hands were in his sidepockets and his trousers were tucked in at the knees by elastic bands.³³

In this moment, Stephen is saying good-bye to his childhood and preparing to greet experiences which are going to shake him to his very roots. Continued comparison and contrast with his father and his friends only marks further for him his own separateness and difference. As he watches the older men drink to the memory of their past, he realises an abyss of fortune or of temperament sunders him from them. His own mind seems older than theirs; indeed, he seems to be incapable of the rude life and vigour of these men. "His childhood was dead or lost and with it his soul capable of simple joys and he was drifting amid life like the barren shell of the moon".³⁴ Lines from Shelley assuage his sense of his own suffering.

A major moment of apperception rises out of these minor moments. Stephen's childhood is indeed dead and with it his capacity for simple child-like joys. From this point on, he has to turn to what are for him the sinful pleasures of the flesh. The part of himself that seemed to die is born again

³³. A Portrait of the Artist, 105-6.

³⁴. A Portrait of the Artist, 108.

as he plunges into his first, then into a recurring series, of sexual experiences. Now the cold indifference of the stars to human grieving seems to be reflected in his own soul.

At his first violent sin he had felt a wave of vitality pass out of him and had feared to find his body or his soul maimed by the excess. Instead the vital wave had carried him on its bosom out of himself and back again when it receded: and no part of body or soul had been maimed but a dark peace had been established between them. The chaos in which his ardour extinguished itself was a cold indifferent knowledge of himself.³⁵

Pride figures very largely in his sin and in his knowledge of himself which his sin brings. It is a pride which forbids him to take his sin to the God in whom he had formerly found grace and forgiveness. This sexual activity and cold indifferent knowledge of himself marks another extremely important stage in Stephen's preparation for life. As yet he does not realise what his vocation is. It seems that he has to plunge from one extreme to another before he can come to true insight into his vocation. At this point, however, false starts and partial insights are his lot. Nonetheless, Stephen has to work his way inevitably along the path.

A retreat is held at the school during which the rector speaks to the boys of the hell that is reserved for sinners. Stephen's shame and remorse deepen day by day. He is convinced that every word of the rector's is meant for him. By the end of the retreat Stephen lives absolutely certain that he is a

35. A Portrait, 116-7.

soul damned for the everlasting fires of hell.

That was the work of devils, to scatter his thoughts and overcloud his conscience, assailing him at the gates of the cowardly and sin-corrupted flesh: and, praying God timidly to forgive him his weakness, he crawled up on to the bed and, wrapping the blankets closely about him, covered his face again with his hands. He had sinned. He had sinned so deeply against heaven and before God that he was not worthy to be called God's child.³⁶

An example of a true insight into his false way of life is the following dream. It comes after he has^{tried} unsuccessfully to pray and to weep. He desires with all his will not to hear or to see, to close the senses of his soul. However, despite all his efforts, he sees a field of stiff weeds, evil-smelling, and encrusted with dung. Creatures move about the field: goatish creatures with human faces. They move about in slow circles, soft language issuing from their lips, "their long swishing tails besmeared with stale shite, thrusting upwards their terrific faces"³⁷ Suddenly Stephen awakens, with a cry for help.

The dream is an epiphany of Stephen's mental state. His sense of sin and filth and ugliness manifests itself in this form. The dream-epiphany provokes a moment of apperception on awakening which is recognised as such by Stephen.

He flung the blankets from him madly to free his face and neck. That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins: stinking, bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him!

He sprang from the bed, the reeking odour pouring down his throat, clogging and revolting

36. A Portrait, 156.

37. A Portrait, 157.

his entrails. Air. The air of heaven! He stumbled towards the window, groaning and almost fainting with sickness. At the washstand a convulsion seized him within; and, clasping his cold forehead wildly, he vomited profusely in agony.³⁸

At this stage he realises how deeply involved he has been in his harmful way of life. But this moment of vision into his past evil frees him from it. A moment of liberation follows immediately upon his moment of consciousness of intensest filth. He can now see that "heaven was still and faintly luminous and the air sweet to breathe".³⁹ He makes a covenant with his own heart. At last, unlike the previous evening, he is able to pray. Finally, he is able to go out and seek confession and absolution.

The moment, or cycle of moments, is a major one in terms of the movement of the novel. The sin-purity polarity, with its concomitant insights, is essential to Stephen's awakening as an artist. That moment has yet to come. But the apperception of evil, which prepared him for the moment of apperception into purity, and led him to purification, opened the door for the call to priesthood.

Stephen has a day-dream of himself as a priest. It is a moment of apperception in that he realises that he is not truly suited to that calling. The priest who talks to him of the priesthood stresses to the young man the awful power of the priest of God.

38. A Portrait, 157.

39. A Portrait, 158.

A flame began to flutter again on Stephen's cheek as he heard in this proud address an echo of his own proud musings. How often had he seen himself as a priest wielding calmly and humbly the awful power of which angels and saints stood in reverence! His soul had loved to muse in secret on this desire.⁴⁰

Stephen's pride lures him here, as it was also his pride which had dominated his straying from God during his period of intense sinning. Indeed, pride almost leads him on to accept the call. But several small moments of apperception into the nature of the real life he would lead in the order, and the nature of the life which awaits him in the world all around him, finally lead him to reject the priesthood.

During the interview with the director, Stephen watches him idly dangle and loop the cord of the blind on the window. The shadow that passed across the scene then remains with him as he says goodbye to the director. He sees in the priest's face "a mirthless reflection of the sunken day." This epiphany of the priest becomes a moment of apperception as Stephen realises and records its significance. The shadow of the life of the college passes over his consciousness. He realises the kind of life that awaits him if he becomes a priest. He remembers the chill and order of Clongowes.

He saw himself rising in the cold of the morning and filing down with the others to early mass and trying vainly to struggle with his prayers against the fainting sickness of his stomach. He saw himself sitting at dinner with the community of a college. What, then, had become of that deeprooted shyness of his which had made him loth to eat or drink

40. A Portrait, 180.

under a strange roof? What had come of the pride of his spirit which had always made him conceive himself as a being apart in every order?⁴¹

The order of the Jesuit community compares unfavourably with the disorder of life, indeed with the snares of the world. His own home, with all its noise and mess and the sad voices of his brothers and children operate as an epiphany of the call of real life, as opposed to cloistered existence, for him. The moment of apperception is completed as he sees and hears the voices of his brothers and sisters in the kitchen. The passage is an epiphany which is also a moment of insight for Stephen. The note of weariness and pain is recurrent: nonetheless, Stephen recognises in it the note of hope as well. He joins in their singing. The passage confirms his rejection of the priesthood.

Thus, by a series of moments into first one part of himself, then into another, Stephen is prepared for his final recognition of what his true role in life is to be. The moment occurs as Stephen walks on the beach. His friends who are bathing call out to him. "Stephanos Dedalos! Bous Stephanoumenous! Bous Stephaneferos!" The repetition of the phrase seems a prophecy to Stephen. Time ceases to have any significance. He seems to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climb the air. He asks himself if this is a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve, if this is a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop. His own

41. A Portrait, 183.

soul seems to be in flight.

His throat ached with a desire to cry aloud, the cry of a hawk or eagle on high, to cry piercingly of his deliverance to the winds. This was the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair, not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar. An instant of wild flight had delivered him and the cry of triumph which his lips withheld cleft his brain.⁴²

At last he is able to walk straight and without shame.

Further, he is able to affirm his destiny.

His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her graveclothes. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable.⁴³

This major moment, which is fact a series of moments, is completed by the vision of a girl standing wading near the shore. She is like an angel to him, the "angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!"⁴⁴ The appeal of the girl here, with its stress on her gentleness and purity, contrasts notably with the earlier sexual call. She seems to Stephen the essence of beauty and life. No swoon of sin and shame accompanies her; rather, Stephen falls into a sweet, refreshing sleep. During this sleep, Stephen experiences a beautiful dream. It too operates as a dream

42. A Portrait, 193.

43. Idem.

44. A Portrait, 196.

epiphany. It completes the moment, "showing forth" the peaceful state of Stephen's soul at this point.

His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings. A world, a glimmer or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than other.⁴⁵

The freshness of the dream can be contrasted with the earlier dream of the lecherous goatish figures. It is also similar in some of its terms to another earlier fantasy in which his soul spread itself, like a peacock's tail, from sin to sin, as it went forth to experience. It has a further resemblance to the rose in Dante's Paradise although its colour is very different from the pure white of ~~Dante~~^{crimson}. Joyce's/rose suggests the ~~sexual~~^{sexual} nature of the fantasy. But this moment, as his soul goes forth to experience, carries with it no sense of shame or filth or disease. The moment is of the highest importance; indeed, it is the raison d'être of the novel. Here the young man recognises for the first time that he is to be an artist. The language, romantic, poetic, employing rhetorical question, exclamation, and answer, expresses Stephen's sense of exaltation. It also perhaps implies the inadequacy of this romantic discovery of his vocation. This moment is certainly

45. A Portrait, 196-7.

not a completely truthful perception. Stephen has yet to come to grips with the real problems of being an artist.

In the image of the hawklike man, of course, is the emblem for the whole book. Stephen sees that flight is necessary, prepares for it, and is at last poised to fly past the nets.

Even as he prepares to take that flight, there are constant reminders of the nets set to catch him. One morning as he tries to wash and dress to go to his classes at the university, his mother mutters about the change in him, his father whistles shrilly and asks cruelly of the daughters if their lazy bitch of a brother has gone out yet. As he walks down the lane, a mad nun screeches in the madhouse beyond the wall.

His father's whistle, his mother's mutterings, the screech of an unseen maniac were to him now so many voices offending and threatening to humble the pride of his youth. He drove their echoes even out of his heart with an execration; but, as he walked down the avenue and felt the grey morning light falling about him through the dripping trees and smelt the strange wild smell of the wet leaves and bark, his soul was loosed of her miseries.⁴⁶

These three events are epiphanies: they are revelatory of the things trying to hold Stephen back. Reflecting upon them, Stephen experiences a moment of apperception. He realises that they are the voices threatening his gallant proud youth.

46. A Portrait, 199.

He is made all the more aware of himself. At first, he is saddened, even bitter. But this mood does not last. He soon enjoys again the wet fragrant morning. In this way also, in the way in which his view of himself and the world around him is changed, the moment is also apperceptive.

Several other types of moments of apperception remain to be discussed. There are, for example, moments of apperception into another. Stephen has one such interesting moment of insight into his friend Cranly. Cranly asks him if he fears nothing, if he will risk not having any one person who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had.

His words seemed to have struck some deep chord in his own nature. Had he spoken of himself, of himself as he was or wished to be? Stephen watched his face for some moments in silence. A cold silence was there. He had spoken of himself, of his own loneliness which he feared.⁴⁷

The moment provides insight into Cranly and by contrast into Stephen. It is apperceptive insofar as it does provide insight into Stephen himself. By the process of ratiocination, Stephen becomes more aware of himself. In particular, he sees accentuated his own sense of loneliness and uniqueness.

Davin's story of a young peasant woman guilelessly asking to her bed is another particularly interesting example of an epiphany which is also a moment of apperception. Davin tells the story not realising all that Stephen sees revealed in it. Stephen sees in the story a type of the Irish soul. It also

⁴⁷. A Portrait, 282.

provokes in Stephen a recognition of the affinities of his own soul with that kind of person, just awakening to consciousness of self.⁴⁸

But for the most part the moments of apperception are those of Stephen into himself. His consciousness, at first only partially awake, then fully burgeoning, dominates A Portrait. The moments develop in awareness along with the maturing of the character. In Ulysses, on the other hand, there are two major, mature consciousnesses, those of Stephen and Bloom. Both are sufficiently adult, sensitive and self-aware to experience moments of apperception. Their insights, however, are sometimes coloured or conditioned by other circumstances, such as drink, personal anxiety, by limited knowledge of circumstances and other people. Again, as during the scene in Nighttown, passages which seem like moments of apperception may be dream-epiphanies, hallucinations or fantasies representing psychic strains of which the character is entirely unconscious. The movement or development in the novel is not so much to a mature awareness but rather to a greater understanding and tolerance of self and the problems tormenting self, together with a consequent liberation from the anxieties caused by these problems.

Stephen experiences several major moments of apperception into the nature of death, into the nature of motherhood, and into the nature of a mother's love. In the time between Stephen's departure from Dublin in A Portrait and the opening

48. A Portrait, 208.

of Ulysses, his mother has died. Stephen, who refused to kneel and pray for her on her deathbed, is filled with remorse and misery. The dream of his mother coming to him after her death, as has been said above, is a dream-epiphany which is also a moment of apperception into Stephen's feelings about his dead mother. It is also the first of many moments of apperception on the theme of his dead mother; it leads to his final moment that night when he breaks a chandelier and denies his guilt. Stephen's memory of the dream has been provoked on this occasion by Buck Mulligan calling the sea "our great sweet mother". Buck has also reproached Stephen for not praying for his mother. The dream which Stephen remembers is not itself a moment of apperception. It is rather a dream-epiphany, a showing-forth, of Stephen's feelings of remorse and guilt. The moment in the morning when he remembers and thinks about this dream is one of conscious self-reflection and analysis. It is thus apperceptive. These feelings of guilt and misery are to be repeated throughout the day until Stephen is finally able to break away from them. They are also to be repeated in different, even disguised forms.

As Stephen helps one of his students with his sums, he is provoked again into thinking of his mother.

Ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him under foot, a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his

weak watery blood drained from her own. Was that then real? The only true thing in life? His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode. She was no more: the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire, an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes. She had saved him from being tramped under foot and had gone, scarcely having been. A poor soul gone to heaven: and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red reek of rapine in his fur, with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, and scraped.⁴⁹ *Scraped*

The moment is one of insight into the student, into the nature of the mother's love for the student, and into the nature of death. The insubstantiality of life is emphasised, with the one possible exception a mother's love for the child she has borne. Stephen's cynicism, in comparing himself to a fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush, is a necessary stage in working free from his guilt. The joke masks a real anxiety while also operating as an attempt at liberation.

The movement away from the mother is paralleled by a search for a father. There are several small moments of apperception which not only reveal the direction in which Stephen's mind is trying to turn but also register his growing realisation of this progress in his thinking. For example, as Stephen and his friends walk out to bathe, Buck Mulligan teases him about proving by algebra that "Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father".⁵⁰ He then cries in Stephen's ear: "Japhet in search of a father!" Stephen comments: "-- I read a

49. Ulysses, 25.

50. Ulysses, 16.

theological interpretation of it somewhere", he said bemused. "The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father".⁵¹

The moment is a minor, indeed, partial, moment of apperception. Stephen is "bemused"; that is, he is not fully aware of the implications of this argument. But he becomes increasingly aware of his desires for a strong father-figure throughout the day. The passage seems at first a screen; however, Stephen's attempts to solve his problems can be seen revealed in it. It is also an important clue for the reader.

Thus Stephen's long discussion of Shakespeare, in which he argues among other things the idea that the Father was Himself His Own Son, is both an epiphany and a partial moment of apperception. It is an epiphany in that it manifests Stephen's preoccupation as a son. It is a partial moment of apperception insofar as he is aware that he is arguing his own problems and that he also identifies, albeit incompletely, with Shakespeare.

Several lines give him away, and also reveal that he realises what he is saying. "A Father", Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, "is a necessary evil. He wrote the play in the months that followed his father's death".⁵² The words "battling against hopelessness" are important here, revealing Stephen's awareness of the anxieties hidden by this discussion. Later he elaborates his idea, after Sabellius, that the Father

51. Ulysses, 16.

52. Ulysses, 195.

was Himself His Own Son.

The bulldog of Aquin, with whom no word shall be impossible, refutes him. Well: if the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a father be a son? When Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare or another poet of the same name in the comedy of errors wrote Hamlet he was not the father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race, the father of his own grandfather, the father of his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was born for nature, as Mr Magee understands her, abhors perfection.⁵³

Stephen continues his argument stressing the idea of banishment: banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds uninterruptedly from The Two Gentlemen of Verona onward. He points out, undoubtedly thinking of himself, that Shakespeare returns after a life of absence to that spot of earth where he was born. "And, what though murdered and betrayed, bewept by all frail tender hearts for, Dane or Dubliner, sorrow for the dead is the only husband from whom they refused to be divorced".⁵⁴ Further, Stephen argues that we go through life meeting ourselves, referring back it seems to his thoughts "That lies in space which I in time must come to, ineluctably". This idea is picked up again⁵⁵ when Stephen is about to leave his friends. Significantly, Bloom passes out between them.

In the passages referred to above, the argument about Shakespeare is an epiphany by which the reader may see Stephen

53. Ulysses, 196.

54. Ulysses, 201.

55. Ulysses, 205.

revealed. But this epiphany is also apperceptive insofar as Stephen is aware of his identification with Hamlet in his remorse, and Shakespeare's troubles as son and father. Obviously, the moment here is an extended one, compounded of many moments. But it adds up to a single veiled, and thus limited, apperception.

These pages are picked up again in a parody of the earlier epiphany and apperception. Here Stephen, stumbling drunkenly, sends up his earlier ideas.

What went forth to the ends of the world to
traverse not itself. God, the sun, Shakespeare,
a commercial traveller, having itself traversed
in reality itself, becomes that self. Wait a
moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise
in the street. Self which it itself was
ineluctably preconditioned to become. Ecco!⁵⁶

Stephen is not conscious enough to experience a moment of apperception here. But both the parody and the earlier moments of apperception lead to his final moment in which he breaks the chandelier and asserts that he has been true to his vocation as an artist. The mother seems to rise through the floor, dressed in leper grey with a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil. She torments Stephen with her death, begging him to repent and pray for her, reminding him of all she did for him while alive. Stephen shouts "Non serviam". He asserts that he will bring them all to heel. Finally, he cries out Nothing! and lifts his ashplant high and smashes the chandelier, before rushing out of the room.⁵⁷

56. Ulysses, 479.

57. Ulysses, 547-50.

It is interesting to note that in a section where much of what is acted out is fantasy of which the participants are unconscious, it is necessary here to act out quite literally the smashing of a guilt fantasy. Stephen has consciously thought that his mother torments him and takes physical action to relieve his anxieties. His thoughts and actions here may be compared with those of Bloom who is completely unaware of much of his thinking in the Nighttown scenes and whose psychic drama merely "shows forth" elements in his nature.

Of course, not all Stephen's moments of apperception are into his relationships with parents or parental figures. He experiences, for example, a striking moment of insight into the old milkwoman who comes to ^{the} Martello Tower in the early morning. Stephen sees her as a representative of Ireland, serving two masters.

Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She had praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckqueen, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.⁵⁸

In this moment, Stephen projects a great deal of his own personal dilemma about Ireland on to this woman. His unwillingness to beg her favour reveals his true attitude

58. Ulysses, 12.

to his country. In her he also sees represented his divided country. Thus the passage is a moment of apperception into Ireland and into Stephen.

Again, brooding alone by the sea, watching the waves rise and fall, he has a moment of apperception into the weary resigned cyclical nature of the world.

Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fullness of their times, diebus ac noctibus injurias patiens ingemiscit. To no end gathered: vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon.⁵⁹

The Stephen of A Portrait thought similarly of resignation as he listened to the voices of his brothers and sisters singing in the kitchen.

Equally striking, but contrasting with this rather gentle vision, is a moment of insight Stephen experiences into the machine-like nature of the world. He is standing looking through a lapidary's window. The hum of motors from the powerhouse disturbs his thoughts.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher, were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around.⁶⁰

There is a highly personal quality to this apperception.

59. Ulysses, 46.

60. Ulysses, 229.

Stephen sees both the world and himself as an interlocking mechanism. If the one were destroyed, the other would be also, the fantasy runs. The fatalism implied in this is denied by his defiant invitation to anyone who is able to shatter him. The moment, however, is of a rather more general, less specifically personal, character than many of Stephen's have been. Bloom, like Stephen, experiences intense moments of apperception into his personal problems. But, also like Stephen, he experiences moments which seem of a more general nature, although they may often mask, as we have seen in the case of Stephen's, personal anxieties. For example, walking along Dorset Street after buying kidneys, Bloom reads an advertisement to purchase sandy tracts in the Middle East and plant them with eucalyptus trees. His musings on the fruits and flowers of the Middle East provoke in him by contrast an intensely distressing moment of vision into the desolation and barrenness of life around him in Dublin. He sees Dorset Street as a Dead Sea Land.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Volcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, ~~the~~ Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.⁶¹

61. Ulysses, 54.

But this vision does not last long. Bloom shakes it off as he always shrugs these things off and his thoughts turn from barrenness to the ample bedwarmed flesh of his wife. But even this moment, reflecting some of his buried feelings, reveals his personal problems. His thoughts are never very far from ideas of race, and attendant problems of ancestry, his wife and his own lack of male issue. In other words, he has in the preceding passage projected the barrenness he feels in his own life on to the Dublin scene. Bloom does not make the connection between the two so that the moment is not fully apperceptive. It nonetheless rests as a moment of insight into life in Dublin.

Bloom's personal concern can also be seen in the next moment of apperception. Leopold thinks of Mrs. Purefoy lying three days in childbirth. He remembers other births, other mothers and midwives. Then he thinks of Dr. Murren.

People knocking them up at all hours. For God'sake doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. To attendance on your wife. No gratitude in people. Humane doctors, most of them.⁶²

Here childbirth and woman, Molly in particular, are very much on his mind. These thoughts provoke a moment of apperception into the ingratitude of human beings and the compassion of doctors. There is considerable personal material in this moment. Mrs. Purefoy is anything but barren. At the back of his own mind lurk thoughts of his own lack of a male heir,

62. Ulysses, 150.

although once again Bloom does not quite make the connection.

Bloom's ideas of the mercilessness and callousness of the human race reach a further focus as he eats in the Burton Street restaurant. Men, men, men, he thinks, watching the diners wolf down mouthfuls of sloppy food. He finds it impossible, with all the smells and noise, to eat there. Coming out into the street he has a moment of apperception into the ethics of life. He sees that "Eat or be eaten" is the rule. "Kill! Kill!"⁶³

Nonetheless, taking food and drink can provoke a moment of apperception which Bloom finds highly pleasurable. Wine lingering on his palate operates in Proustian fashion, prodding him to remember earlier days when he was courting Molly.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed.
Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's
heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me
memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered.
Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay
sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple
by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen
towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines
faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on
my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather
scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all.
O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched
me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away.
Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open,
kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my
mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp
her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle.
Joy: I ate it: joy.⁶⁴

There are several points of contrast to be noted here. First of all, there is the difference between his attitude to the

63. Ulysses, 159.

64. Ulysses, 164.

food of love and to food in the earlier passage when "Kill! Kill!" seemed the only ethic. Bloom goes on to see food in terms of the gods: nectar and ambrosia.⁶⁵ Secondly, he compares a real woman, Molly, and human beings generally, with statues of goddesses. Some of the inconveniences of the flesh are obvious as he gets up and goes out to the W.C. Thirdly, Bloom, through memory has a moment of apperception into his own present situation. His memory is of Molly's kissing him on the Hill of Howth during their past courting days. These days he only remembers making love to her; he does not actually make love to her. At the end of his reminiscence he thinks of how she had kissed him in the past. Then, one thought follows: "Me. And me now". Bloom here experiences a particularly poignant moment of apperception in which contrast between the past and the present produce the insight.

The poignancy of his own personal situation is brought out by the singing of the Croppy Boy Ballad. The croppy boy was the last of his name and race. He went to his death, betrayed by a priest. Bloom suddenly has a moment of insight in which he realises that he too is the last of his race.

- I too, last my race. Milly young student.
Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late
now. Or if not? If not? If still?

He bore no hate.

Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am
old.

Big Ben his voice unfolded. Great voice, Richie
Goulding said, a flush struggling in his pale, to
Bloom, soon old but when was young. ⁶⁶

^{65.} Ulysses, 165. ^{66.} Ulysses, 270.

Leopold is not so blinded by worries about his own situation that he cannot have moments of apperception into others. Bloom watches Gerty McDowell on the beach and enjoys erotic fantasies about her. He is completely unprepared for the limp with which she walks away. The flash comes for both Bloom and the reader at the same time.

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!
Mr. Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl! That's why she's left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought something was wrong by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty. A defect is ten times worse in a woman. But makes them polite . ~~67~~⁶⁷

Two pages of insight into Gerty's character, and from that starting-point, into the nature of women, follow from this point. These pages constitute a moment of apperception into the character of another, and into woman generally. Bloom also discovers, of course, another curious example of female behaviour.

But Bloom's most important moments of apperception occur during the Nighttown episode. Bloom, in one sequence with the Nymphs and the yews seems to be entering a trance. However, at a critical moment his back trousers' button snaps and the spell is broken. Bip! goes the button.⁶⁸ Now that the spell is broken, Bloom is able to assert his own values. He sees the vanity of the other temptation. Where would you all be, he asks the postulants and novices, if all that existed in the world were ethereal. He is now able to denounce the nun and

67. Ulysses, 351.

68. Ulysses, 523.

the philosophy of celibacy. He can even speak up for his own marital rights. "I have sixteen years of black slave labour behind me. And would a jury give me five shillings alimony tomorrow, eh?"⁶⁹ Furthermore, he can stand up to Bella Cohen. She does not frighten him any more. Finally, he demands his keepsake back from Zoe.

This moment is a conscious moment of apperception for Bloom and must be contrasted with a later one in which Leopold thinks that he sees his dead son Rudy. Stephen has in fact collapsed at this point. Bloom, bending over Stephen, seems to see his own son. A figure appears against the dark wall, a fairy boy of eleven dressed in an Eton suit, holding a book in his hand. Bloom is "wonderstruck", and calls inaudibly: "Rudy!"⁷⁰ There is as yet no conscious moment of self-awareness for Bloom who is in fact unconsciously identifying Stephen with his dead son. However, there is an important insight for the reader who realises that the two have been moving towards each other throughout the book. Once again, we have another example of a dream, or more accurately here, an hallucination-epiphany which hides the truth from the person experiencing it. The moment of apperception occurs when the veil or screen is seen through.

One final moment of Bloom's remains to be discussed. After Bloom has taken Stephen home, and the two men have talked,

69. Ulysses, 524.

70. Ulysses, 574.

Bloom remains in the kitchen before retiring to bed. All the humiliations and disappointments of the day fall into place at this time. Bloom looks about the room, studies his own reflection, contemplates family resemblances, puts himself through his customary nightly mental exercises calculated to produce sound repose and renovated vitality, reflects on his own fears and feelings. Everyman or Noman he calls himself and lists his tributes: "Honour and gifts of strangers, the friends of Everyman. A nymph immortal, beauty, the bride of Noman".⁷¹ As he retires to bed, he realises that another man has been there before him. In this instance, Bloom has a moment of insight into Molly's adultery, or adulteries, as he goes over the names of her past lovers and reflects on the inadequacy of their own sexual life together. Further, he has a moment of insight into Blazes.

What were his reflections concerning the last member of this series and late occupant of the bed?

Reflections on his vigour (a bounder), corporal proportion (a billsticker), commercial ability (a bester), impressionability (a boaster).⁷²

Most important, he has a moment of apperception into his own feelings.

With what antagonistic sentiments were his subsequent reflections affected?

Envy, jealousy, abnegation, equanimity.⁷³

71. Ulysses, 688.

72. Ulysses, 692.

73. Ulysses, 692.

He analyses his feelings and finally comes to a new moment of calm and peace and satisfaction. He even chats with Molly. Finally, he sleeps.

The moment is partly provided by Stephen who has given Bloom a chance to help him. This aiding of another contributes to Bloom's moment of calm. It is also partly due to Bloom's own resilience and good nature. Because of and despite all these reasons, Bloom does have one instant in which he sees himself clearly.

The moment is not so much a single moment as a series of moments of illumination, all combining to form one final moment of apperception. This moment of Bloom's may be compared with Stephen's final important moment during the Nighttown scenes when he smashes the chandelier and frees himself from his remorse. That moment is one of action whereas Bloom's is essentially one of reflection and analysis in the quiet of his kitchen.

This final moment of Bloom's must also be contrasted with one other outstanding moment in Ulysses, which also seems not so much a moment as a series of moments or one extended moment of apperception. This is of course Molly's long communion with herself at the end of the novel. First of all, this passage constitutes an epiphany of Molly. She "shows herself forth" here, as Bloom manifested himself in the earlier section. The passages are thus insights for the reader into the nature of Molly and Bloom, and by extension, into the nature of man and woman. But Molly's moment, like Leopold's,

is also a moment of apperception in that she does achieve insight into her own situation. First of all, she has a vision of the harmony of nature. Secondly, although she thinks of many people, and especially of many lovers, Bloom figures most prominently among them. Her thoughts come finally and irrevocably to him and to the day he proposed to her. In the tenderness she feels here for Bloom, she seems to imply the inadequacy of Blazes Boylan. She certainly realises why she chose Bloom. These thoughts and the fact that she thinks last of her husband. seem to suggest very strongly that Blazes is not such a strong force in her life. Moreover, her final yes may be interpreted in her husband's favour.

Molly's moment is one of the few in Joyce which is into the nature of the world. By and large, the moments are into human nature: either into self or others. There are no moments of apperception into a complicated set of human relationships such as we have seen in Henry James, and none of the ecstatic mystical visions of Virginia Woolf. Indeed, the quality of the world apart from human beings is generally revealed in the epiphany.

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane.⁷⁴

Everything in the world is capable of ^{an}epiphany. But the

74. Ulysses, 33.

seaweed or the rusty boot has to be seen by some one like Stephen. A butcher's basket may reveal itself, that is, 'epiphanize', although it will not be aware of itself doing so. That epiphany of the butcher's basket is dependent on the eye of the observer. In turn, his perception of the basket, if he is aware of himself perceiving, becomes a moment of apperception.

Many different conditions provoke a moment of apperception in Joyce's work. Some, indeed, as we have seen, are provoked by an epiphany. Usually it is something very concrete, vivid, and sensual. For example, when Bloom is eating in the restaurant, an epiphany of the bestiality of men living on other forms of life provokes a moment of apperception into the cruel "Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill! Kill!" ethic of the world. Again, a song may spark off a moment, or the limp of a crippled girl. The taste of wine lingering on the palate may provoke an intense moment of apperception, triggering memory in Proustian fashion. The senses play a major role in producing all these moments.

Another distinguishing feature of the moments of apperception in Joyce is the virtuosity shown in presenting them. The style varies from the most formally rhetorical and lyrical, in A Portrait, to the most fragmentary cut, chop and shift manoeuvring of the stream of consciousness technique in Ulysses. In the passage which presents apperception provoked by the noise of the powerhouse, quoted on page 319 above,

the attention in the passage turns abruptly from the noises of the powerhouse, the whirr of the leathern bands distinguished from the hum of dynamos to more metaphysical considerations. The phrases are short, sharp, jerking as the machines do, thrusting thoughts from the description of the powerhouse equipment to ideas about human beings and the world as an interlocking mechanism.

During Ben Dollard's rendition of the Croppy Boy ballad, the moment of apperception is achieved by means of a contrapuntal technique. Bits of song are presented in between fragments of Bloom's thoughts. The song provokes the insight; the lines from it heighten the pathos of Bloom's situation: thus, the manner of presentation, juxtaposing two different thought streams, not only creates but also reinforces the apperception.

Moreover, the interior monologue method in itself, by touching on the elements involved in the apperception, tends to explain away the moment as the culmination of a process, rather than as a sudden revelation. Molly's moment is an excellent example. Her whole monologue, all forty-six pages of it, is her moment though in fact a number of trains of thought are followed and there are many momentary illuminations.

Again, there is the strict literal compartmentalization of Bloom's thinking in his final protracted moment of apperception. Bloom's thoughts are divided into a series of

questions and answers, into long lists and categories, all completely different from the choppiness of the earlier passage. The style here again reinforces Bloom's moment of apperception into his own calm and equanimity. Molly's moment stands in complete contrast. Here, the style is run-on, blowsy even as Molly's thoughts are full-blown, run-on and sensual.

In Dubliners, the characters often do not experience any heightened moments of insight into themselves. The epiphany is, as we have seen, often suppressed with highly ironic effect. Where there is a moment of apperception, there is less variety in the style by which the moments are presented although in moments of greater emotion, or even somewhat spurious emotion, there is an appropriate shifting of the sentence structure. In The Dead, for example, as Gabriel stands looking at his wife on the stairs, the slightly inflated, portentous style reflects the portentous, pompous and posturing mental stance of Gabriel, thinking about the type of painting he would paint. Again, in A Portrait, there is the inflation of the passage presenting Stephen's call to be an artist. The style mirrors the vanity implicit in this moment. In Dubliners, Joyce has not gone into the inner recesses of the mind as he has done in A Portrait or Ulysses. Rather he is concerned with certain characters showing themselves and their city forth. Since the subject is more objective, the treatment is also more external. In both Dubliners and A Portrait, however, the moment is usually presented on a narrative base. The story-line throws the moment

into isolation whereas in Ulysses the highly developed interior monologue tends to explain it away. There are exceptions, of course, in Ulysses. When Gerty McDowell limps away there is an instantaneous flash of recognition which follows out simply from the story-line of that episode. In the Nighttown sequence there is a dramatised moment of apperception as Stephen cries out Nothing! and smashes the chandelier. Here it is interesting, as has been noted above, that the intensest mental insight has to be physically re-enacted.

In A Portrait, the moments are for the most part into a very special self: and into that self in relation to sex, religion, family, Ireland, and art. The moments of apperception into the self in relation to these other circumstances or factors reveal all the more the problems of the very special perceiving self of Stephen.

It should also be noted that the moments are experienced by thoughtful self-conscious characters. Characters too young to see themselves or, if adult, too blinded by personal prejudices, never experience these illuminations. Bloom and Stephen are different sorts of people with different interests. But each is sufficiently reflective and self-aware, each is sufficiently doubtful and self-analytical to experience striking moments. Molly is quite a different type. Not at all intellectual or analytical, she muses over her own life, especially her love life, and although the range of subjects is limited, and thus the possible range of moments, the one

she experiences is just as intense as any of Stephen or Bloom. In a way, Molly almost experiences a moment of apperception in spite of herself.

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:
 -- That is God.
 Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!
 -- What? Mr. Deasy asked.
 -- A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.⁷⁵

Joyce did not seek to argue a metaphysic from the material life presented to him. Rather, he tried to present the essence of reality. Bloom's possessions, Stephen's collection of epiphanies, Molly's stays and lavender scents, Gerty's limp, the sea seen at one time as a woman hissing up her petticoats, another time as a bowl holding the bile of a dying woman, are all the god there is. The multiplicity and ultimate unity of that god's attributes are conveyed through the variegated style, the catalogues, screens, and other technical conceits. The moments represent the highest revelations of and visions into that quintessential and variegated reality. Whether Joyce presents a moment of apperception of Stephen into Stephen, or Stephen into Dublin or Molly into her husband or lovers, or into the nature of the artist, in those moments he expresses his vision of all the god there is.

75. Ulysses, 31-2.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION.

A variety of intellectual traditions, then, shaped the attitudes and techniques of the novelists under study. As Kant's conceptions found their place in Coleridge, so Bergson's ideas of time as duration and Moore's concept of the good found their places in Virginia Woolf and E.M.Forster. William James's theories about the stream of consciousness were worked out stylistically by Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Consciousness itself, the province of William James's empirical studies, was Henry James's artistic empire, an empire whose boundaries he sought constantly to extend. The concepts of multiple selves, the dissociation of personality and a second or unconscious self which comes to the fore at times of heightened emotion, were known to, and made use of by Henry James, E.M.Forster, Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce. E.M.Forster was perhaps the least consciously influenced by the new psychology. At least, his own evidence runs that way. In an interview he is reported to have said that he had learned the modern way from Proust. "I learned ways of looking at character from him. The modern sub-conscious way. He gave me as much of the modern way as I could take. I couldn't read Freud or Jung myself; it had to be filtered to me!"¹

1. Forster, E.M. "The Art of Fiction", Paris Review, Spring, 1953. An Interview with P.N.Furbank and F.J.H.Haskell.

Something of the influence can be seen in Adela's breakdown and Mrs. Moore's experience in the caves. In the earlier novels, old Mr. Emerson and his son certainly display knowledge of a hidden self which they try to liberate in Lucy.

Freud and Jung's charting of man's unconscious motivations clarify Stephen's search for a father, and help to explain the explosions of such characters as Marcher in the Beast in the Jungle. Further, they illuminate the problems of such neurotic characters as Septimus and Rhoda.

William James's studies of the mystics, Freud's theories of the oceanic moment, and Jung's concept of individuation, all help to explain such moments as Professor Godbole reaching God; impelling his mind towards a wasp; Mrs. Ramsay flooded with contentment, stroked and soothed by a lighthouse beam; Milly, gazing over the mountains and seemingly reading her destiny in the scene at her feet, or Mrs. Moore shaken by her apprehension of the meaninglessness of the universe as she went into the deepest recesses of the Marabar caves.

Throughout the novels, the contents of the moments have been demonstrably conditioned by the previous experience of the characters. Their backgrounds, with concomitant moral codes, shaped the moments. The moments are truly apperceptive: the new perception is not only conditioned by the past experience of the character but also assimilated by him in terms of both the past and the present experience. This has been easily noticeable in the novels of Henry James. Strether,

for example, approached the friendship of Chad and Mme. de Vionnet with all the preconceived notions of Woollett, Mass. Attempting to interpret the relationship, Strether found himself at first sadly mistaken; at last, under the influence of Europe, and new friends and different values, he was able to see himself and the liaison of his friends more accurately and more generously. Similarly Isabel had to learn to read the present relationship between her husband and Madame Merle in terms of their previous intimacy. This knowledge in turn affects her apprehension of her own marriage and of her friendship with other people. As has been shown, the terms in which the moment is conceived are also very much the product of the perceiving ego. Maggie, for example, first sees the relationship involving herself, her husband, Charlotte and Adam, in a series of striking and rather innocent natural images which are the product of her own innocent mind and indeed the only way in which she can at first see. So, too, Milly intuitively seizes upon the truth about Kate Croy when she has a glimpse of her as a panther.² "She recalled, with all the rest of it, the next day, piecing things together in the dawn, that she had felt herself alone with a creature who paced like a panther. That was a violent image, but it made her a little less ashamed of having been scared".² It is some time, however, before she is able to analyse and articulate

2. The Wings of the Dove, I, 248

this intuition fully, let alone act upon it. Once again, however, evil is conceived by an innocent in terms of the natural world. Milly's mind instantly hits upon an animal, a panther, to represent a lurking presence of danger. The Sacred Fount, as we have seen, is one of the most complicated examples in James's works of perceptions at the mercy of the shaping power of the mind. There, any true insights seem to be invalidated by the diseased imagination of the narrator, who is determined to create results, and secondly, by the differing impressions of the other characters.

Maisie in What Maisie Knew is another example of the way in which the moment of apperception is limited and conditioned by circumstance. Personal prejudice dictates political codes in The Bostonians and The Princess Casamassima. The power of the potentially pathological to twist insight is evident in The Turn of the Screw. Again, others' apperceptions of a character may transform that person. Milly is first seen as a dove by her companions. Then, she studies how best to become a dove before she actually becomes one. The objects people choose to surround themselves also operate in an apperceptive way. The furnishings chosen by the Brigstocks are ugly and vulgar, just like the souls of their possessors. The flash in which Mrs. Gereth and Fleda perceive these things changes their view of their hosts and confirms the two ladies in their future course of conduct.

The moment of apperception in James is the highest point

of consciousness when attention focusses on past and present experience, so that previous notions involving both subject and object are changed: both are re-interpreted in the light of the new experience being assimilated.

In Henry James's novels, there occurs at least a possibility of some firm notion of an objective order of the world which exists beyond the powers of the character's antennae to perceive it. In Virginia Woolf's novels, however, the moment of apperception represents very much a recreation of the universe in terms of the self. The extremes of experience are often presented. The delirium of physical illness in Rachel's case highly conditions an apparent insight into the nature of the universe. Neurosis and hallucination in Rhoda and Septimus qualify their particular versions of reality. A character such as Mrs. Ramsay swings towards communion in all her thoughts and actions whereas someone like Isa forever seeks isolation. The swing and glow of life can be seen as an endless delight by Mrs. Dalloway; on the other hand, someone like Rhoda, who sees confirmed in the flux of life her fear that nothing is permanent. The constant swing between the poles of experience, each principle working against its opposite yet somehow needing that opposite to compose any complete picture of life, raises the real problem behind Mrs. Woolf's work: what is reality?

In E.M. Forster's novels, at least in the first four, there seems to be a firm assumption that the universe possesses

certain values and qualities. Certain characters are vouchsafed visions into these attributes: goodness, truth, justice, above all love, are all aspects of the truth. The moments are thus highly qualified in that they represent these attributes. Further, their presentation is highly rhetorical. Attention is called to these values by E.M.Forster. In A Passage to India, however, there is no certainty about the truth or indeed any truth. Various approaches are tried; none succeeds. The way of the Christian, the Muslim, the Hindu, is represented, and the moments are expressed in the terms of these faiths. None yields a final satisfying answer, except the suggestion that at least consolation, if not salvation, is to be found through loving and through personal communion. In Freudian terms, these values are projected on to the universe. In words characteristic of Kant and Coleridge, the shaping powers of the mind themselves influenced by these traditions, have determined the nature of the insight. Here, however, Forster at least seems at home and convincing. Not content with cliché and the conventional, his prose opens out to express the dimensions of the search he is undertaking.

Joyce, as we have seen, starts from the notion of the epiphany: that single act or gesture by which a person or an object gives itself away. Some of the epiphanies are suppressed: the reader must recognise what is left out and what is revealed by that omission. Unsuppressed epiphanies of

which the characters are aware constitute moments of apperception. These may be limited by a child's imperfect awareness of the world around him or they may be intense complete moments, built upon successive layers of past experience, such as those experienced by Mr. Duffy and Gabriel Conroy. In these cases, the recognition of the truth lasts only an instant, and in no way alters conduct. The early moments in A Portrait of the Artist reflect the limited experience of the child, conditioned as he is by family, church and school, yet striving to break free from those fetters. Even the major moment of apperception is limited; the call to be an artist is conditioned by the romantic yearnings and ignorance of the young man who as yet does not know what life or art are really all about. This last major moment has, of course, been conditioned and confirmed by the earlier ones which marked successive choices of the young man. Bloom and Stephen in Ulysses, on the other hand, experience major ^{insights} ~~moments~~ into themselves, their relationships, into the universe, death and love. But once again these insights are conditioned by and conditioned in terms of their past experience. The subjective element involved can most easily be seen in the device of the mask or screen which Joyce uses throughout Ulysses. It informs the perception and reveals the way the particular mind of that character works. Stephen's argument about Shakespeare shapes the perception and is the

measure of the mind using it. It is a mask which seemingly conceals while all the while revealing the young man's own anxieties. Similarly, the image of the Dead Sea Land reveals Bloom's real view of Ireland. It is provoked by the comparison of planting rich fruit trees in Israel.

Conversely, the psychic drama in the Nighttown episode 'shows forth' many elements in Bloom's mind of which he is unconscious. Two instances may be compared; first, the episode in which Bloom loses his back button. The sound of this breaking off brings him to his senses; he is able to assert his own values and to reassert himself. This is a conscious moment of apperception. In the second incident, however, the scene in which he seems to see Rudy appearing against the back wall, Bloom is not aware that he is identifying Stephen, who lies at his feet, with his son. This is an hallucination-epiphany and reveals to the reader what is happening to Bloom, although Bloom himself is not aware of the significance of this incident. Joyce, unlike Forster in his early novels, sought to project no system of values on to the universe. Value lay in the world all about him, and he tried to present as vivid and essential a representation of that world as possible. Although it might be argued from his presentation of reality at least as expressed in his sometimes prismatic prose style, that his view of reality was fractured, his vision as a whole seems complete and harmonious. He was

not torn, as Virginia Woolf, between the poles of experience, forever seeking some platform of peace, some quietness free from tension. And if he was not as interested in pushing consciousness itself further, as was Henry James, he was at least as interested, if not more so, as that predecessor, in extending the means of representation of consciousness. Indeed, technique has been important too in all the moments of apperception. Both the mode of presentation of the actual moment and the style within the passage are essential to conveying the insight. Indeed, as we have seen, the style and the mode of presentation almost become the insight.

Although there may not be such a variety of characters experiencing the moment, in general the best characters, that is, the most sensitive and articulate, experience them. There is also an extraordinary variety of situations explored and of attempted approaches to subjective and objective truth. One can speak of the subjective nature of time, of death, or duration; indeed, the subjective character of experience. Love has traditionally been the subject on which human beings deceive themselves; the same device can be seen operating in relation to other experiences. The twentieth century marks the advent of a new kind of consciousness of self. Perhaps there has been, since Freud and Jung, an over-emphasis on the self. The age of psycho-analysis might also be called the age of Narcissus. The novelists reflect the new looking inward of the age. Yet such over-balance as there may be can be

corrected only after such self-knowledge. Any righting of the wrong comes only with an investigation of the content of self involved.

Ultimately, there is no certainty about the validity of the moment as the medium of objective truth. At best, it reveals the richness of the imperfect human mind as an instrument of apprehending and comprehending. The element of self complicates, enriches, and confuses the issue. That issue is, of course, complicated even further by each reader who will in turn assess and interpret the fiction and the moment presented in the fiction in the light of his or her own preconceptions. But this thought may be mentioned only: it would take another thesis to discuss it and it is more appropriately a subject for rigorous philosophical examination. Perhaps the most that can be hoped for, after having attempted all too inadequately to contemplate and analyse the moment of apperception, is a share in the final satisfactions of the authors.

With Henry James, the reader may agree that consciousness is "an illimitable power". With Virginia Woolf, through Mrs. Ramsay watching the lighthouse beam with fascination while "the ecstasy burst in her eyes and waves of pure delight raced over the floor of her mind", one may think that "It is enough! It is enough!"³ With E.M. Forster, one may feel that anything more cannot be accomplished, "not yet, not here", and with

3. To the Lighthouse, 101.

James Joyce, the reader may find both joy and comfort in the thought that a shout in the street, the nearing tide, a mad nun's screech or an exclamation of profane joy uttered by a young man at the sight of a beautiful girl on a beach are all the god there is or need be.

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